



PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.



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PREFACE.

AGAIN the curtain is raised, and we make our bow to the Public on the completion of the **FIFTH VOLUME, NEW SERIES**, of the **FAMILY FRIEND**. It is our pleasing duty to acknowledge the increasing favour awarded to the Work. Our object has been to amuse, instruct, and refine, and to secure by a vigilant attention to every department of the **FAMILY FRIEND**, all that its readers could possibly desire. Our efforts have been crowned with success:

"It is sure,
Stamped by the seal of nature, that the well
Of mind, where all its waters gather pure,
Shall, with unquestion'd spell, all hearts allure."

To the Young we have especially recommended ourselves, as a "Friend" and a "Mentor." In our own youth we can remember with what pleasure we anticipated the periodical arrival of the Magazine, to which we dignified ourselves "a Subscriber." What a change has crossed the popular mind since then! The transparent veil of Fiction, which once constituted itself the chief attraction, has been withdrawn, and a healthy, improving literature, adapted to the rapid progress of intelligence, now stands forth to reprove the past. We have endeavoured to keep pace with the times, to develop the resources which modern invention has added to the storehouse of social knowledge, and to record in our pages many a useful hint which might otherwise, from the transitory state of all things,—literature itself not excepted,—have passed into oblivion. And now, on the threshold of another Volume, with thousands of expectant faces around us, we will declare our intention of raising the character of the **FAMILY FRIEND** to a still higher point than it has hitherto attained, and to make it, in a familiar sense, adapted to every class of readers, remembering, with Gay, that

"Variety 's the source of joy below,
From which, still fresh revolving pleasures flow!
In books and love the mind one end pursues,
And only change th' expiring flame renews."





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SELBORNE HALL

CHAPTER I
A FAMOUS PICTURE

The rapid splendor of the beautiful mountain of Selborne, and the low level by which the western extremity of the Vale of Selborne is bounded. The rich meadows and hedge rows furnish the verdure of spring, was tinted with rays of a brilliant light which, as they fell upon the clump of trees that indicated the various home-steads, were reflected back from white walls and windows that glittered diamond-like in the red-dim sunshine. The landscape was of rare beauty, one of those to be seen in no other country, and which can only be found to perfection in some of the woodland districts of England. The range of hills that lay to the westward stretched away to the left, gradually sloping upwards, until they were lost in a wide expanse of down and moor, which was relieved at intervals by patches of dark copse-wood, or bright green furze. In the distance arose a thickly-wooded eminence, on

the summit of which stood the old manor house of Selborne, its towers and quaint gables standing out in bold relief against the glowing sky. Across the centre of the valley extended a wide tract of fertile cornland, which, ere this early autumn, afforded abundant indications of a goodly harvest. It was traversed by one of those fresh, delightful, sparkling streams, whose side Elizabeth Wilton would have loved to linger.

At the distance of a few fields from its bank, the road ran in a direction parallel to its course. Within the shadow of the hill on which the manor house stood, and at no great distance from it, was the village church, built of that gray stone peculiar to the country. Its old ivied tower rising from the surrounding foliage, was topped with gables, and the woodland scenery lay steeped in sunshine and half in shadow, until the sun had entirely disappeared behind the long low range of hills, when the curtain of twilight, blending, as it were, with the mist which rose from the meadows, fell like a pall of silver haze over the whole.

About this time, a pedestrian might have been seen wending his way along the road which has been already mentioned, and proceeding, at a rapid pace in the direction of the eminence on which stood the manor house of Selborne. We shall not pause to

describe him, as our readers will have plenty of opportunities of knowing more of him presently; but we may as well avail ourselves of the opportunity to present them with a sketch of the old manor-house, whither he is bound—an unexpected, though by no means an unwelcome guest. The manor-house of Selborne, built of that description of stone which colours so deeply beneath the hand of time, is fashioned upon the architectural models prevalent in this country during the reign of the first James. It is well furnished with pointed gables and tall chimneys. The windows are ample, fitly monailed and traversed, and the aspect of the whole edifice affords abundant indications of good taste, as well as of hereditary nobility in those who were its founders. Trim gardens, with terraces and parterres extend in front, and the tall avenue of limes, which conducts the visitor down from the ancient gates, is joined by a belt of contemporaneous oaks and beeches, which, circling round the gardens, incloses them from vulgar observation. As you enter, you are in the great hall; it is lighted by large bay windows, in the recesses whereof deer-skins are spread out for carpets; halberds, and other pieces of ancient armour, fill up the vacant spaces. The rooms are wainscoted with black oak, and the furniture, which is nearly as old as the house itself, is of that stately kind which suited the style in which our ancestors were pleased to live. Having ascended the polished stairs, with their heavy oaken balustrades, you enter a corridor which is hung round with portraits, from the time of King Hal, of immortal memory, down to those of the more respectable George. These cavaliers, in cuirasses, and long flowing locks, mingle with well-dressed gentlemen in doublets of black velvet, and waistcoats of antique fashion. Stuff ladies, whose virtue we presume to have been unimpeachable—at least they look as if it had been, on the canvas of Lely—smile too upon the spectator—such smiles as matronly beauty, arrayed in buckram and hoop, alone can bestow. Passing along the corridor, decorated by portraits such as we have described, we arrive at the drawing-room doors. Let us open them and make our entrée; we shall find a charming group collected to receive us.

The interior was brilliantly lighted, and

wore a social, cheerful aspect. Everything was simple and elegant on the tables and girandoles. Flowers were so tastefully arranged, that all the gold of Ophir could not have more effectually embellished the apartment. The windows were simply canopied with draperies of white muslin, which fell in graceful folds from cornices of black oak; but there were roses and jasmine in profusion, by which the whole atmosphere was perfumed as if the room had been a garden. A young girl, fair and fresh as the flowers by which she was surrounded, sat, or rather reclined upon a sofa working at a piece of embroidery. Let us pause and have a nearer look at Violet Clare, for it would be difficult in this dull world to discover anything more lovely than that sweet face, which, shaded by loose waves of dark hair, is beaming over the work before it. The careless attitude in which she was seated cannot altogether conceal the graceful symmetry of a figure of more than common beauty. Her large eyes were dark and penetrating; her strongly marked eyebrows would perhaps have imparted a too decided character to her head, had not a charming expression of candour and naïveté given to her countenance of a child rather than of a woman, if the fact of her having numbered some nineteen summers would of itself have entitled her to lay claim to such a pretension. She was simply attired in a muslin dress of pale blue, and her luxuriant hair, fastened behind by a net-work of woven silk, gave a still stronger expression of classic beauty to the fine contour of her small Grecian head.

Seated in a large arm-chair near the fire was a man of stately presence; his hair was nearly white, and the hand of time had touched his countenance with deep lines; but the latent fire which glared from his eye, as it was occupied by the columns of the journal he held close to the light before him, showed that his intellectual energies had suffered nothing from the wear and tear which had assailed the framework in which they were inclosed. This is Sir Peregrine Maitland, the uncle and guardian of the young lady,—with whose portrait the reader has already been presented,—as well as the proprietor of the ancient manor-house, where the scene is laid. Occupied at a tea equipage, which was placed on a

small table in the further extremity of the apartment, sat the lady of the house. The quiet self-possession and easy grace of her manner as she performed that most agreeable of all domestic functions—the duty of making tea—would have convinced the most casual observer that she had come of gentle blood, even had her highly-arched features, finely-formed mouth, and pencilled eyebrows afforded no indications of the fact. The countenance of Lady Maitland still displayed traces of that beauty for which she had once been distinguished, although she had long since passed that period when even the most fascinating of her sex are content to dwell upon the memory of former triumphs, and live their lives and their loves over again in the contemplation of those by whom they are to be succeeded. But Fate had not permitted to the baronet's lady the consolation of seeing her former charms revive in the person of a daughter. Her progeny had been limited to two sons, one of whom, William, the future baronet, then in the prime of life, was seated near her; while the other, who had entered the navy at an early age, and reached the distinguished post of lieutenant, was daily expected home, after an absence of some years.

"I can endure it no longer. This parrot's tail is really too aggravating; do what I will, I cannot match the colour of this light," said Violet Clare, throwing back her beautiful head, and looking over at her aunt, who was occupied in pouring out the tea.

"Well, my love, there is no occasion whatever for you to distress yourself; to-morrow you will have plenty of time."

"And light too, without spoiling your eyes," said William Maitland, flinging aside the book which he had been lounging over, rather than reading.

"I was so anxious to have it finished before Charles's return," the beauty said, as she pushed back the tresses of her dark hair with the smallest and most beautiful hand in the world.

"You will have time enough, I fear, if that be your object. There has been no intelligence whatever of the 'Niobe' as yet," replied Lady Maitland.

"Embroidering a waistcoat for your cousin—eh, Violet? some nonsense of that kind, I suppose?" said the baronet, looking up. "If he only knew what was waiting for him he'd lose no time."

"Such a ridiculous idea—a waistcoat with parrots! Now, uncle, I should like to be informed what you can know about embroidered waistcoats. You never had one in all your life—at least, not since I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

"Yes, but he has though," said Lady Maitland, from behind the tea-cups; "and a very handsome one it is, too. I made it with my own hands; but he never wears it now; he has grown much too stout," her ladyship added, with a little sigh, and a glance at the recumbent figure of her lord and master.

"You are all wrong, uncle,—it is *not* a waistcoat I am embroidering; the first one I make shall be for you,—you may depend upon that; and in the meantime I shall fetch you your tea; so just put down that odious newspaper, if you please, and try to make yourself agreeable;" and suiting the action to the word, the young lady tripped lightly across the room to the tea-table, whence having received a cup of rather larger dimensions than its fellows, she brought it over to her uncle, and stood before him with the cup in her hand, dropping a graceful mocking little curtsy. Just as the old gentleman's hand was extended near the offering of his Hebe, a loud knock pealed at the hall door.

"Now, who can that be at this time of night, I should like to know?" said William Maitland.

"Doctor Colcyynth, most likely; he promised to look in and have a rubber of whist with your father."

"The little doctor's knock is by no means so imperious as that," suggested Violet. "I wonder——"

But further speculation as to the origin of the disturbance was interrupted by the abrupt appearance of the intruder himself; and in another moment Charles Maitland was in his mother's arms.

"Who could have thought it!" exclaimed Sir Pergrine, when the first tannet of joy at this surprise had in some degree subsided. "When did your ship arrive——?"

"How brown he is grown, and how tall! Why, Charles, I should scarcely have known you!" exclaimed his cousin.

"Five years makes a wonderful alteration. It will be five years to-morrow since you were in this room, my son," said Lady

Maitland, brushing away the tears with which her eyes were filled.

"But how did you come, Charles? We heard no sound of wheels."

"Why, I could not get a conveyance of any kind at Arford; so, leaving my luggage there, I took a stick in my hand, and here I am; and uncommonly hungry, too, after my long walk," said the new arrival, in a tone whose frankness and off-hand manner would have indicated his profession.

"You shall have dinner as soon as it can be got ready," said Sir Peregrine, giving the bell-rope a sudden jerk, which almost brought it to the ground.

"To think that the parrot's tail is not finished!" sighed Violet Clare. "If he had only waited until this time to-morrow—"

"Confound the parrot's tail! Dinner, Stubbs, immediately," as the servant made his appearance. "Whatever can be had—and let it be served here.—Well, Charley, I am glad to see you back again, my boy; but you have not told us yet when the 'Niobe' arrived. We have been watching the papers anxiously for the last fortnight."

"We got into port only last Thursday. I was on shore as soon as I could; no difficulty arose about leave, for we have been paid off—officers, crew, and all."

"We are pretty much as you left us—few changes among our neighbours, notwithstanding the length of time."

"How is old Sancho?" inquired the lieutenant. "Well, I hope, the poor old fellow?"

"Sancho is very well, but rather weak about the legs. We'll have him in presently," said his brother.

"To think of his inquiring about the dog before he asks after any other of his friends!" said Violet.

"Well, then, we'll begin with Waddinghead. I suppose he is a bishop by this time, at the very least?"

"He is still the Rev. Julius Waddinghead, perpetual curate of Selborne."

"May he remain so! We could not do without him now," said Sir Peregrine.

"And the Castletons?"

"Just the same. Clarence as wild as ever—always in some scrape or other."

"And the Smithsons, Smiths, and the Traceys, with their auburn ringlets?"

"All unmarried still. You may have

your pick of the whole lot," replied his brother.

In this strain the conversation proceeded until it was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, to which ample justice was done by the hungry sailor. That evening was passed in happiness, which we need not describe; nor shall we dwell upon the many inquiries as to his adventures by which the lieutenant was assailed; but, dropping the curtain over our picture, leave the family to enjoy, undisturbed, the gratification derived from the advent of its long-absent member.

CHAPTER II.

THE LORDS OF CASTLETON.

THE family of Castleton—which has been mentioned incidentally in the course of the first chapter, was an ancient one. We are informed by a work of high authority in such matters, that it entered England with William the Conqueror. Its high fortunes were sustained by a succession of stout knights and valiant barons, whose services were at last rewarded by the grant of a large tract of land, which was received by the fifth baron to hold *in capite* on condition of the annual performance of some trifling service to the Crown. The property thus acquired had, however, been suffered sadly to deteriorate in it, transit through the hands of each succeeding generation; and little more than one-half of the broad lands with which his fortunate ancestor had been gifted remained in the possession of the present lord.

The family residence, which was situated at the distance of a few miles from Selborne manor, was one of the most splendid in the country. The vestibule and the grand hall, with its stained stairs—the Gothic chapel, with its painted windows—the noble domain, with its stately oaks and beeches—the deer-park, with its graceful tenants—and the pleasure grounds filled with the rarest exotics—were sights which few travellers who came to the neighbourhood, and could obtain the required permission, passed without seeing. Pride of lineage, a spirit of chivalric honour, mingled with deep sentiments of religion, had long been the pervading characteristics by which this family was distinguished. How far this reputation was likely to be main-



THE HON. CLARENCE CAPEL "AT HOME"

tained by future representatives, the reader may hereafter have an opportunity of consulting his own opinion.

In an apartment on the ground-floor of this fine old mansion, called—by virtue of a figure of rhetoric known by the name of periphrasis—the study, sat a young gentleman, lounging over the remains of a late breakfast. The hour was near noon, and the loungee was the Hon. Clarence Capel, only son of the Lord of Castleton. The slight repast had drawn to a close, and Mr. Capel, having then lighted a cigar, took up the country paper, and removing his handsome person to a large leather arm-chair nearer the fire, composed himself into that graceful attitude which can only be effected by throwing the legs over one arm of the chair, while the neck rests against the other.

The ashes on the end of the "weed" were beginning to bear a formidable proportion to the tobacco which yet remained, when a servant entered to say, "That Mr. Bloxham had come back."

"Show him in, Kerr, by all means;" and Mr. Bloxham, who was Lord Castleton's steward, made his appearance.

"Well, Bloxham, shut the door; don't look so desperately serious if you can help it. You have seen my father, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"And you gave him the little bill, as old Absolom Moss would call it."

"Yes, sir, I did."

"What sort of total did the figures make when they were put together—eh, Bloxham?"

"One thousand four hundred and thirty-nine pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, sir," replied the steward in a tone of composure.

"Well, and what did my lord say when you explained the whole matter to him?"

"The steward shook his head gravely."

"Surprised at the smallness of the amount, eh, Bloxham?"

"His lordship was angry, sir; very angry. I never saw him in such a passion in my time."

"Was he indeed? But he told you to have it arranged as a matter of course."

"Why, no sir. He said you had done it this time. These were his very words."

"Done it, eh! what can that mean, I should like to know?"

"I can't say, I am sure, sir; but my lord said he would see you sometime in the course of the day."

"Oh, he did, did he; then Bloxham open that window will you, like a good fellow."

This chimney smokes so much that he might think I had been taking a cigar, to which I know he has an especial aversion."

"We should here state for the enlightenment of such of our readers, as may not have had an opportunity of seeing even a portrait of the head of the house of Castleton, that the baron was a man rather above fifty, of a commanding person, and a countenance which had once been handsome. His good looks had been transmitted to his son, with some other of the finer qualities for which his parent was distinguished. These, however, were altogether marred by the reckless extravagance of his nature, the result rather of a too great easiness of disposition than of any other more blamable feeling. It was about two hours after the conversation just recited had taken place, that the door once more opened, and face to face with the thoughtless son stood the stately sire.

"Well, sir, I am glad to find you out of bed. I hope your early rising does not inconvenience you. If you have quite finished your breakfast, perhaps it would be as well to have these things removed before it grows dark."

"Certainly. I only waited to see if you would like a cup of tea after your morning's walk. I kept it here on purpose."

"Do you suppose I am as great a milksop as yourself? Ring the bell, if you please."

While the Hon. Clarence Capel performed his august parent's bidding, the latter stood quite silent, with knitted brows, absorbed apparently in profound contemplation of sundry papers tied with red tape, which he extracted from his pocket.

"You know what these are, I perceive, Mr. Clarence Capel."

"I think I have seen them before," was the reply.

"And perhaps you can tell me also where the means of payment are likely to be found. What is your available balance at your banker's?"

"Some fifteen pounds, I believe; but I'm not sure which way it is."

"Not sure which way it is!" replied his father. "Do you know which way ruin is? for that seems the road you are so bent on pursuing."

"My dear father, come now, what's all this nonsense about? I owe a few hundred pounds——"

"Which I can't pay—and what's more, I won't," said Earl Castleton.

"Then I must sell out, I suppose. Well, I shan't be very sorry, sir—sick of the Guards."

"And what are you fit for? Can you tell me that?"

"I might do something in the House, I think."

"If you had done what I recommended to you last year, you would not have been guilty of this great extravagance."

"What do you mean father?"

"Did you not promise me that last year you would see the accomplishment of what I have so long anxiously desired—your comfortable establishment in life?"

"It is not so easy a thing to manage as you suppose. The supply of the sort of article I require is by no means equal to its demand; besides, I have been so exceedingly hard up."

"Well, now suppose I were to saddle myself with further encumbrances, for the purpose of extricating you this time what in return would you do for me?"

"Anything in reason."

"You pledge me your honour?"

"Yes, I do."

"When does your leave terminate?"

"Next month, about the thirty-first, as well as I remember."

"And what do you propose doing in the meantime?"

"Why, I was thinking of running up to town. The season has just begun—there can be no use in idling away one's precious time here."

"It is here I wish you to remain; so, if you have any remarkable objection, you had better state it at once."

"Objection I have none in the world; it is quite the same to me where I am," replied the Hon. Clarence Capel.

"I have reasons for presuming to offer you this advice; if you take it, and attend to whatever further suggestions I may have to offer, I pay your debts; if you do not, then you must shift for yourself; that's all I have to say. Now, I must wish you good morning."

The Hon. Clarence Capel, thus left to his own meditations, pondered long and anxiously upon what the hidden meaning of his father's words might be, and for what purpose it was his desire that the precious moments of his time should be squandered

in the solitudes of Castleton Park, instead of the more interesting regions of Mayfair and Belgravia. "The old one is up to some new dodge or other; of that there can be little doubt. There is no alternative for me that I can see but to come to terms with him, and in the meantime I'll just ride over to Selborne and see what light Waddinghead can throw upon the subject." Such was the soliloquy of the heir-apparent, as he rang the bell, to order his horse to the door.

It was a beautiful afternoon, as Mr. Capel proceeded on his journey. The freshness of the air, and the brilliant sunshine were not without their effect in soothing any remains of irritation which the conversation of the morning had left upon his mind, and by the time he had arrived at the curate's residence, he had almost made up his mind that it would be possible for him to protect his existence where he was for the next month—a fact of which he had at first entertained considerable doubts.

The Rev. Julius Waddinghead rose from his arm-chair as his guest was announced; he had been caught in the act of writing a sermon, which was by no means an operation of a very performance with him. He was a middle-aged man, rather good looking than otherwise, but betraying in his aspect few indications of the profession to which he belonged. The perpetual curate of Selborne would have made a first-rate cavalry officer. He was but an indifferent clergyman, not that he was at all wanting in the performance of his routine of daily duty, which he attended to with a zeal that could not be mistaken. His sermon, too, were unexceptionable; his doctrine was orthodox, his life blameless, but somehow he was not in especial favour. For ten long years he had held the curacy and done all the hard work, and he was likely as far as appearances went, to hold it for as many more. Some said the bishop, who had himself risen from the humble position of a private tutor, disliked the curate because he was a gentleman, others that he dressed too well and wore his hat with too jaunty an air. But, however it was, while men with less merit stepped into snug benefices, the curate of Selborne remained unpromoted. Clarence Capel and he had been at college together, where they were both gay men, and the friendship then

formed had continued the same without interruption, for albeit not a divine of any great talent, the Rev. Julius Waddinghead was a kind-hearted, hospitable man, and a gentleman.

"Come to dine with me I hope; I'll give you a bottle of the old yellow seal—there's not more than a dozen of it left."

"No," replied Clarence, "I have not come back just for a dinner; but only for your advice, I am sorry to say I am rather in a fix."

"Some dilemma, I suppose, arising from the effervescence of youth," said the curate, who was well acquainted with the foibles of Capel.

"No, sir, not altogether so; the facts are shortly these; if you will attend to me patiently for a few moments, I will tell you the whole;" and Mr. Clarence Capel proceeded to acquaint his hearer with those particulars of which our readers have already been placed in possession.

"I know he has been in difficulties for some time. I have frequently seen him in close converse with old Tapewell, the lawyer."

"That may be as you say; but what can he mean by keeping me shut up here? If he really wishes me to marry, why keep me out of the way?"

"Hum!" said the curate. "He may have something in his eye for you hereabouts."

"Why, there's nobody here except the Tracy girls, old Tapewell's plain daughter, and a few others, that I would not waste any time in courting," replied Mr. Capel.

"Yes, but there is, though," replied the curate.

"Who?"

"I won't tell you just now; but I would strongly recommend you to follow his advice—indeed, I see nothing else you can do. Remain at the Park, come over and have a quiet dinner with me sometimes, we'll see how the wind blows; my Lord will develop his plan, whatever it may be, in good time—but by the way, do you know that Charles Maitland has come back?"

"Has he indeed! When did he arrive?"

"Only the night before last."

"I'll ride round by the meadow and see him; it's an age since I've seen there."

"Hum! do so by all means," said the curate, with a knowing shake of the head, "do, and make my compliments to the ladies. Now I must finish my sermon."

WARWICK CASTLE.



THERE are in Merry England many noble castles still standing, which recall the memory of days long past, the changes of manners and of circumstances, and the vicissitudes of states. Most of them testify to the lapse of time by ruined walls and desolate halls: the Castle of Warwick, however, retains, with its historical interest, much of the splendour which has long characterized it; and though its changes have been numerous, they are not marked by decay.

Let us cast our eyes backward to those days when the warlike Romans possessed the land, ere yet a stone of the present venerable edifice was laid; see the Avon gliding through the fine grassy meadows, and skirting the noble forest of native oak, — a bold, perpendicular rock rising on the

northern bank, beyond which 'a high artificial mound marked the Prætorium. Here swarthy men kept watch and ward, within fosse and embankment, casting their eyes from time to time towards distant stations, which just appeared in the horizon. Such was the *Præsidium*, or garrison town, which was held to be a valuable point of observation, being situated nearly in the middle of the province.

And now change the scene. See the fish-haired Saxons keep their herds on the plains, or beneath the spreading oaks; a tower has risen on the rock overhanging the river, which protects and commands a town adjoining—the name changed in sound, though not in signification—*War* (or *Waryn*) *Wick*, meaning a garrison or war station among the Saxons. Here dwelt the Lady Ethelfleda, daughter of the great King Alfred; and we may imagine her sitting with her handmaidens, in long gown and kirtle, her silken veil bound on her head, the light tresses escaping from beneath the folds; perhaps embroidering the hangings which were to decorate the hall,—they might have been like those described by Ingulphus, with golden birds in needlework, or, soaring to higher delineations, they might bear a representation of the destruction of Troy. Or, we may fancy we see her looking from her lattice on the town, which was much bound to her, for she had repaired it when decayed.

And after the lapse of a century was Turchil de Warwyk possessor of the domain; his ensign,—the Bear and Ragged Staff,—embroidered on the banner that waves over the tower—that ensign which he adopted from his celebrated ancestor Guy, and which continued the badge belonging to the title, as it passed through the families of Newburgh, Beauchamp, Nevil, Plantagenet, and Dudley.

The conquering Norman fortified the town, and ordained that twelve burgesses "should accompany the king in his warres. He that upon warning given obeyed not, paid a hundred shillings to the king; but, if the king made a voyage by sea against his enemies, they sent either four *boteswans*, or four pounds of deniers." (It is not explained of what use the *boteswans* were, who had probably never seen the sea.) By royal order, the castle was enlarged and strengthened, Turchil removed, and Henry

de Newburgh, established in his place, held the fief of the king. When Henry the First made, at Woodstock, the first park yet seen in England, Henry de Newburgh imitated his royal master in forming one near his castle; deer and animals for the chase replaced the peaceful flocks and herds, and the graceful antler was reflected in the Avon's stream. Nor was this earl devoted alone to his own pleasure; he founded in the town a priory; and his son, following the example, established a hospital for the Templars, and the beautiful Collegiate Church of Our Lady. Twice the property descended to heiresses; and in the reign of Henry the Third it was possessed by William Manduit, who died childless. We may, in imagination, view the castle under another aspect—the walls in many parts demolished, the result of the wars between Henry the Third and his Barons; Gifford, governor of Kenilworth, being on the victorious side of the Barons, and Manduit a faithful adherent of this King. In his chamber lay the dying warrior, a prey to sorrow and disappointment. His sister Isabel (married to William Beauchamp) was summoned to attend him in his last hours. To her he left the whole of his estates; but she had outlived the desire of worldly possessions, and, with her husband's concurrence, she transferred the fair domain of Warwick to her son. With this singular act of disinterestedness, the family of Beauchamp entered on their tenure. This William de Beauchamp was brave and loyal; his son Guy was present at the deathbed of Edward the First, and received that monarch's last request, that he would be faithful to his son, and not allow Piers Gaveston to return to England. The career of that favourite is well known.

Let us pass over five years, and return to Warwick Castle on a fine evening in the month of May; the budding verdure of the trees partly concealing the ruined wall, which had not been repaired; the sinking sun gleaming with crimson rays on the armour of a body of men with whom the court is filled; the horses of the commanders led by the 'squires; while the lords assemble for council in the great hall. There were the noble Lancaster, Hereford, Warwick, and others. After brief debate, an order was given for the prisoner to appear; and the royal favourite, Gaveston,—

who had so proudly borne himself in prosperity, who had given nicknames to the sternest of England's warriors,—approached, trembling and crest-fallen. He pleaded for his life; and urged that he had yielded to the Earl of Pembroke under assurance of safe conduct to the King. His words were not unheeded, and a proposal was made to shed no blood; but a fatal voice resounded through the hall at the critical moment, saying, "You have caught the fox; if you let him go, you must hunt him again." The cruel hint was sufficient; the stern resolution fixed; the unhappy Gaveston was hurried to a hill about two miles distant from the castle, and ere the sun's last rays gilded the towers of the fortress, his head was severed from his body.

The King never forgave the offence; and for a short space the splendour of the Beauchamp suffered an eclipse. The Earl ended his days, after a lapse of four years, at his Castle of Warwick, as was supposed, by poison. Seven little children bewailed their father's untimely end. The sons were committed to the charge of another royal favourite, Hugh le Despenser; and on his fall, the guardianship of the youths and the castle were usurped by the minion of the Queen, Roger Mortimer. From this resulted one of those romances in real life which prove that "*le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*." For a year or two after Edward the Third's accession, he was obliged to temporise; but as soon as he could venture to assume the power, the unworthy favourite was disgraced. Before this time he had placed the young Earl of Warwick and his brother, as pages, about the King's person; and we may suppose they attended at the rejoicings on the marriage of the young King with Philippa of Hainault, at which, we are informed, were held "tournaments, jousts, dances, carols, and great and beautiful repasts." We may fancy, too, that it was among the excitements of this time that the fair Catherine, daughter to Mortimer, captivated his ward. No romance could feign a happier close to twelve years of trial and suffering, the ignominious end of her father, and the fall of her house, than to be brought a bride to the noble Castle of Warwick, by a husband whose love had stood the test of years. Nor did her happiness end quickly; she lived, as soon the ruined walls rebuilt, her

husband return in safety from Cressy's fight, where he had led the van under the command of the Black Prince (where his brother bore the royal standard), and to behold him enrolled among the founders of England's most noble order of knighthood. He died, at Calais, of pestilence; and his body reposes beneath a magnificent tomb in the Church of Our Lady, Warwick. The remarkable tower at the north-east end of the castle was built by his son, and called Guy's Tower, in memory of the Saxon Earl Guy, for whom he had a special veneration. It may be remarked, as a token of the change in the value of money, that this edifice cost only in building £395 5s. 2d. This Earl was exiled to the Isle of Man by Richard the Second, and his towers inhabited by a stranger; but on the accession of Henry the Fourth he was recalled, and reinstated in his possessions.

The exploits of Richard de Beauchamp, his son, are well known, though less connected with Warwick than with the courts of England and France, during his life. His remains were brought from Rouen, where he died, to the home of his fathers, and his tomb is to be seen in the Beauchamp chapel, attached to the church of St. Mary, in Warwick.

And now the star of Beauchamp set, and that of Nevil, which gleamed with a bright, but meteor light, rose upon the towers of Warwick. Henry Beauchamp, son to the last-named lord, died at the age of twenty-two; his daughter lived only till she was six, and the inheritance descended to his sister Anne. She was wife to him who earned the opprobrious title of King-maker. He could seldom, during his turbulent career, have found a home in his fair castle. After his death, at the battle of Barnet, the Countess, rightful possessor of the inheritance, was obliged to retire privately to the north; for at that time festivity and hospitality reigned in Warwick Castle, under the occupancy of George, Duke of Clarence, who had married the elder daughter, but gloom overspread the castle on his death in the Tower. The old Countess was recalled to possession by Henry VII., but only as it were in mockery; she came to her halls a stranger, and remained but long enough to make them over to the king. Her son and daughter were both beheaded; the latter was the old

Countess of Salisbury, whose execution at the age of seventy, by the order of Henry VIII., is well known. With them ended the glories of Nevil and Plantagenet, Earls of Warwick.

For more than forty years, no earl raised his banner over the towers of Warwick; and when a new one adopted the ensign, the Bear and Ragged Staff, we might almost imagine the spirits of the true and loyal Beauchamps disturbed in their resting-places, at the sight of a Dudley, son to an informer, and himself a "bold, bad man," ruling over the edifice which they had erected. The possession of the castle by this family was but short. After the death of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, as a traitor to Queen Mary, his son Ambrose was restored, and enjoyed the favour of Queen Elizabeth. In the Beauchamp Chapel, so often mentioned as the last home of the earls, is a small monument on the north side of the altar. The figure of a child lies on it, and the inscription tells us that it is erected to the "most noble Impe," son of the celebrated Earl of Leicester, and nephew to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, heir to dukedoms, earldoms, and other titles, to the number of sixteen; but he was taken from the burden of so many honours, and the Castle of Warwick reverted to the crown.

Fulke Greville, to whom the Castle of Warwick was granted by James I., was collaterally descended from Richard Beauchamp, celebrated in the reigns of Henry V. and VI.; but, before we speak of him and his great worthiness, we must be pardoned for inserting, for the reader's amusement, a romantic incident which decided the fortunes of his grandfather.

This gentleman was the younger of two sons of Sir Edward Greville, of Wilcote. While he and his brother were still youth, the guardianship of Elizabeth Willoughby was given to their father. This young lady was granddaughter to the last Lord Brooke, who had left no male descendants, and heiress, also, to her grandmother, Lady Beauchamp, of Powyke. Her two younger sisters had been taken from her by death, and we may well imagine that the kindly feelings of the two brothers would be called forth at the sight of the young mourner. No history, that we have seen, speaks of her personal attractions, and perhaps it

is too much to imagine that they were eminent, for she was one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom; yet we feel assured that our readers will allow that if this were wanting, the qualities of her heart and mind made amends. In course of time John Greville, the elder son, declared himself her suitor, but could gain no favour. Fulke, the second son, had been sent by his father to advance his fortune in the wars abroad.

Sir Edward watched with anxiety the progress of his son's courtship, and finding the lady still averse, resolved to interpose the authority of a guardian. Solicitations and authority were alike vain; and when urged more closely, she acknowledged that she "did like better of Fulke the second son." The manuscript which relates the tale, continues thus quaintly:—"He (Sir Edward) told her that he had no estate of land to maintain her, and that he was in the king's service of warre beyond the seas, and therefore his retaine was very doubtful. She replied and said, that shee had an estate sufficient both for him and for herselfe; that shee would pray for his safetie, and wait for his coming." And she did wait, till he had distinguished himself, and won the honour of knighthood. He was fully worthy of the heiress who thus proved her constancy. But we must not delay to pursue his history, or to speak of his merits.

Pass we again to Warwick Castle, in March, 1603. Behold the walls decayed, the chambers where princesses and great ladies had reposed, tenanted by common felons; for it was now the gaol of the county. In the hall where Gaveston had been condemned with merely the form of a trial, were assembled the judges and magistrates, holding the annual Lent Assize. The news arrived of the death of the glorious Queen Elizabeth, and ordinary business being therefore stayed, the magistrates assembled to debate what should be done. Sir Fulke Greville (son to the one lately mentioned) thus spoke:—

"Shall our loyalty to our mistress expire with the breath which has left her noble body, that we stand thus in doubt? Rather let us show that a portion of the wisdom which directed her counsels has descended to us; let us put in presentable possession of the realm him to whom

she looked as her heir. We may not dispose of the crown at our own will and pleasure, and there is none to whom it more rightfully belongs than to him."

It is said in the manuscript from which some of these particulars are extracted that Sir Fulke "was a gentleman full of affability and courtesy," and that "no man did have a greater sway in the county of Warwick than himself."

Yet on this occasion his counsels did not prevail; the greater part of the assembly were averse to James as a stranger, and they refused to decide for him.

"Then," said Sir Fulke, "I will be answerable, and take the matter on myself."

He called together the "brave companies of gentlemen" with whom the manuscript informs us he was "evermore attended," and with his son by his side proclaimed James VI. of Scotland as the first of that name for England. In the Baronial Hall, before the gateway, and in the market place his voice was heard announcing to the people the accession of a new sovereign. Two years afterwards he entered the same hall as master, the King having made to him a grant of the castle and domain. Immediate repairs and embellishments were begun; and ere the close of his life he had, at a cost of £20,000, restored the noble edifice, to be a suitable residence for his son. The high attainments, great reputation, and noble qualities of this son, were a theme pleasant to dwell on; but they belong rather to the annals of the Court than to memorials of the Castle. He resided there during many years, and erected for himself a tomb in the church where so many Earls of Warwick lie. On this he styles himself "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." He lived to the natural age of man, but met with a tragical end, being murdered by his servant. He never married, and left all his property to his kinsman, Robert. The patent of his title, Lord Brooke, which had been granted him by James, was drawn so as to descend to this same kinsman. It had been given him as the heir of the family of Willoughby Lord Brooke—the title being originally derived from a rivulet which flowed through the property (at Weetbury, in Wiltshire).

Had the loyal servant and "counsellor"

of his sovereign known the principles which his successor would adopt, perhaps he would not have received the inheritance; certainly the joining in open war with the Parliamentary forces would have met his highest displeasure. And we will return to Warwick Castle now turned into a garrison and stronghold of the Roundhead party; the militia of Warwick and Staffordshire often assembling in the park, the officers carousing or deliberating in the halls, the ramparts full of cannon, the store-rooms of arms and ammunition; Lord Brooke hastily arriving on the 22nd October, 1642, and dispatching cart-loads of stores for the army, following as soon as the arrangements were completed. We who happily live in peaceful times can scarcely picture to ourselves the suspense which filled the minds of the peaceful inhabitants during his absence—especially that of the lady's wife—the anxiety for intelligence as the first rumour of the battle of Edge Hill was circulated—the questioning of each messenger—the march of the Earl of Essex with the body of the army to the town—the arrival of Lord Brooke with orders hastily to prepare apartments for the prisoners of note—the entrance of the dying Earl of Lindsey, who expired as he was being carried to his chamber. Then came the pride and gratulation at the appointment of Lord Brooke as Commander-in-Chief of the district—his immediate resolve to dislodge the royalists from Lichfield—the clang of armour as the troops rode from Warwick Gateway—and in a few short days the bearing of his corpse back from the fight. Sir William Dugdale says that he "deserved to have fallen in a better cause;" and with that testimony to his general merits we will leave him. Nothing can justify rebellion; and it were vain to give the fight in which he was engaged another name.

The widow and young sons inhabited the now quiet halls. Three of these sons successively possessed the title, the second being instrumental in the restoration of the monarchy.

Since this period no warrior has possessed the once strong fortress, various embellishments have been perfected, and it remains a memorial of the glories of past times, and a testimony of the taste and elegance which have graced the later and happier days of English History.



THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

HAND-SCREEN IN RAISED BERLIN WORK.

Materials.— $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of white silk canvas, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard wide; a suitable Berlin pattern, a paper of 100 needles, some ivory meshes, and all the silks and Berlin wool that may be required for the pattern.

THE demand there is at the present moment for raised Berlin work (or velvet wool work, as it is sometimes called), would go far to prove the truth of the adage, that there is nothing new under the sun: this very work having, a year or two ago, been considered quite out of date, since little or none of it had been done for many previous years. By *Raised Berlin work*, we understand a piece of work done from a Berlin pattern, in which the principal parts, whatever they may be, are worked in relief.

In a flower piece, the flowers themselves are thus raised. In the design we selected for our hand-screen, the bird only is worked in relief. You will begin, therefore, by placing the canvas very evenly in a frame, and doing all those parts of the design

which are to be worked in the usual way. Then remove the canvas; cover up those parts completed, and begin by threading, with the different wools, as many needles as you have shades. A *stitch* in raised work occupies as many threads as an ordinary cross-stitch, that is, two in height, and two in width. Take the needle threaded with the first shade used at the lower part of the pattern, and the left hand side; hold a mesh evenly along the canvas below the line of two horizontal threads to be worked, and slip the end of the wool under the mesh. Insert the needle under two threads in height, and *one* in width from *left to right*, keeping the end of the wool on the right of your stitch. Now take a similar stitch from right to left, inserting the needle two threads in width from the first stitch, and bringing it out in the *same place*. Pass the wool round the mesh, and you are ready to do the second stitch, and all the following ones, in precisely the same way. When a new shade is to be introduced in the row, instead of passing the wool of the old one round the mesh, leave it hanging over it, and introduce the new one under the mesh. At any distance in the *same row*, a shade may be re-introduced merely by bringing it again under the mesh. When one row is done, proceed to the next with a new mesh, and it will be found convenient not to withdraw the mesh from a row until two or three lines beyond it are completed. The meshes should be wide in proportion to the dimensions of the flower or other pattern to be worked, but never less than half an inch. It follows, as a matter of course, that raised work requires a much larger quantity of wool than an ordinary piece of Berlin work.

When all the pattern is completed, the canvas, if not silk, will require grounding; but all small articles, such as pole and hand-screens, should be done on silk canvas. Cutting the raised work is an art of itself, and requires much more practice than any amateur is likely to possess, to do it well. It is usual to send the work to a shop, accompanied by the original pattern, and to have it done there by people accustomed to it. Those who like to try for themselves, must have a pair of long thin scissors, with which they cut the loops; and then the mass of ends must be formed into the shape of the natural article. In

flowers, for instance, each petal must be thinned at the edges, and raised in the middle; in birds, the head must be rounded, the form of the wings, tail, and body perfectly preserved. A large glass bead makes the eye of the bird.

If done correctly, there should be no ends, knots, or other irregularities on the wrong side of this raised work. Each stitch appears, at the back, in the form of a V, and all are as distinct as in a Berlin pattern, the ends being entirely on the right side. For better security, it is advisable to brush over the back of the raised work with thick gum-water. It must be borne in mind that the thicker and more raised the work, the oftener it may be recut, and thus renovated.

There are several other ways of doing the stitch of raised work; but after giving a fair trial to all, we have found that described in our present article, the best and firmest that can be done; and for this reason we have no hesitation in recommending it. To those who can avail themselves of our Wednesday morning lessons, we would say that this is among the many kinds of ornamental work in which they, as subscribers to the FAMILY FRIEND, can have the privilege of practical instruction.

The screen, when completed, must be stretched on a hexagon wire frame, covered with satin, and trimmed like the netted ones, with fringe, cord, and handles. Ivory handles are the most suitable for anything that is worked in white silk canvas.

WORK-TABLE FOR JUVENILES;

OR,

LITTLE MARY'S HALF-HOLIDAYS.

"Now, my little daughter, if you are quite ready, we will begin our preparations for your Christmas tree. See, I have brought you down a box of materials of all kinds, which will be indispensable for your work. I hope you will take great care of them, for some are very expensive."

"Indeed I will, dear Mamma! How good you are to supply me so well. Here are wools, purse-silks, beads, gold-thread, —in short, it seems to me you have thought of everything."

"At all events, Mary, there are materials enough to occupy you for some time. But

we must not waste our half-holiday in talking. Have you resolved what to begin with?"

"No, Mamma; but it should be something very easy, and which can be quickly finished. I should like to do some trifle in crochet."

"Then suppose you make use of the miniature smoking caps that are used to protect the burners of kerosene lamps from smoke. They look very pretty, and are useful also. If you work hard you will get one done in an hour or so."

"Oh, then I shall begin something else this evening. What shall I want, Mamma?"

"A little wool of three different colours — say, white, black, and blue — and some steel beads. Also, a little common string to work over, and a crochet hook, No. 18."

"I suppose the hook is to be fine, because the cord is fine, Mamma; for you told my cousin the other day to use a hook No. 15, with wool for her mat."

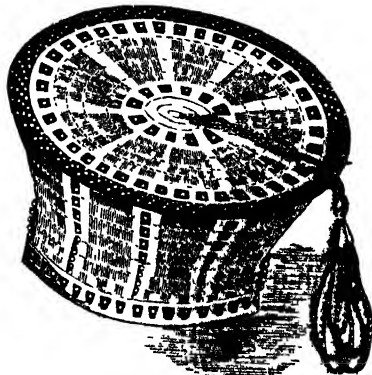
"Just so. But I do not like the dark blue you have chosen: it is too strong a contrast with the white. Besides, I think if you choose your coloured wools of the kind called crystal, the effect will be better. The cap is done in two parts. Begin with that round the bead, by covering the end of the cord with 62 stitches in white wool. Close it into a round. The next round is to be black and white. It is done in rather a curious way, for though the black wool is drawn over the cord in every alternate stitch, every stitch is finished with white. Can you manage it?"

"Oh yes, Mamma. See, the chain above the cord is always white, but the string itself is covered alternately with white and black stitches."

"Quite right. We will call these black half-stitches. The next round is blue and white. + 3 white, 1 blue, 1 half-white (like the half-black), 1 blue, 1 half-white. 1 blue + 8 times in the round, so that you increase 2 stitches. In the next two rounds you do 3 white over the 3 white, and five blue over the white and blue. In the next round you will use all three colours, and hold the cord rather looser, so as slightly to increase the round. Continue to do 5 blue over 5, but have a black half-stitch on the second of the 3 white. In the next round, still holding the cord slack, do 6 blue over 5, and white and black as in the

last! In the following round work 7 blue on 6, and in the next 8 over 7, with the black half-stitch between 2 white. This round finishes the head-piece."

"And the crown, I suppose, is begun in the centre, Mamma?"



CAP FOR BABYOT LAMB.

"Yes, my dear. Cover the end of the cord with 8 stitches in white wool. Close it into a round, which should be as small as possible. Work another round all white, with 2 stitches in every one. The next round has every alternate stitch half-black, and there are 26 altogether in the round, which is a sufficient increase to keep the work flat. Blue and white are used for the four following rounds, which I will describe. 1st—+ 3 blue, 1 white + 9 times; 2nd—+ 4 blue over 3, 1 white over the white + 9 times; 3rd—+ 5 blue over 4, and 2 white over 1, + 9 times. In the 4th round there is a blue half-stitch over the 1st, 3rd, and 5th of the five blue, and all the rest are white. In the following round—"

"Stay, Mamma, one minute. I am afraid I have not done this very well. The cord shows between the stitches."

"Because you have dragged the wool and made it poor and thin. All kinds of wool, and the best Berlin especially, require most light and delicate handling, or their beauty is destroyed. It was to avoid this that I made you put the skeins over your arms, instead of winding them."

"Must I waste this wool, then, Mamma? It seems a pity, as it is not soiled at all."

"No: but it will be necessary to do an extra stitch here and there. You manage, however, not to destroy the design. Let the blue half-stitches come as they did before, but increase a little on the white. Now do a round of black half-stitches, and the rest white, which will make the last before joining to the head-piece. Do not cut off the cord, but holding the head-piece and crown together, crochet the edges of both, with black wool over the twine. Fashion it off by cutting the end in a slanting direction, and working till it is quite concealed."

"And the beads, Mamma—you have forgotten them."

"No; they are put on afterwards with a little sewing silk. Trim the edge of the crown with a succession of slanting rows of them, each row containing five beads. A row of eight is also sewed up the centre of each white stripe in the head-piece, and finally a tassel and cord is formed and added, to make the tiny smoking-cup as complete as its larger original."

"Then here is one thing quite done, Mamma. Can you not tell me of something else which I might be able to finish before bed-time? What is this small round bit of cloth for? It is too little for a mat."

"It is for a pen-wiper; and I do not know that you could choose anything better for an afternoon's work. It is certain to be useful, and will look very gay and brilliant on the lighted tree. You will want, besides the cloth, which is ready marked with the pattern, some sewing silk, gold thread, beads, bangles, and a French *casuic-plumie* button."

"What colour shall the silk be?"

"I think black will have the richest effect, with scarlet cloth and gold. That skein is too fine. Take a coarser one, or your work will hardly show. The entire design of the centre must first be worked in chain-stitch (or tambour-stitch); then lay a line of gold thread on each side of it, sewing it down with China-silk of the same colour. Finally, work a scallop of raised button-hole stitch all round, with black silk."

"And the beads and bangles, Mamma?"

"Are for a fringe, which you will easily make. Thread your needle double with black silk, and make a knot in it. Now

bring out your needle between two of the scallops. Thread a bugle on—now eight or ten beads—now another bugle. Draw the needle through the *point* of the scallop, and take a stitch to secure it. Run the needle through the last bugle, then through the same number of beads and another bugle. Fasten between this scallop and the

“Suppose then you do a pretty pair of watch-pockets in straw-work? They would be useful and ornamental too. You must trim them to correspond with her bed-furniture; so that you can notice what colour it is when you go there next. It will gratify your aunt to receive such a gift, because it will prove you have be-



next. Continue this fringe all round. Add rounds of cloth and fasten on the button in the way Mrs. Pullan describes in the *FAMILY FRIEND*, page 227, vol. 4., New Series.”

“You have forgotten one thing, Mamma. How do you fasten the ends of gold thread?”

“Gold thread, braids, soutaches, &c., always have the ends concealed by drawing them through the *wrong* side, and sewing them down. A coarse sewing or rug needle may be used for this purpose.”

“Well, Mamma, if I do not quite complete this to-night, at least I shall finish it before my next holiday; and then I want to begin something for Aunt Ellen—something handsomer than these little things.”

stowed thought and care upon it; for it is not the value of a present, but its being really a proof of affectionate remembrance which renders it valuable to the receiver. And now that I perceive you are interested in the work I have proposed to you, and that these conversations have the effect of encouraging you to a proper employment of your time, I shall have much pleasure in affording you any assistance in my power. for my earnest desire is to see you industrious and happy. Pollock says truly:—

“By nature’s laws immutable and just,
Enjoyment stops when indolence begins;
And purposeless, to-morrow, borrowing sloth,
Itself heaps on its shoulders loads of woe,
Too heavy to be borne.”

GRAND EXHIBITION OF CABINET-WORK.

[FIRST ARTICLE—TAPESTRY.]

THE Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade having collected many specimens of cabinet-work, they opened an exhibition of them at Gore House, Kensington, on the 21st of May last. The collection consists of the finest specimens of furniture of all periods and styles, from the fifteenth to the end of the eighteenth century. The Queen, the Dukes of Hamilton, Buccleuch, Northumberland, Devonshire; the Earls Spencer, Ainslie; E. W. Cooke, A.R.A.; H. Furrer, Esq., and several other gentlemen, have prize-worthily lent examples of the most elaborate and costly description for the purpose of public instruction.

At the same time are shown, in the first floor of the mansion, works illustrative of the very satisfactory progress of the Schools of Art that are in connection with the Department of Science and Art. There is also a collection of very beautiful studies from the life, chiefly in black and red chalk, by Mr. Mulready, R.A.

To assist in carrying out the admirable object which the Board of Trade has in view by this exhibition, we purpose devoting at intervals a few pages of the *Family Friend* to notices of a few of the most remarkable objects therein collected.

And, first, with regard to Tapestries.

Our readers are probably aware that, although etymologically the word *tapestry* may be applied to any lining for the walls of apartments, its use is commonly restricted to a sort of woven hangings of wool and silk, frequently raised and enriched with gold and silver, representing figures, landscapes, &c. Such hangings were, in former times, the usual linings to the walls of the principal apartments in the mansions of the rich and great. In England, it would appear that no drapery or tapestry of any kind was used to hide the uncouthness of the workmanship or add to the comfort of apartments, with the exception, perhaps, of some over doorways, or for the purpose of dividing one part of a chamber from the remainder, until the fourteenth century. The elaborate embroideries which we are told Henry the Third ordered to be executed (all done with the needle) were for the hangings of churches, the decoration of altars and

tombs, and for sacerdotal vestments; none of them seem to have been devoted to the ornamenting any of his own residences. And yet that something of the kind was wanting for comfort's sake, may be gathered from many sources. In a letter to Wolsey's physician, Erasmus censures the English style of building, stating, among other things, that although many of the windows are glazed "to admit the light but shut out the wind, yet the air makes its way through chinks in the wall." And even so late as towards the end of the sixteenth century, the rooms were far from comfortable. In the year 1586, the unhappy Queen of Scots writes thus:—"I have for my own accommodation only wretched little rooms, and so cold, that were it not for the protection of the curtains and tapestries which I have put up, I could not endure it by day, and still less by night."

"All the principal rooms, except the gallery, at Haddon Hall," says the author of the *Journey-Book of Derbyshire*, "were hung with loose arras, a great part of which still remains; and the doors were concealed everywhere behind the hangings, so that the tapestry was to be lifted up to enable a person to pass in and out; but, for the sake of convenience, there were great iron hooks (many of which are still in their places) by means of which it might be occasionally held back. The doors being thus concealed, nothing can be conceived more ill-fashioned than their workmanship. Few of them fit tolerably close; and wooden bolts, rude bars, and iron hasps, are in general their best and only fastenings."

The first manufactures of tapestry of any note were those of Flanders, established there long before they were attempted in France or England. The chief of these were at Brussels, Antwerp, Oudenarde, Lille, Tournay, Bruges, and Valenciennes.*

Henry the Fourth of France devoted great attention to the manufacture of tapestry; and that of the Gobelins, since so celebrated, was begun, though futilely, in his reign. His celebrated minister, Sully, was entangled in these matters more than he approved, as we find from his very instructive *Memoirs*. In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the manufactory was in its

* On the staircase at Gore House is placed a tapestry-hanging in the Flemish style, of the date 1380.

highest glory, and has since dispersed productions of unequalled delicacy over the civilized world. In the Exhibition at Gore House there are several pieces; some illustrating Don Quixote, others Diana being equipped for the Chase, &c. The name of Gobelin was given, because the house in the suburbs of Paris, where the manufacture is carried on, was built by two brothers whose names were Giles and John Gobelin, both excellent dyers, and who brought to Paris from Venice, in the reign of Francis the First, the secret of dyeing a beautiful scarlet colour, still known by their name.

Walpole gives an intimation of the introduction of tapestry-weaving to England so early as the reign of Edward the Third; but it was during the reigns of James the First and his son that the manufacture was carried to the greatest perfection. It received its death-blow during the Commonwealth.

Tapestry was not uncommon in royal and noble houses in Chaucer's time. Among his Pilgrims to Canterbury is a tapestry-worker, who is mentioned in the Prologue, in common with other trades—

"An haberdasher and a carpenter,
A welber, a dyer, and a *tapicer*."

Aud again,—

"I wol give him all that falles
To his chambre and to his halles,
I will paint him with pure golde,
And *tapete* him ful many a fold."

Tapestry was used not only for the decoration of rooms, but also to set-off the windows and balconies of houses on great and important occasions, when the streets are described by the old writers to have been "well curtained."

"Then the high street gay signs of triumph wore,
Covered with shewy cloths of different dye,
Which deck the walls, while sylvan leaves in store,

And scented herbs upon the pavement lie
Adorned is every window, every door,
With carpeting and finest drapery"

And in those favourite military spectacles—the tournaments—the lists were always decorated "with the splendid richness of feudal power. Besides the gorgeous array of heraldic insignia near the champions' tents, the galleries which were made to contain the spectators were covered with tapestry, representing chivalry both in its warlike and its amorous guise; on the one side the knight with his bright falchion smiting away hosts of foes, and on the other side kneeling at the feet of beauty."

Spenser gives a glowing account of the tapestry which Britomart saw in one of the apartments of Basyran; and in the description probably had in view actual specimens of tapestry—

"For round about the walls yelothed were
With goodly arras of great maiesty,
Woven with gold and silke so close and nere
That the rich metall lurked privily,
As faining to be hid from envious eye;
Yet here and there, and every where, unawares
It showed itself and shone unwillingly;
Like a discoloured snake, whose hidden snares
Through the grene gras his long bright burnish
back declures"

The tapestries did not remain on the walls as do the hangings of modern days; it was the primitive office of the grooms of the chamber to hang up the tapestry, which in a royal progress was sent forward with the purveyor and grooms of the chamber.

The subjects of the tapestry in which our ancestors so much delighted were not confined to matter-of-fact occurrences of everyday life. The lives of the Saints were frequently portrayed with all the legendary accompaniments which credulity and blind faith could invest them with. The "holy and solitary" St. Cuthbert would be seen taming the sea-monster by his word of power: St. Dunstan would be in the very act of seizing the "handle" of his Infernal Majesty's face with the red-hot pinners; and St. Anthony in the "howling wilderness" would be reigning omnipotent over a whole legion of sprites.

The subjects of the Flemish tapestry (numbered 83 in the Catalogue of the Gore House Exhibition) is a legend of St. Veronica:—"An emperor wearing the German imperial crown, is adoring the image of our Saviour's face imprinted on a napkin displayed by the saint, whilst a crowd of attendant figures are looking on with great interest, whilst others are carrying waxen 'cierges' in the retinue of the holy woman; underneath the emperor is written the word 'Vespasianus.' The monkish legend of St. Veronica was a favourite subject of Mediæval artists; but great difference of opinion seems to have prevailed as to the facts of her story. The present subject is probably a different version of the legend, which recounts that the Emperor Tiberius being in a mortal malady, and having heard of the healing powers of the miraculous image, the 'Vera icon,' sent for the saint to whose possession it had been committed. The

legend, however, relates that the wicked emperor breathed his last before she arrived. In the present instance, the Emperor Vespasian is evidently intended, and the action is probably that of miraculous healing. In point of artistic merit, this tapestry is of a very high order; many of the heads are finely drawn, and have great individuality and expression, whilst the profusion of elegant costumes and ornamental detail render it a work of great interest in an antiquarian point of view. The border which surrounds this piece of tapestry is extremely beautiful; the continuous band of leaves and flowers, amongst which goldfinches and other small singing birds are portrayed with great accuracy, resembles much the beautiful relieve borders of the gates of the Baptistery in Florence by Lorenzo Ghiberti."

Sometimes passages were illustrated in tapestry-work from the Bible with considerable judgment and taste; but it must be confessed they were not of frequent occurrence.

But the power of the chief proportion of needle women, and of many of the subsequent tapestry-loomers, consisted in giving permanence to those fables which, as exhibited in the romances of chivalry, formed the very life and delight of our ancestors. The tale of Troy was a very favourite subject for tapestry, and was found in many baronial residences. Another theme for the alert finger of the busy loom was found in the life and adventures of that prince of combatants, that hero of heroes, Guy, Earl of Warwick. One tapestry, on this attractive subject, which was in Warwick Castle, before the year 1398, was so distinguished and valued a piece of furniture, that a special grant was made of it by Richard the Second, conveying "that suit of arras-hangings in Warwick Castle, which contained the story of Guy, Earl of Warwick," together with the Castle of Warwick and other possessions, to Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent. And in the restoration of forfeited property to this lord after his imprisonment, these hangings are particularly specified in the patent of King Henry the Fourth, dated 1399.

But we have no intention of giving any detailed history of tapestry. The foregoing observations are chiefly confined to the specimens now exhibiting at Gore House, Kensington.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

In a room in the upper story of a house in the Friedrichstadt of Berlin, sat an old man, reading musical notes that lay on a table before him. From time to time he made observations with a pencil upon the margin; and seemed so intently occupied that he noticed nothing around him. The room was poorly furnished, and lighted only by a small lamp that flared in the currents of wind, flitting gloom and fitful shadows on the wall. A few coals glimmered in the grate, the loose panes clattered in the window, shaken by the storm without; the weather-cocks creaked as they swung on the roof, and the moaning blast uttered a melancholy sound. It was a night of cold and tempest, and the last of the old year.

The figure of the old man was tall and stately, but emaciated; and his pale and furrowed visage showed the ravages of age and disease. His thin snow-white locks fell back from his temples; but his eyes were large and bright, and flashing with more than youthful enthusiasm, as he read the music.

The bell struck midnight. From the streets could be heard festive music and shouts of mirth, blended in wild confusion; and the wind bore the chant of the *Te Deum* from a neighbouring church.

The old man looked up from his occupation, and listened earnestly. Presently the door was opened, and a young man entered the apartment. The paleness of his face appeared striking in contrast with his dark hair; his expression was that of deep melancholy, and his form was even more emaciated than that of his companion.

"Did you hear the hour strike?" asked the old man.

"I heard it; it was midnight."

"Indeed!"

"You had better go to rest."

"To sleep, mean you? I do not need it. I have been reading this legacy of my father. Would that you had had such a father, poor Theodore! What is the new year?"

"Eighty-four."

"Eighty-four! when it was thirty-seven—we will not speak of that!"

"You always talk thus," said the young man. "Am I never to know who you are?"

"You might have asked that the day we first met: the day I found you—a madman

—who had placed the deadly weapon against his own breast. I pulled it away; I said to you, Live! even if life hath nothing but woe to offer! Live, if thou canst believe and hope; if not, bid defiance to thy fate; but live!"

"You saved me; you see I live, old even in youth."

"You have many years to number yet."

"Perhaps not: I suffer too much! But tell me your name, perverse old man!"

"He who composed that noble work," said the old man, pointing to the music, "was my father."

"And have you not torn out the first leaf, on which was the title and name? You know I can guess nothing from the notes; they speak a language unknown to me. Speak, old friend; who are you?"

"The Old Musician."

"Thus you are called by the few who know you in this great city. But you have another name. Why not tell it me?"

"Let me be silent," entreated the old man. "I have sworn to reveal my name only to one initiated, if I meet such."

The youth answered with a bitter smile. There was a pause of a few moments; the old man looked anxiously at him, as if noticing for the first time his sunken cheek, and other evidences of extreme ill health. At length he said—

"And have you no better fortune, Theodore, for the new year?"

"Oh yes, fortune comes when we have no longer need of her."

He drew a roll of money from his vest pocket, and threw it upon the table.

"Gold!" exclaimed the old man.

Theodore produced a flask from the pocket of his cloak. "You have drunk no wine," he said, "for a long while! Here is some—the best of Johannisberger! Let us greet the new year with revell!"

The old man turned away with a shudder, for recollections of pain were associated with the time.

The youth took a couple of glasses from the cupboard, drew another chair to the table, and sat down while he uncorked the flask. As he filled the glasses, a rich fragrance floated through the room.

He drank to the old man, who responded; and the glasses were replenished.

"Ha, ha! you seem used to it!" cried Theodore, laughing. "It is good for you.

Wine is better than Lethe; it teaches us not to forget pain, but to know it the frivolous thing it really is. What a pity that we find the philosopher's stone only in the bottom of the cup!"

"And how, I pray, came you by such luck?"

"I sold my work to a spendthrift lord, travelling through the city."

"It is a pity you had not a duplicate, for your work will never become known, thus disposed of."

"Ah, but how much is lost that deserves to remain! Those sketches cost me seven years of more than labour; all I have thought, lived, suffered; the first dream of youth; the stern repose after the struggle with fate! I sacrificed all—I spared not even the spark of life; and I thought, when the work was finished, the laurel would at least deck the brow of the dead. Dreams, fantasies! Wherever I offered my work, I was repulsed. The publishers thought the undertaking too expensive; some said I might draw scenes from the Seven Years' War, like M. Choudovicki; others shook their heads, and called my sketches wild and fantastic."

"Yes, yes!" murmured the old man, musingly. "Lessing, who died three years ago, was right when he said to me, 'All the artist accomplishes beyond the appreciation of the multitude brings him neither profit nor honour.' Believe me, Theodore, I know well by experience what is meant by the saying, 'The highest must grovel with the worm.'"

"And I must grovel on, old friend! As long as I can remember, I have had but one passion—for my art! The beauty of woman moved me with but the artist's rapture! Yet must I degrade my art to the vain rabble; must paint apish faces, while visions of divine loveliness float before me; must feel the genius within me comprehended by none; must be driven to despair of myself! Gifted as few are, free from guilt, I must ask myself, at five-and-twenty, wherefore have I lived?"

"Live;—you will find the answer."

"Have you found it—at seventy-four? You cannot evade the question; it presses even on the happy. Had I obtained what I sought, the answer might be—I have lived, and wrought, to win the prize; to shine a clear star in the horizon. So shines Raphael to me; and to you, some old man—

ter of your art; and we are doomed to insignificance and disappointment."

"Be silent!" exclaimed the old man; "that leads to madness, and madness is terrible! They tell me I was thus a long while."

"Have no fear of that, old friend! We are both too near a sure harbour! Come, finish the wine; welcome the new year! Hark! to the music and the revelry below in the streets; and we are exalted like the ancient gods on the top of Olympus, sipping the precious nectar, and laughing at those who rejoice in their being. Drink, as I do! Well, yonder is your bed, and here is mine. I am weary, and wish you a good night!"

The old man also retired to rest; the storm ceased to rage without. The music and ringing of bells continued throughout the night.

The first beams of the sun poured into the chamber, and awoke the old man. It was a clear and cold morning; the air was keen and bracing, the sky blue and cloudless, and the frost had wrought delicate tracery on the panes.

The old man looked out of the window awhile, then went to awaken his young companion. Alas! the hand that lay upon the bed-clothes was cold and stiff. Theodore's sorrows were ended. The spirit so nobly endowed had broken in the struggle with destiny.

Long did the old man gaze upon the pale remains, his features working with intense emotion. His last stay was broken; his only friend had departed; he was alone and forsaken in the world.

He sat down by the body, and remained motionless the whole day. At night came on the woman who kept the house came to deliver a message to Theodore, and found the old man sitting by the corpse, exhausted and shivering with the cold. She led him into a warmer room, and gave him food.

The Old Musician and Theodore had lived together nearly two years. The youth supplied their wants by his small earnings as a portrait painter, and by his receipts now and then for a drawing. The old man had nothing; and the landlady, who saw that what Theodore had left would not last long, urged him to go to the overseer of the poor-house and seek an asylum. He repelled the idea, and answered, "No, I will go to Hamburg."

"To Hamburg!" repeated the
"That you cannot do. Hamburg is a long way from Berlin, and before you reach there you would be on another journey."

But the next day the old man seemed to have forgotten his purpose. According to his custom before he met with his young friend, he wandered through the streets of Berlin, stopping to listen wherever he heard music. Sometimes he would go into the houses, being seldom prevented; for many remembered the Old Musician, whom they had concluded dead, and were glad to see him once more.

As he wandered one evening through the streets, he stopped in front of a palace brilliantly illuminated, from whence came the sound of music. He was about to enter, according to his wont, but the Swiss porter pushed him rudely back; so he stood without and listened, and, in spite of the cutting night wind, continued to stand and listen, murmuring often expressions of pleasure and admiration.

A lacquey in rich livery, running down the steps, encountered the old man, and cried in surprise, "Hail! is that you again, Old Musician? It is long since I have seen you. But why do you stand there shaking in the cold?"

"The Swiss would not let me pass," answered the old man.

"The Swiss is a shallow-pate. Never heed, old friend, but come in with me, and I will bring you a glass of wine to thaw your old limbs. My lord gives a grand concert!" And he led the old man up the steps, saying to the porter, "You must never hinder him from coming in; it is no beggar, but the Old Musician. He comes to hear the music, and my lord has given orders that he shall always be admitted."

The lacquey led the old man to a seat near the fire in the ante-room, and drew a folding screen before him. "Keep yourself quiet, my good friend," he said; "you are out of view here, and yet can hear everything. I will fetch you a glass of wine presently."

The old man sat still and listened to the music in the saloon; it thrilled through his inmost heart. He remained there many hours, till the lacquey, who had frequently visited him in his corner, came and said—

"It is time now to go, my friend; the

company are dispersing; I will send my boy home with you."

"That was admirable music!" cried the old man, drawing a deep breath.

"I am glad you were pleased," replied the lacquey. "All you heard to-night was composed by the same master, who is now the guest of my lord."

"Who is he?"

"Master Naumann, chapel-master to the Elector of Saxony."

"A Saxon!" cried the old man. "Naumann! That is well; where is he?"

"Here, in the house."

"Let me speak with him."

"Certainly, if you want to ask anything."

"No, not to ask; I want to thank him."

"Well, you may come to-morrow morning."

"I will come!"

Naumann was not a little surprised when the servant, the next morning, announced his strange visitor. To the question, who was the Old Musician? the man could give no other answer than—"He is the Old Musician, and nobody in Berlin knows his name. He is sometimes half crazy, but is said to have a thorough knowledge of music."

"Let him come in," said Naumann; and the lacquey opened the door for the old man.

Naumann rose when he saw him, for in spite of his mean apparel, he had a dignity of mien that inspired with involuntary respect. Advancing to meet him, he said—

"You are welcome, my good sir, though I know not by what name to address you. But you are a lover of the art, and that is enough. Be seated, I pray you."

The old man, still standing, answered, "I come to thank you, sir chapel-master, for the pleasure of yesterday evening. I was privately a listener to the concert, in which were performed your latest compositions. I will not conceal from you my name; I am FRIEDEMANN BACH!"

Naumann stood petrified with astonishment. "Friedemann Bach!" he repeated at length, in a tone of deep and melancholy interest; "the great son of the great Sebastian Bach! It is strange, indeed! Only last year I saw your brother Philip Emanuel at Hamburg. The excellent old man mourns you as dead."

"Let him do so," was the reply, "and all who knew me in better days; for the knowledge of my life, as it is, would make them unhappy. Even in Berlin none know that Friedemann Bach yet lives; not even Mendelssohn, the friend of Lessing, to whom I owed, that while he lived, I needed not to starve."

"What can I do for you?" asked Naumann. "Your brother told me your history. How shall I tell you all the admiration, the affection, the sorrow I have felt, and still feel for you? Tell me, what can I do?"

"Nothing," answered Bach; "you have done everything for me, in showing me what I could and should have done. I strove after that which you have accomplished. You know wherefore I failed. How my life was wasted, why I fell short in all my bold and burning schemes. But you need not the warning of my history. You walk securely and cheerfully in the right path, and I can only thank you for your magnificent works. The blessing of God be with you! and now I feel that I have nothing more to do in this world."

The Old Musician departed, and Naumann, when he had collected his thoughts, inquired in vain where he could be found. Friedemann had not suffered the boy who went home with him the preceding evening to go to his door. At length Naumann happened to meet with Moses Mendelssohn, and mentioned what had occurred. Mendelssohn was amazed to hear that Friedemann Bach was yet living, and in Berlin. The two made an appointment to go the next morning to the ancient abode of Lessing, where the Old Musician had lived.

They went together to the house of Lessing in the Friedrichstadt. The landlady opened the door.

"Does M. Friedemann Bach live here yet?" asked Mendelssohn.

"Ah, pardon me," cried the woman, wiping her eyes with her apron; "just at this time yesterday they carried away my poor Old Musician! He died exactly three weeks after his young friend the painter, whom he loved so well." Her voice was interrupted by tears.

Mendelssohn and Naumann left the house in silence.

A DANCE FROM LONDON TO NORWICH.

THERE is scarcely any feat which has not been attempted for personal pleasure, or public exhibition. Walking and running matches, wonderful leaps, and clownish distortions, must have been seen or heard of by all; they have frequently been repeated—but there is only one instance on record, we believe, of a person dancing all the way from London to Norwich. This was performed by an actor named William Kemp, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was a comedian of some celebrity; his name stands next to that of William Shakspeare, in a petition to the Lord Chamberlain, concerning the Theatre at Blackfriars. It may be interesting to recall that he acted Peter in "Romeo and Juliet," Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing," Launce in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Justice Shallow in the Second Part of "Henry IV.," Touchstone in "As You Like It," Lancelot in the "Merchant of Venice," &c. He was also skillful in the Morrice-dance, and undertook to perform it all the way from the Lord Mayor's house in the city, to Norwich. He afterwards wrote an account of this feat, and dedicated it to "Mistress Anne Fitton," Maid of Honour to the Queen.

"Three reasons," says he, in the dedication, "moove me to make publick this journey; one, to uprouse lying fooles I never knew; the other to comfort louing friends, which, by the way, I daily found; the third to shew my duty to your honorable selfe, whose favours (among other bountifull friends) makes me judge my heart cork, and my heels feather, so that methinks I could fly to Rome (as the proverb is) with a mortar on my head. In which light conceit I lowly begge pardon and leave. Imagine, noble mistris, I am now setting from my Lord Mayor's, the house about seaven, the morning gloomy, the company many, my hart mery."

We do not mean to follow this caperer step by step, but only to record some of his chief adventures. He was attended by "Thomas Slye, my taborer; William Bee, my servant; and George Sprat, appointed to be my overseer, that I should take no other ease but my prescribed order. As fast as kinde peoples thronging together would

give me leave, thorow London I leapt." It was well for Cavaliero Kemp, as he calls himself, that there were no omnibuses nor police—either would have interposed more impediments than the "kinde peoples." He had several presents of crooked sixpences and groats for luck; and so he danced to Stratford-le-bow without rest; there many invited him to drink; "but," he adds, "to their full cups, kind thanks was my returne with gentleman-like protestations—as, 'truly, sir, I dare not; it stands not with the congruity of my health.'" He doubts whether congruity is any "christen word, tho' it may be a good word for aught he knows." His reflections on words were cut short by the note of the tabor, and he prances off to Ilford, where he again rejects the offered carouse. From Ilford he danced by moonshine to near Romford, where ended the first day's exploit. His very early risings to avoid the market people, and the sprain of his hip, which he danced well again, and the following of him by crowds (two hundred being, he said, his least company), are amusingly told.

When he reached Chelmsford he was so weary he could dance no more for a time. After he had rested, a servant girl, not more than fourteen, being a famous dancer, begged her "Master and Daine" that she might dance the Morrice with Kemp in a room. His account would make it appear that they were—

"The dancing pair that simply won renown,
By holding out to tire each other down."

For after an hour's exercise, he says, "Thus much in her praise, I would have challenged the strongest man in Chelmsford, and among many, I think few would have done so much."

The fourth day's dance was a hard one—thick woods on each side, and lanes full of deep holes, so that sometimes he "skipt up to the waist," which must have placed him in woful plight; and he relates that two countrymen who tried to accompany him fell into the slough, and were obliged to desist, saying if he came again in the course of seven years, they would not go after him. He rested at Braintree, and danced three miles of his next day's journey.

His next stop was at Sudbury, where a butcher tried to dance with him, but in half a mile was tired, and gave in, on which a

country girl called him faint-hearted, and said if she had begun to dance, she would not have stopped under a mile. He gave her bells to bind round the ankle, and she "shooke her fat wides and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long myle." There he made her a present of a crown, "and to give her her due," says he, "she had a good case, danst truly, and we parted friendly."

He was kindly entertained by the inhabitants of the towns through which he passed. Happening to dance into Bury just at the moment the Chief Justice was making his entry at the other gate, the multitude, ever frivolous, thronged to meet the dancer, and left the Justice to come in unnoticed.

He danced the ten miles from Bury to Thetford in three hours; his next stage to Rockland, where he records the witty welcome of his host, who attempted to accompany him, but lay down from fatigue at the end of two fields.

His closing adventure arose from the anxious desire of some neighbouring peasants that he should pass through their village, such calling him a different way, and he had difficulty in keeping the right road. He had to dance a second time into Norwich, for Mr. Sprat, who was appointed to watch him, having missed him in the crowd, he repeated his evolutions that there might be no mistake.

THE MAGIC OF CHEMISTRY.

CHEMISTRY is one of the most attractive sciences. From the beginning to the end, the student is surprised and delighted with the developments of the exact discrimination, as well as the power and capacity which are displayed in various forms of chemical action. Dissolve two substances in the same fluid, and then by evaporation, or otherwise, cause them to re-assume a solid form, and each particle will unite with its own kind, to the entire exclusion of all others. Thus, if sulphate of copper and carbonate of soda are dissolved in boiling water, and then the water is evaporated, each salt will be re-formed as before. This phenomenon is the result of one of the first principles of the science, and as such is passed over without thought; but it is a wonderful phenomenon, and made of no account only by the fact that it is so common and so familiar.

It is by the action of this same principle, "elective affinity," by which we produce the curious experiments with *SYMPATHETIC INKS*. By means of these, we may carry on a correspondence which is beyond the discovery of all not in the secret. With one class of these inks, the writing becomes visible only when moistened with a particular solution. Thus, if we write to you with a solution of sulphate of iron, the letters are invisible. On the receipt of our letter, you rub over the sheet a feather or sponge, wet with solution of nut-galls, and the letters burst forth into sensible being at once, and are permanent.

2. If we write with a solution of sugar of lead, and you moisten with a sponge or pencil dipped in water impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen, the letters will appear with metallic brilliancy.

3. If we write with a weak solution of sulphate of copper, and you apply ammonia, the letters assume a beautiful blue. When the ammonia evaporates, as it does on exposure to the sun or fire, the writing disappears, but may be revived again as before.

4. If you write with oil of vitriol very much diluted, so as to prevent its destroying the paper, the manuscript will be invisible except when held to the fire, when the letters will appear black.

5. Write with cobalt dissolved in diluted muriatic acid; the letters will be invisible when cold, but when warmed they will appear a bluish green.

We are almost sure that our secret thus written will not be brought to the knowledge of a stranger, because he does not know the solution which was used in writing, and therefore knows not what to apply to bring out the letters.

Other forms of elective affinity produce equally novel results. Thus, two invisible gases, when combined, form sometimes a *visible solid*. Muriatic acid and ammonia are examples, also ammonia and carbonic acid.

On the other hand, if a solution of sulphate of soda be mixed with a solution of muriate of lime, the whole becomes solid.

Some gases when united form liquids, as oxygen and hydrogen, which unite and form water. Some solids, when combined, form liquids.

THE POET'S HOUR.

BY DR. CROLY.

When day is done, and clouds are low,
And flowers are honey-dew,
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue,
And homeward fly the turtle-doves,
Then comes the hour the poet loves.

For in the dimness curtain'd round
He hears the echoes all
Of rosy vale, or grassy mound,
Or distant waterfall;
And shapes are on his dreaming sight
That keep their beauty for the night.
And still, as shakes the sudden breeze
The forest's deepening shade,
He hears on Tuscan evening seas
The silver serenade;
Or, to the field of battle born,
Swells at the sound of trumpet and horn.

The star that peeps the leaves between
To him is but the light
That, from some lady's bower of green,
Shines to her pilgrim knight;
Who feels her spell around him twine,
And hastens home from Palestine.

Or, if some wandering peasant's song
Come sweeten'd on the gale,
He sees the cloister's sunlit throng;
The crozier, cross, and veil;
Or hears the ve-pers of the nun,
World-weary, lovely, and undone.

And thus he thinks the hour away
In sweet unworldly folly;
And longs to see the shades of gray,
That feed his melancholy.
Finding sweet speech and thought in all—
Star, leaf, wind, song, and waterfall.

DAWN.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Turn up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind seems liquid—it o'ersteals
My bosom and my brow so bathingly.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kiss'd it are betray'd; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are broken
As if to breathe were music; and the grass
Sends up its modest odour with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.
Loosely indeed is morning! I have drunk
Her fragrance and her freshness, and have felt

Its delicate touch; and 'tis a kindlier thing
Than music, or a feast, or medicine.

I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,
And light was welcome to me. I look'd out
To feel the common air, and when the breath
Of the delicious morning met my brow,
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun
Shone on familiar objects, it was like
The feeling of the captive who comes forth
From darkness to the cheerful light of day.
Oh! could we wake from sorrow; were it all
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside
Like an untimely garment with the morn;
Could the long fever of the heart be cool'd
By a sweet breath from nature; or the gloom
Of a betrayed affection pass away
With looking on the lively tint of flowers—
How lightly were the spirit reconciled
To make this beautiful, bright world its home!

LIBRARY.

THE place that does
Contain my books—the best companions—is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their
counsels,
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account; and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues. FLETCHER.

MEMORY.

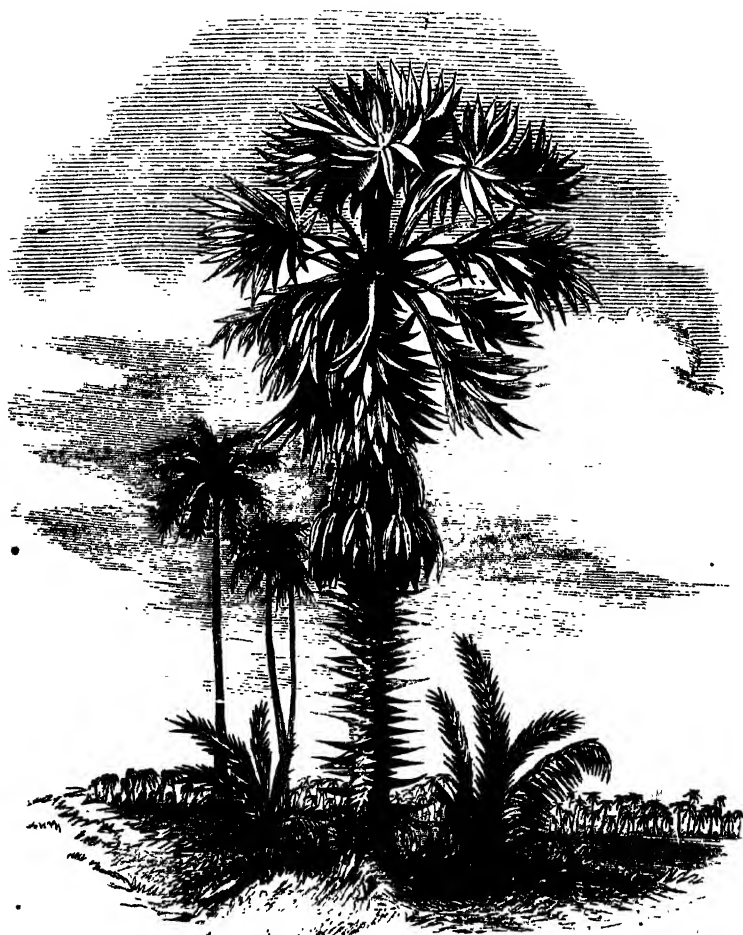
So have I seen the cloud-rack, fast and free,
Come thronging onward from the distant sea,
Along the hill-tops, till the rising shoon
Of morn had spread their parted woof between,
And laugh'd away the mists dark and dull,
Into a radiance glad and beautiful—
F'en so the glorious past came floating by,
O'er the dark chambers of his Memory.

SHARPE.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE GLEN.

Where the hawthorn lends its sweetness
To the flow'r-cover'd ground,
And the rose in beauty's sweetness,
Spreads its latest glow around:
Where the deer in peace reposes,
Secure from wiles of men,
A charm the scene discloses
In the Fountain of the Glen.
In my youth, it was protected
By a gray old arch of stone,
Now broken and neglected,
— Still the streamlet gushes on.
And so when age o'erlooks us,
The past will linger then
To bless, though youth forsakes us,
Like the Fountain of the Glen.

THE PALMYRA PALM.



THE PALMYRA PALM.

THE Palms are truly the princes of the vegetable kingdom. As a race, they are remarkable not less for the majestic aspect of their towering stems, crowned with gigantic foliage, and for the grandeur which they impart to the scenery in which

they occur, than for their economical importance to mankind. Wine, oil, wax, flour, salt, thread, utensils, weapons, and habitations are among the most important of their products.

The Palmyra Palm, *Borassus flabelliformis* of botanists, is one of the most noble of its race, and also yields many useful products to the inhabitants of those countries in which it occurs. It is one of the few species which are widely dispersed, being found all over India, both on the continent and in the islands, extending as far as 30° of north latitude. It forms a tree, with a trunk thirty to forty feet high, tapering upwards, and terminated by a great crown of fan-shaped leaves, which measure about four feet in length, and are attached by spiny-edged stalks of about equal length; the leaves are plaited like a fan, and divided into from seventy to eighty rays. The trunk has a very singular checked appearance, closely resembling the back-bone of a large fish, caused by the stalks of the old leaves adhering to it, after the leaves themselves have decayed. As in all Palms, the flowers are small and numerous, and issue from spathes which are seated in the axils of the mature leaves; these flowers are dioecious, and the females are succeeded by a three-seeded, three-cornered drupe, about as large as a child's head, consisting of a thick fibrous succulent brownish rind, and containing three seeds of the size of a goose-egg. The substance of the young seeds is cool, sweet, and refreshing, but becomes hard and uneatable when ripe. The fruit is soft, emits a fragrant smell, and its pulpy matter is made into cakes, and dried in the sun.

The Palmyra is moreover one of the principal sources of Palm wine, which is the sap drawn from the more succulent parts. The Cocoa-nut tree (*Cocos nucifera*) and the Gouito (*Saguerus saccarifer*) also yield this saccharine sap abundantly. It is obtained by crushing the young inflorescence, cutting off the upper part and attaching a vessel to the lowest cut end. The vessel gradually fills, and is removed every morning, a fresh slice being removed daily from the cut end, until the whole is sliced away. The fresh sap, *taree* or *toddy*, is very pleasant and refreshing; but if fermented, it becomes one of the most intoxicating liquors of tropical countries. The

sap also yields, on evaporation, a coarse sugar, called *jaggery*; and, remarks Van Rheede, it would be happy if it were always applied to so innocent a purpose.

The outer portions of the old stems of the *Borassus* form a very hard brown timber, which takes a fine polish, and is much used. The younger parts are useless as timber. The leaves are employed as thatch, as umbrellas, as fans, and also for writing on; the instrument used for this purpose being a piece of sharp-pointed metal, called a *stylus*. This palm is a tropical plant, requiring for its cultivation a very high temperature, and good loamy soil.

That palms were among the first land-plants which were created, is proved by the numerous remains of their fruit and leaves which occur in the coal formations; and remains of them are occasionally met with through all the more recent fresh-water rocks. They appear to prefer a soil in some measure salt, although many species are inhabitants altogether of inland districts and even of high mountains. Their geographical limits appear to be within 36° N. lat. in America, 44° N. lat. in Europe, 34° N. lat. in Asia, and 38° S. lat. in the southern hemisphere; and, according to Von Martins, their powers of migration are extremely small; none of them have been able to cross the ocean without the aid of man. Their favourite stations are said to be the banks of rivers and watercourses, and the sea-shore, some species scattered singly and others collected together into large forests.

There is scarcely a species of this order in which some useful property is not found. The cocoa-nut, the date, and others are valued for their fruit; the fan-palm and many more, for their foliage, whose hardness and durability render it an excellent material for thatching; the centre of the Sago-palm abounds in nutritive starch; the trunk of the *Iriartea* or *Ceroxylon* exudes a valuable vegetable wax; oil is expressed in abundance from the oil-palm; an astringent matter resembling dragon's blood is produced by *Calamus Draco*; many of the species contain within their leaves so hard a kind of fibrous matter, that it is employed instead of needles, or so tough that it is manufactured into cordage; and finally, their trunks are in some cases valued for their strength and used as timber, or for their elasticity, or their flexibility, as in the cane-palm.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

CUSTARDS, CREAMS, JELLIES, AND BLAN MANGE.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

CUSTARD is always eaten cold, and either poured over fruit tarts, or served up separately in custard-cups, in each of which a macaroon steeped in wine, and laid at the bottom, will be found a good addition. The flavouring may likewise be altered according to taste, by using a different kind of essence, the name of which it then acquires; as of lemon, orange, maraschino, vanilla, &c. It is almost needless to say that cream or a portion of it will make it richer than mere milk. It should be recollected that in custard, when made as cream, and eaten as usually called "raw," the whites of the eggs are never all used; but they may be devoted to many other purposes. The French mode of making it is, to measure the number of cups which are to be filled, and use nearly that quantity of milk or cream, simmering it upon the fire until beginning to boil, then adding about half an ounce of powdered sugar to each cup, with lemon-peel, bay-leaves, or almond-powder; then take the yolk of an egg to each small cup, beat them up with the milk, fill the cups, place in a vase of boiling water until the custards become firm.

Custard Cream.—Boil half a pint of new milk with a piece of lemon-peel, not very large, a stick of cinnamon, and eight lumps of white sugar should cream be employed instead of milk, the will be no occasion to strain it. Beat the yolks of four eggs; strain the milk through coarse muslin, or a hair sieve; then mix the eggs; milk very gradually together, and simmer gently on the fire, stirring it until it thickens, but removing it the moment it begins to boil, or it will curdle. A cheap and excellent sort is made by boiling three pints of new milk with a bit of lemon-peel, a bit of cinnamon, two or three bay-leaves, and sweetening it. Meanwhile, rub down smooth a large spoonful of rice-flour into a cup of cold milk, and mix with it four yolks of eggs well beaten. Take a basin of the boiling milk, mix it with the cold, and pour that to the boiling, stirring it one way till it begins to thicken, and is just going to boil up; then pour it into a pan and stir it some time.

For rich Custard.—Boil a pint of milk with lemon-peel and cinnamon; mix a pint of cream and the yolks of eight eggs, well beaten; when the milk tastes of the seasoning, strain it and sweeten it enough for the whole; pour it into the cream, stirring it well; then give the custard a skimmer till of a proper thickness. Do not let it boil; stir the whole time one way. Or.—Boil a pint of cream with some mace, cinnamon, and a little lemon-peel; strain it, and when cold add to it the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, a little orange-flower water, and sugar to your taste. A

little nutmeg and two spoonfuls of sweet wine may be added, if approved. Mix well, and bake in cups.

Rice Custards.—Sweeten a pint of milk with loaf-sugar, boil it with a stick of cinnamon, stir in sifted ground rice till quite thick. Take it off the fire; add the whites of three eggs well beaten; stir it again over the fire for two or three minutes, then put it into cups that have lain in cold water; do not wipe them. When cold turn them out, and put them into the dish in which they are to be served; pour round them a custard made of the yolks of the eggs and little more than half a pint of milk. Put on the top a little red currant jelly, or raspberry jam. A pretty supper dish.

Orange Custard.—Boil very tender the rind of half a Seville orange; beat it in a mortar to a paste; put to it a spoonful of the best brandy, the juice of a Seville orange, four ounces of lump-sugar, and the yolks of four eggs. Beat all together for ten minutes, and pour in by degrees a pint of boiling cream. Keep beating until the mixture is cold; then put into custard-cups, and set them in a soup-dish of boiling water; let them stand until thick, then put preserved orange-peel, in slices, upon the custard. Serve either hot or cold. Or.—Take the juice of twelve oranges, strain it and sweeten it well with powdered loaf-sugar, stir it over a slow fire till the sugar is dissolved, taking off the scum as it rises; when nearly cold add the yolks of twelve eggs well beaten, and a pint of cream; stir it again over the fire till it thickens. Serve it in a glass dish or in custard-cups.

Lemon Custard.—May be made in the same manner, or as follows:—Strain three wine-glassfuls of lemon juice through a sieve; beat nine eggs, yolks and whites, strain them also, and add them to the lemon-juice, with one-quarter pound of powdered loaf-sugar, a glass of white wine, and half a wine-glass of water, with a little grated lemon-peel. Mix all together, and put the ingredients into a saucepan on the fire, stirring it until it becomes thick and of a proper consistence.

Almond Custard.—Boil in a pint of milk, or cream, two or three bitter almonds, a stick of cinnamon, and a piece of lemon-peel pared thin, with eight or ten lumps of sugar; let it simmer to extract the flavour, then strain it and stir it till cold. Beat the yolks of six eggs, mix it with the milk, and stir the whole over a slow fire until of a proper thickness, adding one ounce of sweet almonds, beaten fine in rose-water.

Plain Custard.—To one quart of cream or new milk, add a stick of cinnamon, four bay leaves and some mace; boil them altogether a few minutes; then beat well twelve eggs, sweeten them, and when the milk is cold stir in the eggs, and bake or boil it till of a proper consistence, and perfectly smooth. The spices can be omitted, and four or five bitter almonds used in its place.

FAMILY PASTIME.

PARLOUR AMUSEMENTS.

A BRILLIANT METALLIC TREE.

REDUCE to powder three-quarters of an ounce of sugar of lead; on this pour a decanter of water. Shake the mixture, and allow it to remain three days; take off the clear solution; rinse out the decanter, and then return it. Suspend a piece of zinc in the decanter, by means of thread or wire, to the stopper, so as just to be covered by the solution. Place it in a situation where it is not likely to be disturbed. The zinc will shortly become covered with a moss-like appearance, and substance of metallic lead, which will shoot forth in brilliant crystallization, bearing a resemblance to a tree or shrub. This experiment is much to be admired, producing a pretty room ornament, if suspended in a large round glass bottle, which will be much better in appearance than in a decanter, and will better show the beauty of the crystallization, in consequence of being made with thinner and more transparent glass.

SILVER FOLLAGE.

Spread on a piece of glass a few drops of nitrate of silver, previously diluted with soft water of double its quantity; place at the bottom of it, flat upon the glass and in contact with the fluid, a copper or brass wire bent to any figure.

PRECIPITATION OF SILVER IN A CRYSTALLINE FORM.

Immerse phosphorus for a few days in a solution of nitrate of silver. The metal will be precipitated on the phosphorus in fine dendritic crystal.

CRYSTALLIZATION BY SUBLIMATION.

Put two teaspoonfuls of Benzoic acid in a Florence oil cask. Apply to the bottom of it a gentle heat by placing a lamp under it. The acid will be volatilized in the form of white vapour, which again condense in the upper part of the flask in a beautiful crystalline form.

OLDEN RIDDLE RHYMES.

1.

A water there is I must pass,
A brouder water never was;
And yet of all waters I ever did see,
To pass over with less jeopardy.

2.

There is a bird of great renown,
Useful in city and in town;
None work like unto him can do;
He's yellow, black, red, and green,
A very pretty bird, I ween;
Yet he's both fierce and fell:
I count him wise that can this tell.

Over the water
And under the water,
And always with its head down!

4.

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With four legs standing by;
Four then were drawn by ten:
Read my riddle ye can't,
How ever much ye try.

5.

Black within, and red without,
Four corners round about.

6.

As I was going o'er yon moor of moss,
I met a man on a gray horse;
He whipped and he wail'd,
I ask'd him what he ail'd;
He said he was going to his father's funeral,
Who died seven years before he was born.

7.

A house full, a yard full,
And ye can't catch a bowl full.

8.

The calf, the goose, the bee,
The world is ruled by these three.

9.

Banks full, braces full,
Though ye gather all day
Ye'll not gather yon hands full.

10.

The land was white,
The seed was black:
It will take a good scholar
To riddle me that.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF BIRDS.

1. What we all do at every meal.
2. A disorder incident to man and horse.
3. Nothing, twice yourself, and sixty.
4. An almanac maker.
5. A look.
6. Equality, and decay.
7. An English architect.
8. A workman's implement.
9. A lever.
10. A mechanical instrument.
11. Three-eighths of a monthly publication,
with a dish of victuals.
12. An English river.
13. A sea fish, and a young creature.
14. A rascal.
15. Two small animals.
16. A chest.
17. Part of a fence.
18. A distant country.
19. A seventy-gun ship.
20. Part of a lady's dress.
21. The top of your head.
22. Spoil half a score.
23. The defence of a bridge.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Ambrosian Chant. S. S. I.—By the Ambrosian Chant is understood, at the present day, the *Te Deum Laudamus*, composed by St. Ambrose in the fourth century.

Goldfinches. X. Y. Z.—The diseases of this bird generally happen from inattention to diet. Too much hemp-seed will occasion epilepsy; in which case, instantly abandon it, and feed him entirely on thistle or lettuce-seed; give him saffron in his water; and if scoured, crumble some dry chalk among his seed. If his eyes are weak and swollen, anoint them with fresh butter.

Condiments. T.—The name of condiment is usually given to those substances which are taken with food for the immediate purpose of improving its flavour. But most of them serve other and much more important purposes in the animal economy than that of gratifying the palate. They are, in effect, mostly alimentary substances; as salt, sugar, oil or fat, and vegetable acids.

Etymology of the word "Bread." H. W. M.—Bread is brayed grain, from the verb to bray, or pound; expressive of the old method of making the meal. Dough comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *deawian*, to wet, to moisten. Loaf is from the Anglo-Saxon *lif-ian*, to raise, to lift up—as raised bread. Leaven is derived from the French word *lever*, to raise, or the Saxon word *lif-ian*.

Purifying Water. S. C.—By filtration, water is cleansed of living beings, and of all suspended, impurities. Substances in solution are not got rid of by this process. Boiling destroys animal and vegetable life, expels air or carbonic acid, and causes the lime to be precipitated. Distillation, when properly conducted, is the most effectual method of purifying water. Alum is sometimes used to clear muddy water. Two or three grains are sufficient for a quart of water; but this renders the water hard.

Bulbs in Glasses. T. H. E.—Spring flowering bulbs are usually purchased in September, and the autumnal ones in July and August, and the largest and best formed bulbs should be chosen. To be blown in winter or spring, the bulbs are placed in water in October, and for autumn and early winter they are placed in the water in August and September. Dark coloured glasses are the best, as they prevent the light from decomposing the roots of the plants.

Singing Practice. M.—You should vocalize, or sing, without either words, or pronouncing the names of the notes. Vocalization teaches not only the art of making several notes upon one syllable, but to equalize the voice in all its tones. Singers of the greatest celebrity vocalize, or, if we may be allowed the use of the word, vowelize every morning to strengthen and clear the voice. It is necessary to exercise on all the

vowels, in order to produce upon each of them, as much voice as possible, but without forcing it.

Value of Diamonds. P.—The mode of estimating the value of the diamond is by its weight in carats. If your diamond is of the first water, free from flaws, and properly cut, its value is as the square of the weight in carats multiplied by eight. Diamonds of from one to five, or even ten carats are readily sold at that price; for diamonds of a larger size it is not so easy to find customers. A diamond of one carat is worth eight pounds, a diamond of two carats is worth thirty-two pounds, and one of ten carats eight hundred pounds.

Pigeon Law. C.—The Act of Parliament 7th and 8th George IV., chap. 29, sec. 33, states that if any person shall unlawfully and wilfully kill, wound, or take any house-dove or pigeon, under such circumstances as shall not amount to larceny at common law, every such offender, being convicted thereof before a justice of the peace, shall forfeit and pay over and above the value of the bird any sum not exceeding two pounds. By the 67th section of the same Act, the magistrates may, in default of payment, commit for any term not exceeding two months.

Coins. W. R.—No scale of prices given for coins can be very exact. Mr. Humphries, one of the best authorities on this subject, recommends that the young collector, before expending any considerable sum in coins, should make it his business to attend a few good sales, and carefully mark the price of every coin sold, taking care to ascertain, in case of apparently low price, for a scarce coin, whether it is considered genuine by those thoroughly versed in the matter. A few days thus devoted will give the collector more information upon the present value of coins, than all the most elaborate tables ever published.

Dark colour of the Skin. W. H. T.—Darkness of complexion has been attributed to the sun's power, from the age of Solomon to this day,—“Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me,” and there cannot be a doubt, that, to a certain degree, the opinion is well founded. The invisible rays in the solar beams, which change vegetable colour, and have been employed with such remarkable effect, in the Daguerreotype, act upon every substance upon which they fall, producing mysterious and wonderful changes in their molecular state, man not excepted.

Smiles. G.—A smile, to have an agreeable effect, must be the natural consequence of a kind, social feeling, and it must be followed by the repose of the risible muscles; and these alternations should pass over the countenance, like the lights and shadows on a field of waving grain in summer. Cultivate, then a feeling of social sympathy, and the expression of it will come unbidden. Never consider it allowable, in a company of your equals in age, to sit by, silent

and unmoved; such conduct is a damp upon the spirit of the rest, to whose pleasures you should feel bound to contribute your part.

Gravel Walks. M. B.—It has often been a disputed point whether flower-gardens should be intersected with gravel walks or with grass plots. This must be left entirely to the taste and means of the party forming a garden. Lawn is as wet and melancholy in the winter months, as it is beautiful and desirable in summer; and it requires great care and attention in mowing and rolling, and trimming round the border. Gravel walks have this advantage: the first trouble is the last. They will only require an old woman's or a child's assistance in keeping them free from weeds; and a lady has not the same fears of taking cold, or getting wet in her feet, during the rains of autumn and spring.

Company at Home. H. S. G.—To entertain company without embarrassment or excitement, without attracting attention, or protruding yourself upon the notice of your guests, is an art only to be acquired by long usage, and should be practised with great tact. Behaviour at home is one of the best touchstones of good manners; for many behave well abroad, who cannot exhibit ease under their own roof. On such occasions, quiet and calm are necessary; the entertainer should seem to do nothing, though in fact he does a great deal. He should move about with composure and self-possession, so that no one could tell, by his behaviour, that he is not one of the guests.

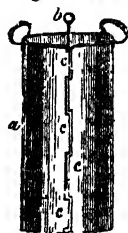
Smell of Insects. F. S.—The sense of smell exists in some organ in the vicinity of the mouth, and probably connected with the nose. M. Huber, desirous of ascertaining the seat of smell in bees, tried the following experiment with that view. These animals, of all scents, abominate most that of the oil of turpentine. He presented successively to all the points of a bee's body, a hair-pencil saturated with it; but whether he presented it to the abdomen, the trunk, or the head, the insect equally disregarded it. Next, using a very fine hair-pencil, while the bee had extended its proboscis, he presented the pencil to it, to the eyes and antennae, without producing any effect; but when he pointed it near the cavity of the mouth, above the insertion of the proboscis, the creature started back in an instant, quitted its food, clapped its wings, walked about in great agitation, and would have taken flight if the pencil had not been removed.

• **Ventilation of Apartments.** W. S. C.—If there is no fireplace in the room you occupy there should be some mechanical contrivance, such as a valve, a fan, or something by which the air may be freely admitted, or your health will undoubtedly suffer in consequence. No apartment intended for permanent occupation should be without a fireplace; this in itself constitutes an important means of ventilation. Let any per-

son try the experiment by partly opening the door of a room, and placing a candle near it on the floor; he will then see the flame of the candle blown towards the fireplace, a proof that the current of air sets in that direction. If he now lift the candle to the upper part of the door, he will find, on the contrary, that the flame points outwards; from which it appears, that when a fire is lighted in a room, a stream of air is always rushing in at the lower part and out at the upper.

Microscope and Micrometer. A. Z.—The size of objects is expressed usually in parts of an inch, as one-fifteenth, one-hundredth, or one-thousandth part of an inch. In order to ascertain this actual size, various modes are employed. The most simple is to place on the stage of the microscope a piece of glass which has fine lines ruled on it, perhaps an hundredth part of an inch apart, and comparing these divisions with a rule seen by the naked eye. In this way we may learn how much the microscope magnifies. If we compare the apparent size of an object on the stage with the rule as before, and divide that apparent size by the magnifying power of the instrument, we shall learn exactly how large it is. The piece of glass with the fine lines ruled on it is called a *micrometer*, which means an instrument to measure small things, as the word microscope means an instrument to observe small things. If we find by the micrometer that the microscope magnifies two hundred and fifty times, and a small object at which we are looking appears an inch in diameter, we know that it really is but the two hundred and fiftieth part of an inch in diameter.

The Transplanter. F. G.—You will find that the readiest plan for transplanting plants is by the aid of an instrument such as is here represented. It is made of tin, and any tinsmith of common ingenuity may make one; it is a strong tin tube which is plunged in the soil sur-



rounding the plant, pressed close together so as to make the joints *a c* unite, when a strong wire, *b*, is used to hold them together, as shown in the engraving, the whole may be drawn up with care. Should any difficulty arise from the too great looseness of the soil or the like, let it be moved from one side to another to prevent the soil outside from pressing against it. When the plant has been in this way got safely out of its original place of growth, let it be put into a hole previously made by the transplanter. Then withdraw the wire, and afterwards the whole implement. Tulips, hyacinths, and numerous other flowers, may thus be removed without injury to their stems, or even, if the operation be carefully performed, without in the least shaking their growth.



SELBORNE HALL.

CHAPTER III.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

THE scene changes to London. The reader will figure to himself a small chamber in a tiny house, situated in that obscure region which lies westward of Primrose Hill. The window opened to the ground, looking out upon a garden of green turf, wonderfully green if we consider the locality in which it was situated; and a few flowers of bright hue and fragrant odour blooming amid the verdure, testified that a more than ordinary amount of care was lavished upon them. Some shelves, filled with books, were suspended from the walls; a harp stood in one corner of the room, and near the open window sat its solitary occupant, a young and very beautiful female. Her head was resting on her hand, a book which had fallen from the other lay beside her on the floor; her

thoughts were evidently taken up with some subject of absorbing, but painful interest. Her dress was partially loosened, as if to give vent to the throbbings of her heart; the air of profound dejection, the attitude—all appeared to indicate that peculiar phase of sorrow, when the mind, as it were, wreaks its scorn against the body for having betrayed it into such expression, and proclaims that the present more softened sorrow has only succeeded to a more passionate burst of grief.

The profound tranquillity which pervaded the place was at last broken by a slight rustling among some shrubs, which, standing in one corner of the garden, concealed a door-way that led into the adjoining street. But the attention of the solitary mourner was too profoundly absorbed to be interrupted by so slight a cause; and, unseen by her the tall shadow of a man fell across the open window.

The intruder was one whom few would have passed without notice. He was dressed in the darkest colours, and the simplest fashion; ill health—it might be some other cause—had deepened the lines of a countenance which had once been strikingly handsome. But his face was pale and worn, and

it had an expression difficult perhaps to analyze, but one which in some minds might have produced distrust.

With a step so light that it fell noiselessly on the floor, this person moved from his station into the room. He leaned over the chair on which the girl was sitting, and, bending downward, he kissed her forehead.

She uttered an exclamation in which surprise, amounting nearly to terror, were mingled.

"Oh, Herbert," she said at last, "is this your promise?"

"Dearest one, I have had a long and harassing day. One moment sooner, had my life been at stake, I could not have come."

"Yesterday, the day before, and all this week—it is over thus. Have I deserved such tre—"

"My sweet Constance, have you ceased to trust me. You surely should be satisfied. I could not absent myself from you without great cause; why, then, these reproaches?"

"I have loved you," was the simple reply.

"Have! Is it, then, already a thing of the past?"

"No," she said, sadly; "not yet. But when you remember the painful situation in which I am placed by the necessity you say exists for keeping our marriage longer concealed, and think how entirely helpless and lonely I am——"

"Constance," he interrupted, in a low soft tone, which to her ear was the concentration of all earthly music, "look up and listen. Have I not explained to you the difficulties by which I am surrounded? Are you not aware that for you I have perilled my future prospects? Is it thus you would reward me? Is this just, or is it kind?"

"She did not for a moment reply; but the soft eyes which looked so steadily into his, told with their melancholy lustre that such arguments were beginning to lose their weight.

"If this goes on much longer it will kill me. Ah, you do not indeed know how I am suffering."

"All shall be cleared up in a little time. Have patience for a few weeks more; let us not lose the chance of a splendid future. But, in the meantime, why should we throw away such happiness as lies within our reach? I will shut the window; the night

air comes in cool. One smile, bright as those of old. There now—you are yourself once more—the cloud is gone;" and yielding to the music of his voice, and to that nameless charm of manner which had so strange an influence upon all who came within its sphere, Constance, who was prepared to chide, nestled once more in her husband's arms. A rapid glance at her previous history will throw more light upon her position.

The maiden name of Lady Maitland had been Mortimer. Her family was a distinguished one. Its various members had done the state some service, and had risen to eminence in the military profession. During the Peninsular War, as well as in India, many of them had fallen in battle; and, with the exception of the baronet's lady, and a cousin who had entered the Company's service at an early age, the race had become nearly extinct. This cousin was General Mortimer. Some years before our story opens he had returned from India a widower, with an only child, rolling in wealth, but with a broken constitution, and a temper as hot as his curries. General Mortimer found neither the climate nor the society of his native country much to his taste. Proud and domineering by nature—the long habit of command—had rendered him despotic; and as his friend would not submit to such treatment from an elderly gentleman of indifferent health, and whose conversation was not agreeable, the General became a domestic tyrant. It was his fancy to avoid the society of his relatives, as he had conceived the idea they wanted to get hold of some of his money. He was not only ill-tempered, but suspicious; and with the exception of one visit paid at Selborne shortly before the departure of Charles Maitland, there was but little intercourse between the relatives; so the old General lived in his great dingy mansion in Cumberland Place, where he gave magnificent entertainments in dreary state, talked about Boogley-Wallah, and gossiped curious Madeira, of unexampled quality,—cared for by few, and loved by none save his daughter Constance, whose youth gave indications of a beauty which, as she grew to womanhood, were more than realized.

Deprived while she was yet a child of her mother, Constance Mortimer had been left by necessity to the care of governesses, whom

the General selected, regardless, indeed, of expense, but with an equal indifference as to their qualifications for the office they were to fulfil. Few of them would remain for any length of time. He annoyed them by his interference, and persecuted them by his violence of temper. At length one arrived, a meagre gentlewoman, six feet high, with a Roman nose, and a voice as shrill as a parrot. Not long after she had been established, the old General attempted the exercise of one of his usual acts of petty domestic tyranny. But to his exceeding surprise he found himself opposed. The sensation was a novel—it was perhaps an agreeable one; but be this as it may, the ascendancy acquired by the governess she continued to keep; and she not only influenced the general, but even domineered over his daughter. There was no redress; complaint to her father would have aggravated the evil she sought to remove. Poor Constance was obliged to submit; and in this species of domestic tyranny, those years of her life which should have been the most happy were passed away.

The spirit of Constance Mortimer, although gentle, was too high to be broken by the rude shocks it received in this intercourse. Although her affection for her surviving parent was deep, she was not blind to his faults, and her mind would sometimes rise indignantly against his injustice. This pride was concealed by the outward softness and delicacy of her temper; but she not unfrequently stole away from those who wounded her heart or trampled upon its feelings, and nourished with tender but passionate tears the memory of the injustice she had received. With the guests who frequented the great mansion in Cumberland Place she was not popular. The reputed wealth of her father gave her a position which commanded the homage of many worldly lips and hollow hearts. If her feelings were therefore wounded in private, the adulation she received in public, had she been vain, would have more than recompensed her; but there never was a creature more wholly free from the leaven of such an unworthy sentiment. She turned with contempt rather than pleasure from compliments and almost adulation, the motives of which were too apparent not to be despised.

With the inmates of Selborne the ca-

pricious disposition of her father would not suffer her to maintain any correspondence. Towards Lady Maitland her heart had yearned with an almost filial tenderness. Her sons were favourites with her, but she rarely met them in society. The warm and genial feelings of her heart, thus checked and thrown back, led to that pride which she seemed to have so much gratification in displaying towards strangers. The coldness of her dark eye, the disdainful curl of her beautiful lip, repelled at last the admiration her beauty had excited. Yet did Constance bear within her, under this cold exterior, a deep mine of buried tenderness, a gift dangerous to one so situated; and which, added to the enthusiastic romance of her nature, contributed to prepare for her a destiny which might lead her into error, or a delusion which might colour her future life with regret.

Among the guests who were attracted, less indeed by the ostentatious splendour of the old Indian General's entertainments than by the beauty of his daughter, there came one very different from the rest. Those qualities of mind and general advantages with which he was endowed, while they made him unpopular with men were such as fascinated the higher description of women. The charm of his manner, the melody of his voice, the power of his eye, and the distinction of his bearing were qualities which made him singularly attractive. There was something too of mystery in the circumstances under which their acquaintance had commenced, which conspired to render the growth of passion more than usually rapid. A trifling service he had been able to render to Constance, when she was one day riding in the Park, had led to an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy; and the handsome stranger became a frequent guest at the sumptuous banquets in Cumberland Place, where he met no one but retired Indian potentates, who, when they condescended to notice him, were satisfied with the reply that he was a Mr. Montague. No one, however, knew or cared to know anything more about him; impertinent curiosity was baffled by the quiet dignity of his manner. His appearance and equipage attested his position; and quietly, but with infinite tact, he had contrived to become an *habitué* of the house in Cumberland Place.

But that love which began under circumstances apparently so auspicious, was soon darkened. The General having discovered the attachment of his daughter, declared angrily that her lover was too handsome to be anything but a fortune-hunter, and forbade him the house.

The spirit which had patiently endured so long a series of domestic privations rose against this fresh instance of tyranny and injustice. But the General was not a man to be trifled with, or to be touched by the voice of any intercession. "Do you think," he said, "that the money I had so much trouble in making, shall find its way into the pockets of a jack-a-napes of fashion? Nobody knows him; he does not visit at the house of any of the directors; so he shan't come here; I'll see him far enough first;" and the General would actually stamp with anger.

The natural result of these proceedings came about in due course. Constance, driven almost to frenzy by the continued harshness of her father, yielded at length to the passionate entreaties of her lover; and in a moment of temptation she left her home, and consented to a clandestine marriage, which was performed at the house of a friend of Mr. Montague's.

"Unfeeling girl!" roared the General, when the intelligence reached him; "I'll cut her off with a shilling."

And the General kept his word. But he might have saved himself the trouble of altering his will; for a few weeks after he had performed that act, the bank of Agra, in which he had placed every rupee he had in the world, smashed.

On his return from Leadenhall Street, whither he had gone, almost distracted, he was seized with apoplexy. The family physician was called in; he tried the lancet, shook his head, took his fee, and departed.

Death had struck the wicked old General down, without giving him time to repent of his selfish obduracy—and his daughter was an orphan.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTY BALL.

There is something in the return to that home which has sheltered our earliest and happiest years, especially if the period of absence has been of long duration, that is

calculated to awaken the softest feelings of our nature. Affections, which have been long pent up and restrained, flow once more in their old accustomed channels—remembrances, which had almost faded from the mind, are revived by the new association; and a solitude which seems without limit is lavished upon him who, after an exile of many years, stands once more on the hearth of his former home, at once an inmate and a stranger. Thus it was at Selborne for some days after the arrival of Charles Maitland. Mutual inquiries touching the adventures which had befallen him, as well as concerning all that had passed at home during his long absence, formed the one absorbing topic of conversation. All visitors, with the exception of the curate and the doctor, who had the *entré* at all times, were excluded; and it was not until nearly a week had passed over; that a subject, so fruitful in interest, appeared at all likely to be exhausted, and the intercourse of the inmates of the hall with the surrounding neighbourhood was resumed on its former footing.

It was a beautiful evening in spring. At Selborne there was a fine old terrace walk, facing the western hills, which we have described in the opening chapter. The sloping bank on which this terrace lay was covered with rare shrubs, among which at intervals sprang a group of tall trees, round the stately trunks of which, ivy, springing from marble vases, twined gracefully, dropping out occasional festoons. Between the terrace and the distant hills lay a wide tract of pasture-land, broken by rich hedge-rows. The vesper song of the birds was dying away. The tinkle of sheep-bells sounded faintly in the distance, and the whole aspect of the scene, from the green and wooded pasture-land to the distant hills, whose crests were faintly touched by the departing glory of sunset, was one of surpassing beauty. On this terrace walk, which was within an easy distance of the manor-house, lingered the lady of the mansion, her younger son, and his beautiful cousin. They were occupied in the animated discussion of an event of some importance, which was shortly to take place. This event was neither more nor less than a ball, which was to be given at the county town; and as Violet Clare had not yet been presented at Court, it was considered questionable whether the usage customary in

such cases could be so far departed from as to warrant her appearance upon the scene.

"But I am not at all certain that I should not very much prefer remaining at home with my uncle," interrupted Violet.

"Nonsense, Violet; was there ever a girl of nineteen who would not dance when she had an opportunity!" said her cousin.

"You may think it strange, Charles, but I really am not fond of dancing; that is the simple truth."

"What a dreadful little deceiver," laughed the young sailor.

"It will be a grand ball; every one in the county will be there, and I do think you might as well go, Violet," said Lady Maitland.

"What would Sir Peregrine say?"

"Say! Why the governor will be delighted. He'll queue himself into his dancing-shoes, and accompany you."

"I rather imagine he will have more sense."

"What a pity William was obliged to go to town."

"But he may be back in time."

"No, I don't think there is much chance of that," replied Lady Maitland. "He has some important business to arrange with your father's lawyer, I believe."

"How delightful! I shall have you all to myself, then, Violet."

"Do not be too sure of that. I intend to be a subject of unusual competition, and unless you can dance better than you used to do, I shall not honour you—yet perhaps I may once," added the beauty, as if repentant of her refusal.

But while this conversation is proceeding, we may as well avail ourselves of the opportunity to acquaint the reader with a few particulars, which are important for him to know, touching the previous history of the young lady whom we have left speaking.

The only sister of Sir Peregrine Maitland had at an early age been guilty of what was considered by the world in general, and her friends in particular, as an act of the greatest imprudence. She fell in love with Captain Clare, a handsome guardsman. As the object of her choice was far from richly endowed with this world's goods, having only, besides his pay, an allowance of some three hundred a-year from his uncle, an old West-Indian merchant,

the Maitland family refused their consent to her marriage; but the lovers took their own way, and married without it, which incensed the late baronet so much, that he never saw his daughter afterwards. But that Providence which kindly tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, did not desert the lovers. The uncle departed this life, leaving an enormous fortune to his nephew, which, however, the handsome guardsman did not live long to enjoy. His wife, who was most fondly attached to him, survived his loss but a few years; and their only child, the fair Violet whom we have endeavoured to describe, had been brought up under the care of her uncle, Sir Peregrine Maitland, who had been appointed her guardian by the will of his deceased sister.

There is always something very exhilarating in a county ball; people are not jaded and sagged as they are in London. Every one seems determined to enjoy themselves and to be happy to the utmost extent of their ability. The ball at D— was a brilliant affair; the rank, and wealth, and beauty of a circle at least thirty miles in diameter had all collected to employ themselves and enjoy themselves in the very praiseworthy occupation of dancing until they could dance no longer. The sensation produced by the appearance of Violet Clare can scarcely be described: we must leave it to the imagination of our readers. Brought up in comparative seclusion—her education having been, for the most part, conducted in London—she burst like a brilliant constellation upon the astonished county, and her debut was a perfect triumph. Her dark silken hair fell in rich waving tresses down her graceful shoulders. Her soft expressive eyes looked more than ever lustrous. The whole countenance combined that brilliant health and classic beauty, which we associate with the idea of some nymph tripping over the dew-bespangled mead of Ida, or glancing through the hallowed groves of Greece. There was a pensiveness on her soft cheek, a mute eloquence on those full small lips, which touched the sympathies of every heart; her arm might have served Phidias for a model; while the measured contraction and expansion of her ivory neck and bosom seemed to indicate the manifestation of some hidden spirit of beauty. In short, the matchless charms of her face, the superb symmetry of her

figure, and the winning graces of her artless manner, united in her favour the suffrages of all.

There had arrived in the neighbourhood some days previous a detachment of cavalry; the officers were mustered in a little knot near the door-way—a position favourable for reviewing the pretensions of the rustic beauties.

"There goes a clipper, indeed!" said Cornet Horsephiz to his senior in command, as the Selborne party passed by.

"She is a first-rate!" was the oracular response of Major Brigstock, who, as he spoke, smoothed down his moustache, and tried to look irresistible.

"She is most astonishing!" chimed in Captain Martingale. "But here comes the Colonel—he can tell us all about her. Trevylian knows everybody everywhere." As the last speaker uttered these words, a tall man, fashionably dressed, lounged carelessly up. The first feeling of a casual spectator looking at Colonel Trevylian would have been of surprise, that one so young could have reached so high a rank in his profession; but a closer inspection would have demonstrated that the Colonel was older than he looked, and other influences than those of time had been at work to produce the deep lines with which his handsome countenance was marked. His whiskers and moustache were jet black; his eye was keen and searching, but its colour was by no means so easy to determine. It had a sinister glance, and this, added to the peculiar compression of his thin lips, conveyed an impression which it would not be easy to analyze. It had, however, served with distinction; his personal courage was beyond all question; and the easy elegance of his manner, with the soft, low tones of his voice, contributed to make him a favourite in certain classes of society. But, distinguished as he was, prudent persons acquainted with the world regarded the Colonel with distrust. His social reputation did not stand high; and though he was admired by some, he was esteemed by few.

"Can you tell us who these people are?—a very fine girl they have got with them!" inquired Captain Martingale. Colonel Trevylian soon satisfied the curiosity of his friend, and proceeded with his usual air of graceful nonchalance to pay his re-

spects to the party which had attracted their notice.

The room was crowded to excess, as Lord Maitland, with Violet Clare on his arm, proceeded towards the upper end. Her cousin, the lieutenant, followed with Sir Peregrine. In this part of the room the more fashionable portion of the company seemed to have congregated. The Lord of Castleton was there, discussing politics with a knot of country squires; and, as the Selborne party advanced, Mr. Waddinghead looked over at Clarence Capel, who was talking to one of the Miss Traceys. The curate's glance was full of significant meaning. "May I have the honour of presenting my son?" said Lord Castleton, when the first greetings had been interchanged.

"To be sure—by all means," interrupted the Baronet. "Charles and he are old friends. Where is he?"

The Lord of Castleton went in quest of his heir, and soon made his appearance, leading him to the feet of beauty; where, like a knowing tactician, he left him to his fate.

Among the company already arrived was the Honourable Mrs. Flouncey, a showy widow of the neighbourhood. She had somehow contrived to learn that their beautiful ward would accompany Sir Peregrine and Lady Maitland to the ball, which she had determined to turn to her own advantage. So Mrs. Flouncey no sooner desoried the arrival of the Selborne party than she came bustling up with a tall, ungainly stripling by her side, who looked as if he wished himself far enough from the festal scene in which he was evidently an unwilling participant.

"How do you do, my dear madam? Glad to see your ladyship in good health, and Sir Peregrine quite well too, I hope?" And in her salutations to them she contrived to include Clarence Capel, who, although he was obliged to acknowledge her salutation, did not appear at all pleased at the interruption.

"Charming room! ain't it? The very thing for a ball—pity we haven't them oftener." Then pushing her gawky companion forward—"Will your lordship," she said, "allow me to introduce my nephew, Mr. Boreham. Is your young lady disengaged," she added, "for if so, I

am sure my nephew will be happy to have the honour——" and without waiting for any response, "Miss Clare—Mr. Boreham," and at each nomination she inclined her own body so as to make up for any possible deficiency on the part of others.

"Well, this is good! This is something like impudence!" muttered the Hon. Clarence Capel, half aloud.

But the audacious Mrs. Flouncey had gained nothing by her advances. Violet was already engaged three or four deep, and could promise Mr. Boreham nothing except a contingent possibility at a late hour, on which, however, she warned him not to rely, as it was most probable her uncle would leave early.

Thus foiled, the widow turned upon Sir Peregrine.

"Well, I do really hope we shall have a good ball," she said. "People are coming in very fast. I have seen the list. There are the Smithson Smiths, the Middletons, the Spencers, the Stubbs, and the Rogers. But, oh, good gracious! here is Mr. Waddinghead. How do you do, my dear sir? I am delighted to see you!"

"Quite well, I thank you, Mrs. Flouncey," replied the curate, adjusting his white tie, for the arrangement of which, even when at college, he had been famous.

"Delightful ball, isn't it, Mr. Waddinghead?" said the loquacious widow.

"Charming! With Mrs. Flouncey present it would be impossible for it to be otherwise," replied the curate.

"La, Mr. Waddinghead, how can you say such things!" And the widow fanned herself, as if to hide her blushes.

While this conversation was proceeding, the music had struck up, and the dancing commenced. The ladies and gentlemen were bowing, curtsying, and pairing off like birds in spring.

"As you are not a dancing man, Mr. Waddinghead, perhaps you will take me to a seat," said the persevering widow.

The curate did as he was bid; and having escorted his fair charge to a place of safety, was retiring to where he had left Lord Maitland, when he met the doctor. Doctor Colcynth was a red-faced little man, with iron-gray hair, keen twinkling eyes, a white waistcoat, and enormous shirt collar.

"Ah," said he, taking Mr. Waddinghead by the button, and directing his attention to

the Baronet's ward, who was floating gracefully in a waltz with Clarence Capel, "that's the time of day. What a charming couple they do make, to be sure."

Now the curate, who knew Dr. Colcynth to be as arrant a gossip as ever lived, although he had put his own construction upon what had passed under his observation that evening, and taken it in connection with the conversation recorded in the previous chapter, was by far too experienced a man of the world to trust the village Esculapius with any conjectures he might have formed on the subject; so he simply replied—

"Yes, Doctor, they dance uncommonly well."

"She has one hundred thousand pounds, besides the family diamonds," responded the Doctor, pursuing the thread of his meditations.

"A large sum, undoubtedly," replied the curate, whose annual income was one hundred and fifty.

"And, sir, the Castletous want it if any people do. They're up to the eyes in mortgages, and all that sort of thing. The young fellow, too, has got into the hands of the Jews. But, bless me, if there is not Mrs. Flouncey, whom I ordered on no account to venture into crowded rooms. I must go and speak to her." And the little Doctor bustled off to pay his respects to his refractory patient.

The dancing was now going on with great spirit. The cavalry officers had found congenial partners in the Miss Traceys and the Smithson Smiths. During the first pause which ensued, while the various performers were parading in pairs up and down the rooms to cool themselves, Violet Clare availed herself of the opportunity to rejoice Lady Maitland.

"Well, Charles, I suppose you don't intend to honour me with your hand once? Don't you intend to dance at all, to-night," she said to her cousin, who had remained an idle spectator.

"I did not wish to interfere with the pretensions of those who are better qualified than I am to make you enjoy the ball; besides, I am not much of a dancing man."

"You really must spare me one dance—the next quadrille. Now don't be unkind," replied Violet, with a little mock curtsy.

"Since you——," but the remainder of the

reply was cut short by the appearance of Colonel Trevylian, who, yielding to their urgent solicitations, came up, accompanied by his little staff of officers, to request Lady Maitland would present them to Miss Clare.

"I shall be most happy.

"Major Martingale.

"Captain Morgan

"Cornet Horsephiz."

And the young men, turning to the chaperone, were by her presented in due form to the object of their terpsichorean research.

"They are just going to play a valse—may I have the honour?" said Captain Morgan, offering his arm.

She looked towards her cousin—"Remember: the next quadrille I shall not let you escape," she said.

Captain Morgan was impatient.

"There will be such a rush in a moment; we shall not get a turn," he said.

And Violet was whirled off unceremoniously just as the band struck up.

"Handsome fellow Lord Castleton's son; but what simpletons all those guardsmen are," said Captain Morgan, who looked with the envious aspect of a dragon upon the superior pretensions of a man in the Blues.

"I thought him very agreeable."

"That's one of the Traceys' girls he's enticed to dance, ain't it?" was the next specimen of the Captain's conversational powers.

"Yes, I believe he is dancing with Miss Tracey. I know very few people; this is my first ball."

"You'll know plenty before long. I hope you'll remember that we are friends, and not cut me when you see me again," said Captain Morgan.

Violet scarcely knew whether to laugh or not, the son of Mars spoke so slowly and in such solemn accents. Restraining, however, her risible propensities, she got through the dance without offending the *amour propre* of her partner.

"Well, Violet, are you enjoying your ball," inquired Lady Maitland, when the beautiful debutant once more rejoined her chaperone.

"Oh! yes, so very much. But I don't want to dance with any more dragons, Aunt. The last was so strange, he nearly made me laugh."

"Having disposed of the army, you shall try the navy next," said her cousin.

"Yes; but you must not be stupid; I do not think you could indeed, if you were to try," replied Violet, with a grave smile. Just as she had spoken, Colonel Horsephiz advanced to the charge.

"May I have the honour, Miss Clare?" said the Cornet.

"I am very sorry; but I am engaged."

"Well, then, the next?"

She shook her head.

"Engaged for that also."

"No," replied Lady Maitland, coming to the relief of her fair charge; "but our stay is limited. Sir Peregrine has ordered the carriage at twelve o'clock. But if you will allow me, I shall have no difficulty in finding you a partner;" and the Cornet, to his intense disappointment, was transferred to a sleepy-looking young lady in pink.

"I think Miss Clare is a dreadful flirt," said Mrs. Flouncey to the Doctor, who was helping her to sherry-negus.

"She is uncommonly handsome," was the diplomatic reply.

"How much money, did you say, she has got?" said Mrs. Flouncey.

"You mentioned the sum, but I really forget it," replied the Doctor.

"She wouldn't dance with my nephew Augustus Boreham," said the widow, with an indignant toss of her head.

"I suppose she was engaged," suggested the Doctor.

"Something will happen before long in a certain quarter," continued Mrs. Flouncey.

"In what quarter?" inquired the Doctor, as he replenished the widow's glass.

"Castleton Park," replied Mrs. Flouncey, setting down the goblet empty.

"Hum!" said the Doctor, who entertained the same suspicion of the widow as the curate of himself—"I never give an opinion without a fee."

"But, bless me! there go the party from Selborne! How early it is. And there's Mr. Clarence Capel and the officers all after them. It will break up the ball. How strange that these men should be caught by a doll's face;" and as she spoke, the widow glanced at a mirror on the mantel-piece, which presented the reflection of her charms, at once mature and matronly.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[CONCLUDING ARTICLE.*]

WE saw in our last notice how an artist, with great power of depicting many varieties of natural beauty, thought fit to paint a sea which might be mistaken for a meadow, because the sea had once, for a few moments and under peculiar circumstances, appeared under that aspect to him. To allow for such peculiar and accidental circumstances is at once a recognition of artistic exigency; it was the first and very simple step which led early painters to strike out a theory of *chiar oscuro*. This theory, the modern school of Pre-Raphaelites contended, had led to the error of placing human, and therefore fallible teachings above the teachings of nature. Their argument was that Raphael, confessedly the greatest painter that ever lived, was justified in employing means which he felt to be most conducive to the fulness of his ends. But, said they, that which was a truth when earnestly felt and faithfully acted out by one man, is not a truth for all. Raphael had unconsciously founded a false doctrine; they would be pre-Raphaelites. How far they were right we endeavoured to show in the first of these papers; and their great error was, perhaps, made apparent in the second. But the most remarkable circumstance about their works is an inconsistency. The stiffness and angularity of their figures, the absence of perspective, and the general flatness of their designs, are justified by no naturalistic theory, but are the characters of certain schools verging on the early school of Raphael. This is curious, because if they intended merely to go back to a former style, all their arguments about nature were wasted.

Hunt, now that Millais has quite cast off this restraint, may be considered the first pre-Raphaelite. His coast scene with the sheep we have already noticed. His "Claudio and Isabella" (44) has been eloquently panegyricized in *Punch*, by the same writer, manifestly, who made a butt of the *Times*' critic last year, and who now plies his

shafts with unabated vigour and unerring aim. But the praise, though full of abstract truth, is not all deserved by this particular picture; and the placing it above the two pictures by Millais seems to us one of those propositions to which we can only say, "No, no." The ungracefulness complained of in the figure of Claudio is defended by the writer in *Punch*, who maintains that the man is as graceful as a man in mortal fear is likely to be. We should not have complained of the ungracefulness, or if we had done so it would not have been in reference to the attitude. There is not only no grace (and none was wanted), but there is no form; the figure is simply out of drawing. Hunt has one more picture,—a portrait. It is bad, without sharing the fault common to portraits, the fault which painters tumble into when they try to invest Jones with super-Jonesian dignity and wisdom. Mr. Hunt's friend, of the "New Collage Cloisters" (554), might have looked as loutish, at some particular moment of his life, just as the sea might have been mistaken for a meadow; but why should the painter choose that very moment as the one to perpetuate? There is nothing by Hunt that can compare with his "Valentine and Proteus," exhibited some seasons ago. In command of material Collins is very little behind Hunt. The "Christian Year" (346) is a fair specimen of his powers, not so delicately manipulated as the little convent scene, with the nun standing by the edge of a garden-pool; nor so full of tender feeling as the children in the "Return of the Dove to the Ark." By the by, was that picture by Collins or Hunt? The present work, which Collins designates the "Christian Year," contains the figure of a childish *Malibjeuse*, occupied in tending flowers.

Redgrave, aptly described as an off-lying pre-Raphaelite, is in many respects the better for holding a position apart. It is in landscape that he excels,—his figures, or at any rate his faces, being generally weak, and injured exceedingly by the immoderate use of a pigment resembling red tooth-powder in consistency and hue. But no more beautiful faces are to be seen in any picture here than those of the boy and girl in his "Lost Path" (340). The childish trouble is exquisitely represented, and there is not a trace of the faults we have alluded to as distinctive of Redgrave. The light-

* The reader is referred to pages 351 and 370 of the last volume of the *Family Friend* for the two previous articles on the Royal Academy Exhibition.

ness and delicacy of the touch, less suggestive of labour than the vegetable life in Millais' "Royalist," is accompanied by quite as much minute reality. The grief in the younger child's face is the most touching thing imaginable; and the bare legs, scratched across and across with thorns, must be included as an element of expression. To miss seeing this group, or the two landscapes by the same artist (182 and 541), would be as great a loss as could happen to any visitor.

The main body of pre-Raphaelites, from the extraordinary degree of labour they bestow on their works, do not paint pictures beyond a limited scale of dimensions. Yet Anthony, who exhibits by far the largest picture in the gallery, must be approximated to the school quite as closely as Redgrave. Anthony! whose "Monarch Oak" (490), an elaborate portrait nearly the size of life, with a great deal more yellow in its composition than Anthony ever used before, looks as if it had swallowed a score of Redgraves, and they had made it a little bilious! It is a noble work, though; under the boughs to the left you perceive a crowd of young trunks, as if drawn aside to contemplate, at a respectful distance, their grand old chief in his proud retirement. That portion to the right is the weak point of the picture, it being a remarkable fact with Anthony, that while he paints tree-tops so real that they seem to stir, and ivy-clusters in which you fancy you could bury your arm to the elbow, and wet fern with every prominent stem and fibre glistening in the sunlight, he dashes in men, women, and children, as carelessly as if they were a mere fungus kind of intrusion amid his rich growth of botanical forms, and might be there or not with very little effect on the composition. No one will like this picture so well as the famous beech trees and fern exhibited in a large oval frame last year; but the difference, on the whole, is such as might exist between two real scenes, and is not a difference attributable to a falling-off of the artist's skill.

In our first article, we alluded to a picture by Frith, in last season's exhibition, illustrating the comedy of manners, with some infusion of such serious interest as lies, indeed, at the bottom of most comedy. As a present instance of the application of art to

the portrayal of modern sophistications, we will take A. Solomon's "Phyllis and Brunetta" (470). The situation is described in an extract from the *Spectator*, which is given in the catalogue, and which we reproduce:—

"Phyllis was draped in a brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared. * * * Brunetta came in a plain black silk, attended by a negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phyllis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company, upon which the unhappy Phyllis swooned away."

The result attained by Mr. Solomon is the result which any clever painter would be sure to attain, and it is nothing more. Cleverness may do for this kind of subject, where none of the life is really real. Go to Webster's picture of the "Dame School" (116), not as good as the same subject by him in the Vernon collection, but only a little less forcible, and see how much more earnestness it requires to paint life which has not been taught to dissemble the least part of its vitality. It is easy to get at the secret of so much artistic power being directed to the study of lower animal life. There are Landseer's pair of pictures (46 and 69) in one of which two stags are seen fighting on the shore of a loch by moonlight; while in the other the same two stags lie dead, with antlers interlaced, in the clear crisp morning atmosphere. There are the other pictures by the same great painter, "Children of the Mist" (170), a herd of deer, gazing at the spectator through a morning haze; and the "Twins" (291), in which picture there is as much observation of nature as would enable some artists to fill the side of a gallery. The twins are young lambs, by the side of their dam, guarded by two large sheep-dogs. An almost equally fine picture in respect of truthful skill, and superior in the matter of interest, is Ansdell's "Sick Lamb" (395). The ewe steadfastly faces a large vulture, waiting to seize as its prey the little creature which lies gasping on its side. Wolf, too, is a painter who will soon make a name as great, perchance, as that of Landseer; which he could not hope to do were he only a follower of that artist. The "Proud Bird of the Mountain" (340) is a grand old eagle perched on a jutting rock, and coped with snow. The other two pictures by Wolf are

much smaller works, and exhibit a graceful and tender fancy, as well as great powers of observation. One is called the "Happy Mother" (141), personated by a snipe, in the midst of her brood. The other, entitled the "Mourner" (323), shows a ring-dove sitting on a perch above the nest in which her eggs lie broken; as complete a picture of desolation as it is in the nature of a ring-dove to present. We cannot take leave of the Exhibition with any work more qualified than is this little picture of "Wolf" to enforce the theory with which we started, that the fulness of nature is the artist's legitimate aim; that the absolute truth in his work is its highest standard of success.

"Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart;
An influence breathes from all the sights and sounds
Of her existence—she is wisdom's self."

SECRET ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHINESE AGAINST THE TARTARS.

BY SIR JOHN DAVIS.

THE fraternities which have been most dreaded by the Tartar government of China are those secret associations, under various mysterious names, which combined for purposes religious and political. The chief object of Tartar dread and persecution was the "Triad" society. The name seems to imply that when *Heaven, Earth, and Man* combined to favour them, they should succeed in subverting the foreign dynasty. So long ago as October 1828, a paper, of which the following is an exact translation, was found in the Protestant burial-ground at Macao—

"Vast was the Central nation—flourishing the heavenly dynasty;
A thousand regions sent tribute—ten thousand nations did homage;
But the Tartars obtained it by fraud—and this grudge can never be assuaged;
Enlist soldiers, procure horses—display aloft the flowery standard,
Raise troops and seize weapons—let us exterminate the abandoned race."

The name of this association means "the society of the Three united"—that is, of *Heaven, Earth, and Man*, which, according to the imperfect notions and expressions of Chinese philosophy, imply the *Three de-*

partments of Nature. There is a Chinese encyclopedia arranged under these three heads. In the reign of Koaking, about the commencement of the present century, the Triad Society, under another name, spread itself rapidly through the province, and had nearly succeeded in overturning the government. In 1805 its machinations were frustrated, and the principal leaders seized and put to death; the official reports stating to the Emperor that "not a single member of that rebellious fraternity was left alive." But the fact was otherwise.

The object of the association appears at first to have been allied to something like freemasonry, and to have aimed simply at mutual aid and assistance; but as the members increased, their views degenerated from the laudible ends of reciprocal benefit to violence and robbery, the overthrow of government, and the acquisition of political power by the expulsion of the Tartar dynasty. This object seems now in a fair way of accomplishment.

THE BLACKBIRD.

MAY, sweet May, greeted by Spenser as

"The fairest maid on ground,
Deckt with all dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around,"

has passed away, and the glowing breath of summer has brought to view the abundant riches of nature; but still the memories of May are not forgotten, with its flowers and tender leaves upon the trees, whose colours and delicate texture, on expanding from the bud, are indescribably lovely. Two beeches, which are opposite my window, are especially beautiful. One, a copper beech, waving its long weeping branches up and down in the passing breeze in the most graceful manner imaginable; the other, of the most tender green, bright and glossy, and every separate leaf with a narrow fringe of silk. The wild daffodils, which grew upon the grass at a little distance from them, taking, as Wordsworth says, "the winds of March with beauty," have passed away; but they have plenty of successors, and the ground looks as if it had been raining daisies—cheerful things. Who does not like to be reminded of the days of childhood, when the gathering of



THE BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

buttercups and daisies was one of the highest pleasures of life? Cowper says it is a pity that a kitten should ever become a cat; and there certainly are individuals for whom one is tempted to wish that they had ever continued to be children.

But the lilacs! how delicious their fragrance!—so thinks the wild bee, which has just been sipping their nectar; and the lily of the valley, with its unobtrusive beauty and delicate odour. Then, too, the wild crab-trees, with their pink buds and white blossoms, and the horse-chestnut, with its fan-like leaves, and stately bunches of wax flowers!

But how I am wandering from the subject on which I intended to write. Be it so—it is very excusable for those who love nature to wander amongst her varied beauties in the month of May; and especially delightful is it to have so many of the senses refreshed at the same time by different objects.

What can be more delightful than the song of the birds?—for “the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land,” and the swallow, true to her appointed time, is also come to pay us a summer visit, and all the

host of summer birds—the black-cap, the red-tail with his tail of fire, the willow-wrens, and last, not least, the cuckoo, with his wandering voice, flitting about from tree to tree. Everybody likes to hear the cuckoo; for my own part I always pay him the respect of standing still to listen to him until he has finished his song—it may be called—for I love to hear him; his voice seems like a promise of warm weather, and brings with it so many old remembrances and associations, that it is both pleasant and painful. But amongst our numerous songsters at this season of the year, who would wish the blackbird to be overlooked? the melodious blackbird, with his golden beak and jet-black feathers. He is, generally speaking, a wild and timid bird, though we have them tame to a certain degree in winter, when they come to take their share of food with the little bantams, together with clouds of sparrows, numerous chaffinches, robins, hedge-sparrows, and titmice. The blackbird makes a shrill and peculiar noise before going to roost at night; and also when he has a nest and young ones he makes the shrubby almost ring again with his piping, angry notes. Once I reared a young

blackbird—humanity, not choice, compelled me to do so, for I have no sympathy with those who take birds' nests or eggs, or young, but consider it extremely cruel. The parents of the one I speak of had built their nest in some ivy on a stone wall. It looked rather insecure; but had the weather continued fine it might have remained in safety till the young ones were fledged. As it happened, a sudden storm, with heavy rain, came on, and the little birds, alarmed probably at the pelting of the heavy drops upon the ivy-leaves, had scampered out of the nest, and lay upon the ground—all were killed save one, and that was brought into the house and placed in a basket. Poor Dick! one eye was injured a little, and his life seemed doubtful. At night I placed him and his basket on the drawers in my room. Very early the next morning, the loud chirps which the poor little thing made for his father or mother to come and feed him told me that he was not only alive, but vigorous; so I fed him with crumbs of bread, and for a time we both went to sleep again—but he was very clamorous, and as long as he was unable to feed himself it was no little trouble; for during the day-time I had to carry him upstairs, and put him in an attic, where I locked him up, for fear old pussy should take a fancy to him. Many and many a journey had I to feed poor Dick; but he grew so fast, and looked so well, that it was really pleasant to see him, and I became quite fond of my forlorn little bird. When he was somewhat older, I gave him a large wicker bonnet basket, which was a palace to him, with a pan of water in one corner, a piece of board

and sand, and his raw unsalted meat, with bread-crumbs, now and then a few worms; and when strawberries and currants were ripe he had many a feast. When I was in the room with him I used to let him out of his cage, and he enjoyed his liberty very much, pattering about the floor, picking up bits of mortar, and entertaining himself in his own peculiar manner, and much to his satisfaction. Often I placed a pan of water for him on the floor, into which he would plunge with great glee, and throw the water over his back till he was wet all over; then he would shake himself and sit in the window to dry his feathers in the sunshine. He was a pleasant bird, so healthy and happy. When he heard me coming to feed him he almost *shouted*—so loud and eager was his cry. He was very much pleased if I set him on my finger and sung for him; he would sidle closer and closer to me, and sometimes begin to pull my hair gently. He never knew me if I went into the room with my bonnet on, but was quite terror-stricken. As he grew older, he became more shy; and as I never intended him to be a prisoner, and it was a time of year when fruit was ripe, and there was plenty of food to be found, he was allowed to fly away. He was turned out in the garden, and never came again, so that what became of my poor bird I do not know. I try to hope he is happy; and when I hear a blackbird singing sweetly in the garden, as one has done this spring, how do I know that it may not be my pretty pet Dick? I was very sorry to part with him; and though I knew it was for his happiness, yet a tear was in my eye!



THE BLACKBIRD AT SONG-TIME.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DAY.

There is a manifest tendency abroad to believe in the impossible. This scientific age of ours is not satisfied with the wonders of mesmerism, electro-biology, steam, phrenology, and all the other wide ranges of phenomena which has been opened to its view. That thirst after the unknown or the supernatural, which a wise discretion has excluded from religion, re-appears under the mask of science. Much painstaking observation and elaborate experiment are lavished upon objects which can yield no satisfactory result. The alacrity to give credence to a fact, because it is marvellous, may be natural, but it is very far from scientific. Hundreds, nay thousands of people, are occupying themselves in turning tables, refusing to believe that the process can be accomplished by any other than a spiritual agency. Nor is their attention confined to this amusement; but like those who find sermons in stones, they have discovered a voice in mahogany. The delusion is spreading rapidly; it threatens to become epidemic. We would therefore present our readers with such information as may enable them to, at least, understand the strange subject; and we shall give them, further, the benefit of our own opinion—for we have been to pay a visit to this modern witch of Endor.

It is in America we are indebted for this new wonder. Some years ago, the family of a gentleman named Fox was disturbed by strange noises. The furniture began to move about without any assignable cause; rattlings were heard upon the doors and walls; and at length it was discovered that these peculiar noises accompanied the persons of two girls, the daughters of Mr. Fox, who, it became evident, were able to summon them at pleasure. This matter caused great excitement in the neighbourhood, and the young ladies were removed; but the strange companions followed them to their new abode; and at length the girls became exhibitors in public of the miraculous influence they were supposed to possess. It was thought that this singular noise, if it proceeded from any supernatural agency, should have some meaning; and it was at length suggested that an alphabet should be placed in the hands of some spectator, as a means of in-

terpretation. This being done, accordingly, when certain letters were pointed to, the sounds were distinctly heard, and thus words were spelled out. The whole affair was of course pronounced to be a deliberate imposition upon the credulity of the public. It was taken up by the authorities of one of the States. A committee of respectable and intelligent persons was appointed to investigate it; but they could arrive at no conclusion except that the precautions they had taken rendered it entirely impossible there could be fraud or deception of any kind. The phenomenon, such as it was, existed beyond a doubt, and that was all they could say. When this became known, the wonder grew; persons became infected with the strange influence; and there are at this moment upwards of thirty thousand people in America who profess to have the power, at their own will, of producing this mysterious conversation. It has at length travelled across the Atlantic in the person of a Mrs. Hayden, who professes herself to be a recipient of this peculiar power, or a medium of establishing a correspondence between the inhabitants of this world and of that which lies beyond our ken. This seems somewhat startling; but, strange to say, this lady has many visitors, distinguished not less by position than by intelligence; and at her house may be witnessed phenomena, the nature of which has hitherto baffled all attempts at investigation. Now, when persons of high attainments and unblemished character—men who would not lend themselves to the propagation of any human falsehood, or even to the fostering of what might create delusion, are found, not only approaching the consideration of such a subject, but bringing forward theories scarcely less extraordinary than the subject itself, it is right not only to pause, but to endeavour to obtain such information as may enable us, if possible, to unravel the mystery.

The mode in which this spirit-conversation, as it is termed, is carried on, may be described shortly as follows:—The audience assemble round a table at which the lady is seated, who plays the part of "medium." Large squares of pasteboard are scattered about, each containing the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. Any one desirous of holding conversation with the spirit-world has to think of some individual who

no longer lives in this world, if the thing can be accomplished. The manifestations of the spirit's power appear by a species of rapping which seems to proceed from the surface of the table. Then questions are put, which are responded to through the medium of the alphabet, each letter of which the word is composed being indicated as it is respectively pointed out by the rapping.

Upon the first occasion of our visit, having prevailed upon three or four friends, as sceptical as our-selves, to bear us company, we were ushered up-stairs into a back drawing-room, which was furnished in the usual manner. A plain round table stood in the centre. There were the usual complement of chairs; and, shortly after our arrival, the door opened, and a well-dressed, very good-looking lady, made her *entre*; she handed us chairs, and we all took our seats at the table. We talked for some minutes upon whatever subject came uppermost, and at length our attention was attracted by what certainly appeared to be a very odd noise. It was not a rap—properly so called; but if any of our readers have heard the tapping of woodpeckers, they will be able to have some idea of it. We were startled. The noise seemed to proceed from the surface of the table before us; and one of the company proposed the removal of the cloth, which was no sooner suggested than accomplished; but the noise went on. "Now," said Mrs. Hayden, "if any one present wishes to converse with a spirit, he can ask if that particular person will hold conversation with him." One of our friends made the desired inquiry, and received a reply in the affirmative (this is indicated always by two distinct raps). A number of questions were put as to the name, age, &c., which were spelled out with perfect accuracy by means of the alphabet.

We were very much puzzled and perplexed. One gentleman, who had lately been travelling on the continent, was not only informed quite accurately of the country in which he had been, but of the hotel, and the street where he had resided in its capital. It occurred to us, that, assuming the phenomena of the noises were the result of trickery, the process of spelling out the name was managed by the lady, who acted as medium, narrowly watching the countenance of the querist,

and gaining an indication therefrom which might guide her in producing the noise, as she saw him point to the letters—an hypothesis which, of course, assumes the fact, that the rapping is the result of some contrivance. We therefore resolved to take the spirit in hand ourselves; and making a sign to one of our friends, we took him over to a side table, and requested he would write two words on a slip of paper without informing us what they were. He did so. We folded up the paper which had been written upon, placed it in a thick envelope, and laid it on the table.

"Now," we said, "if this spirit is able to tell us what is written here, we will call him a clever fellow."

"I have seen it done often," said Mr. Hayden. "You can try."

One of our friends, who was also in ignorance of the contents of the paper, took a pencil and wrote down each letter as it was indicated by the "rapping." When the noise had ceased, we handed the envelope to the writer, requesting him to open it, and ascertain if the word he had taken down letter by letter corresponded with that which was within. He did so; and they were identical.

Many other answers, equally exact and decisive, were obtained in this way by the respective members of our party. We shall not trouble our readers with details, but the result was such as to astonish us. Having watched very narrowly the proceedings, we are disposed to reject the possibility of collusion. It has been said that the noise is produced by the toe joints. We had our eye, therefore, on the lady's feet: there was no perceptible motion to be observed in them. And when we hinted our suspicions, as delicately as we could, she had no objection in the world to allow them to be examined. Indeed, a fact which is on record, with reference to these noises, proves they cannot be produced by any such method. A medium in America submitted to the process of having her feet muffled in pillows, and still the noise went on just as usual. How, then, is it produced? and by what mysterious process is the knowledge acquired which results in the answers? Various hypotheses have been started. It is said by some to be a new modification of mesmeric power—a species of clairvoyance; in short, others boldly assert it is all trick-

ery; while others maintain it is electricity; and many, very many firmly believe in the spirits. There seems something so utterly absurd in this supposition, that it is scarcely worth while even to approach its consideration. But if it be trickery and imposture, it is scarcely possible that it would, for such a length of time, have escaped without detection in America. Our friends on the other side of the Atlantic are not the people who allow their dollars to be taken from them with impunity. They are perfectly wide awake. Now, if this mystery has run the gauntlet through that great and intelligent people, there would seem to be established some claim to our consideration of the subject at least.

There are at this moment, in New York alone, upwards of three hundred of these magnetic circles, which hold weekly or daily meetings. There is a regular literature established. We have seen a journal, as large as our own *Sun*, called the *Spirit Telegraph*, admirably got up, and beautifully printed. And the "new philosophy," as it is called, is made by some a part of the social system, just as much as electricity, or the agency of steam. "I have seen," writes a gentleman, who has published a book on the subject, "persons come in with an ordinary business countenance, ask their question of the spirit summoned to the table, and go off again, as well satisfied with their answer as though it were in words from the lips and hands of their living partner in business." Now, these are considered respectable persons, who can clearly have no interest in propagating delusion. What, then, are we to think? There is one thing tolerably apparent,—that no real benefit can be derived from such investigations; but if people will follow them, let them understand the true bearings of the case, and know all that can be known of the subject. Theory after theory of explanation has been afforded; and such phenomena as we have endeavoured to describe are of daily recurrence here in the heart of London, and in the face of day, as any one who pleases may have an opportunity of ascertaining for himself. If the thing be an imposture, it is a mischievous one, and the sooner it is detected the better; in order to test this, let us meet the practitioners upon their own ground, as far as possible, and see

what can be made of it. The subject has at any rate acquired too vast a head to render publicity a social injury, and no one can deny that, the greater the fraud, the more general should be the condemnation.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF CABINET WORK AT GORE HOUSE.

[SPECIAL ARTICLE.]

TABLES, CHAIRS, AND CLOCKS.

Among the numerous interesting articles in the Exhibition at Gore House must be



CLOCK FROM WINDSOR CASTLE.

included some of the tables and chairs. There are none of the rude articles belonging to the early condition of the people of

this country; the most ancient dating only from the year 1520. But before directing the attention of our readers to these, comparatively speaking, luxurious specimens, we may be pardoned for giving some notion of the furniture of more ancient periods.

In the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, the furniture of a hall—the principal apartment even in kings' houses—was very limited. The tables were either fixed or resting upon trestles; those of the latter description being removed when not in use: hence the phrase, “to take up the board's end,” which continued in use until a comparatively late date. There were no “emporiums” of furniture in those days; every article needed was made on the spot by a carpenter. Among the accounts relative to the King's Hall, at Portsmouth, in the time of Richard the First, are payments to carpenters for sawing trunks of trees, and shaping the planks into tables. In 1249, Henry the Third sent a writ to one of his bailiffs, directing him to obtain, by gift or purchase, a great beech tree, to be converted into tables for the King's kitchen, at Westminster, against Easter-tide.

The seats provided in the hall were benches or forms. In royal halls the king's seat was often of stone, elaborately decorated with painting and gilding, and was in the centre of a stone bench, which extended from one side of the dais to the other; but besides this seat, the king sometimes had one at the high table, which was moveable.

Beyond these appliances, the hall seems to have been almost destitute of other fittings.

In the writs of the time of Henry the Third, ordering furniture for his private apartment, we find that forms, chairs, and tables are named. The chairs, in general, were fixtured. The forms are directed to be placed around the rooms. It would seem from these documents that, in their respective apartments, the King and Queen sat in great state and stiffness, with their attendants arranged on low benches.

The forms were often covered with mats made of osiers, even in the royal houses; and in the royal chapels the same materials were placed under the feet to protect them from the cold of the tile pavement; the origin of our hassocks. At a later period these mats for forms gave place to cushions.

According to the inventory, taken, in 1574, at Leckinfield Castle, one of the residences of the Earls of Warwick, the great chamber contained only “a long table upon a frame, a cupboard with a dore;” and the hall “six great standing tables, with six formes, three cupboards; two dores, nether locks nor keyes.”

But by the time to which the earliest examples of these kinds of household furniture in the Exhibition belong, things were very different. Care, and some amount of taste, had been directed towards their manufacture. There is, however, an arm-chair there (marked 90), said to have been made at the commencement of the seventeenth century, the peculiar construction of which may be traced from a very early period. It is seen in ancient Egyptian paintings and bas-reliefs. It was also one of the commonest forms of chairs among the Greeks. Illuminated manuscripts, and other sources of authority, likewise inform us that it was a favourite design, though, of course, with very various modifications of detail, throughout all the *Medieval* epochs.

There is a pair of chairs (marked 32), in carved ebony, belonging to her Majesty, from Windsor Castle. A tradition exists that these, and the suite of chairs of which they form part, formerly belonged to Cardinal Wolsey.

Earl Amherst has lent an arm-chair, two stools, and a footstool (marked 55), *en suite*, covered with purple velvet. They form part of the suite of furniture said to have been executed expressly for the visit of King James the First to Knowle, in Kent. They are in tolerable condition, considering that more than two centuries have elapsed since they were fashioned.

The most ancient table, dating about 1520 (marked 4), is a small oak table, rather rude in workmanship, but of good design. That numbered 2 is noticeable from the terminal figures forming the table-legs being very characteristic of “Elizabethan” work.

There are several fine specimens of Clocks. Our illustration represents one belonging to the Queen, from Windsor Castle.* It is in the French style, and dates about the year 1700. An enormous amount of knowledge had to be expended before such in-

* Marked 68 in the Catalogue. It has a terminal pedestal, in bush.

instruments for measuring time came to the perfection to which they have attained.



(CHAIR BELONGING TO THE QUIET)

A FEW WORDS ON EDUCATION FROM AN OLD WOMAN.

[We readily give insertion to the following letter addressed to us by an esteemed and talented correspondent. Such sensible observations are of general application.—*Ed. Family Friend.*]

An old woman is proverbially garrulous, and almost equally sure of being disregarded; yet, seeing in page 15, Appendix, of the last volume of the *Family Friend*, a few short remarks on education, which I presume were elicited by questions of correspondents, I venture to offer a few words on a subject whereon (if she have made a proper use of her faculties) no one is so competent to speak as one of the

lightly-esteemed class of old women. I have even been so bold as to think occasionally, when reading some of the crude theories on the subject put forth in the House of Commons, that it would be well if the honourable members would bring their old nurses to speak to more purpose, or at least go home and consult them. But this is not to our point. I speak of family, not national education; although I may remark in passing, that if the latter is not conducted on the same principles as the former, it cannot but fail. I am not going to enter into a long list of instructions which would weary, but first urge those to whom the charge of young children is intrusted to be quite sure they know their own aim and object. I have seen a child's character spoiled by the ill-understood wish of the mother to make her child natural, and at the same time ladylike. Rose was always allowed to race all over the room, and to sprawl on chairs and sofas, when members of the family only were present; but if company was expected, it was always,—“Now, Rose, you must sit upright, and look like a lady to-night.” Rose might ask all kinds of impertinent questions to those who were intimate, but to “company” she was taught to be silent; so Rose became alternately stiff and artificial, boisterous and impertinent. But, it may be asked, how was this effect to be avoided? Surely it is right to aim at making a child at once natural and ladylike, to let it be easy with its friends and quiet in company. Most true; but the error (which I believe very frequently exist-) is in an ill-defined notion as to what really is natural and what ladylike. The being taught to sit still in company is merely conventionality; no child ought to be brought into mixed society for more than a moment's admiration, who has not learnt from practice in the family circle that it must never be troublesome, or persist in questions unless encouraged. We are too apt to forget, in the teaching of our children, as well as in our own conduct, that good manners in society are only the outward show of that kindness which ought to be within, and that they are never consistently worn where that kindness does not reign in the heart. Not that I would undervalue polish; we are all sensible of its charms when in company with a really refined lady; but it is a thing which must

emanate from the person's own tact; it is the finish to all that has been imparted before, but can never be put on by rule and instruction.

Few who have mixed in society can have failed to observe such a character as Mrs. G. She wishes to be a good and kind neighbour; but, above all, she wishes to be elegant. Her house is nicely furnished, her dress nicely put on, her words nicely chosen, the very positions of her hands and feet nicely considered; and yet it is by an effort that we remember the good part of her character, and subdue the overpowering sense of the ridiculous in her presence. She looks around with so much complacency when all is arranged, secure that no rule of propriety is forgotten; she is so profuse of apologies if anything ~~does~~ go wrong (as we know will sometimes be the case in the best regulated families), so anxious that all should know she is not ignorant how it ought to have been; she is so desirous, not only to feel kindly, but to make pretty speeches to all, present and absent, that the very atmosphere seems loaded with sweets and proprieties; and as Mrs. G. never for one moment forgets what Mrs. G. ought to be saying or doing, so we feel a sort of uneasy sensation while in her society, lest something about ourselves should be wanting, and have an alternate disposition to laugh or to yawn. And this wearying effect is produced, not by any great fault, but by trying to behave by rule and not by principle. If the good lady could take a lesson from nature, and remember that when the spring is full the fountain will surely flow, how much more really elegant she would be. She was for a year at what is called a *finishing school*: and not having a very discriminating mind, she has carefully rubbed up the superficial polish which was there well put on, forgetful that there is no real elegance without simplicity.

If I considered any one principle as of paramount importance, I would say, never forget that education is not teaching. A child's future character and welfare are much more influenced by what is *inculcated* than by what is *taught*. The latter may be compared to the sun's ray, which causes leaf and bud to expand; the former, to the sap, imperceptibly drawn by the roots from the surrounding soil, nourishing the heart of the plant, and causing the formation of

leaf and bud, which the sun brings to perfection.

And nothing can be inculcated which does not come from the heart. Look in your own minds, all ye who have the care of children; parents, guardians, nurses, elder sisters, in this respect, look most to yourselves; see well that you have the reality of all you wish the children to possess, and you will generally find the youthful mind imbibes a portion thereof, in the same way that the warmth from the sun's rays is absorbed by the body with which it comes in contact.

For teaching, or training, look into your children's faces. Methinks I hear many a reader exclaim at this, or ask "What's the use of that?" "Who does not do so?" "What can looking in the face have to do with putting knowledge into the head?" &c. But rein your wit, gentle reader, and listen to reason. Put on your spectacles, if necessary, but by all means look into your children's faces. Their little tongues want a long education before they can explain their own meaning; their little bright eyes convey their meaning at once; and it only requires a little education on your part to understand their language. More than half the teachers who are unsuccessful fail for want of this little study on their own parts. The child is not a thing of fair skin, rosy cheeks, and curly hair only; the sparkle of intelligence, the flash of pride, the shade of dulness, the glow of feeling, the changeful light of sensibility, shine in the eyes of children as distinctly as in those of maturer age. The varying emotions of temper will be clearly indicated by the expression of the mouth. From these two features you ought to learn many a secret which no words will ever tell.

I have a great deal more to say, Mr. Editor, but there is a little voice calling in my mind's ear, "Don't be lengthy, as well as wearisome, old woman. A word to the wise is enough. You have given two rules, which may be the keys to unlock the depths of many a child's heart, the storehouse of many a young head; leave them to be tried, and don't confuse people with too long an harangue."

So, having told you part of what I have to say, and what something (which may be discretion) says to me, I humbly take my leave for the present.

CURIOUS FACTS.

It is well known to modern engineers that there is virtue in a bushel of coals, properly consumed, to raise seventy millions of pounds weight a foot high. The highest monthly average of the mines at Huel Towars, in Cornwall, extends, according to Brewster's Journal, to seventy millions of pounds.

The ascent of gossamer takes place only in serene, bright weather, and is invariably preceded by gossamer on the ground. Two minute spiders produce gossamer. When impelled by the desire of traversing the air, they climb to the summits of various objects, and thence emit the viscous thread in such a manner that it may be drawn out to a great length and fineness by the ascending current; when sufficiently acted upon, they quit hold of the objects on which they stand, and commence their flight.

A locomotive, it is stated, requires from ninety to a hundred gallons of oil annually; and the total consumption by the North-Western Railway for this purpose alone exceeds 40,000 gallons. This quantity would be equal to the production of about 1,000 acres.

The annual value of the iron and coal raised in this country is about twenty million pounds sterling; whereas the whole annual value of the gems and precious stones imported into England does not amount to half a million pounds sterling.

For the first five years of the eighteenth century the average consumption of cotton wool was little more than one million pounds weight per annum; and during this period the work-people employed would not exceed, of all ages and classes, more than 25,000; but at the close of that century the consumption had increased to 52,000,000 of pounds, and the workers, in every department of the trade, to upwards of 125,000.

There are engaged in London between three and four hundred Germans and Italians, a few Frenchmen, and one hundred Englishmen, in the manufacture of bird-cages. It is calculated that each man makes two cages in a day, therefore seven hundred cages are made daily: or, not including Sundays, 210,600 cages yearly.

Of the fifty-three species of four-legged animals known to exist in Australia, not one is to be found anywhere else; they are all residents of New Holland exclusively, or of the adjacent islands. On the other hand, the very commonest of old-world quadrupeds are not to be met with otherwise than as colonists in Australia.

Mr. Hanka, a learned Bohemian, is publishing, in Prague, a *fasciculus* of the Gospels on which the Kings of France have always been sworn at their coronation at Rheims. The manuscript volume is in the Bohemian language, and has been preserved at Rheims ever since the twelfth century, but it has only lately been discovered in what language it was written.

TEMPERANCE.

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

Shaks. As You Like It.

From our tables here, no painful surfeits,
No fed diseases grow, to strangle nature,
And suffocate the active brain; no fevers,
No apoplexies, palsies or catarrhs
Are here; where nature, not entic'd at all
With such a dang'rous bait as pleasant eating,
Takes in no more than she can govern well.

May's Old Couple.

He, who the rules of temperance neglects,
From a good cause may produce vile effects.

Take's Adventures of Titie House.

If thou well observe

The rule of—not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from
thence

Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
'Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop,
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; in death mature

Milton.

O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health;
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to
rear

His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Milton's Samson Agonistes.

Temperate in every place,—abroad, at home,
Plence will applause, and hence will profit come,
And health from either he in time prepares
For sickness, age, and their attendant cares.

Crabbe.—The Borough.

Beware the bowl! though rich and bright
Its rubies flash upon the sight,
An adder coils its depths beneath,
Whose lurid woe, whose sting is death.

Street's Poems.

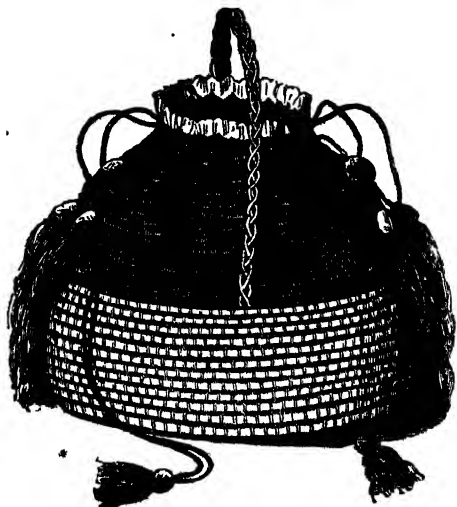
Philosophy, religious solitude
And labour wait on temperance; in these
Desire is bounded; they instruct the mind's
And body's action.

Nabb's Microcosmos.

Health and liberty
Attend on these bare meals; if all were blest
With such a temperance, what man would fawn,
Or to his body sell his liberty!
There would be then no slaves, no sycophants
At great men's tables.

May's Old Couple.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.



LADY'S RETICULE, BY MRS. FULLAN.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

LADY'S RETICULE.

Materials—8 yards of gold or silver bourdon; 4 skeins of scarlet, green, or royal blue silk (English); skein of gold thread, No. 1; cord, with tassels at the extremities; and two handsome double tassels to match with the silk and bourdon. Use crochet hook No. 16 or 17.

With the silk make a chain of 13 stitches. Now hold in the end of the bourdon, and work a Sc stitch in every alternate stitch of the chain, with 2 chain after every Sc stitch. At the end of the 13 chain do a Sc stitch three times in the same stitch, still with 2 chain between. Work in the same way on the other side of the original 13 chain, thus forming the foundation and centre of the bottom of the basket. Continue working round this foundation, still maintaining the oblong form, until a piece 5 inches long by 4 wide is done. In the few first rounds it will be necessary to make 2 chain between, and work on every alternate stitch of the previous round, but afterwards it will suffice to make 1 chain only and miss 1 or none as may be requisite to keep the shape. In working over bourdon,

however, the chain stitches must always be long, to admit of the gold being clearly seen between every 2 Sc stitches.

When the oval piece is finished, make the sides of the basket, by continuing to work over the bourdon, holding it so as to form an upright circle round the oval. The first round is done with 1 Sc, 1 Ch, missing 1, and having no increase in the size. All the following rounds are done entirely in Sc, the stitch of which is, however, long enough to allow the bourdon to be seen between every two stitches. 12 rounds, without any alteration of size, form this part of the reticule. Fasten off the bourdon. With the silk do 1 round thus:—+ 1 Dc, 1 Ch, miss none, + all round.

2nd to 14th.—+ Dc under chain, 1 Ch, miss Dc stitch, + all round.

15th.—Gold thread. + 5 Dc under 1 Ch, miss 2 Dc, and the 1 chain between them, +, repeat all round. Fasten off.

Take 3 lengths of bourdon and plait them for the handle, which (as seen in the engraving) comes outside the silk part of the bag, and has the ends drawn through an opening in the silk and fastened down securely. Then run in the cords, beneath the gold-lace edge, and add the tassels.

These small reticules are very much in request at Paris, for holding the handkerchief and purse.

A GOSSIP ON THE FASHIONS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE season being near its close, little alteration has taken place in the style of dress since last I wrote. The materials

cool and light is in great favour. If the skirt is flounced, the trimming of the jacket must correspond with it; but white muslin jackets are usually plain, and the ~~carro~~ you is then trimmed with lace or bouillons of the muslin, underneath which a coloured ribbon is run.

The bodies are worn considerably shorter, in the waist,—rounded for the morning.



THE EUGENIE (PALE DRESS)

are, indeed, for the most part, in spite of the uncertainty of the weather, of the most flimsy and delicate description.

For morning toilette, the dress is almost universally made with a petticoat without a body, and a loose jacket over it. This is very becoming to some figures; and being

and with a deep and rather square point for evening dress. With the former, a cincture of handsome ribbon, with long floating ends, makes an elegant finish. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

A very beautiful new material has just made its appearance, called the Eugénie.

craps. It is clear and transparent as gauze, but neither slits nor tears. A dress for a

as well as evening toilette. The head of morning caps is made of bands of muslin and lace insertion, or simply embroidered muslin. Lace, blond, and tulle are the materials for evening wear.

Your's very truly,

V.



THE FUCHSB BONNET

déjeuner was made in this material by Mlle Le Plastrier, of which our engraving gives a copy. The colour was a rich dark blue, brocaded in white, and worn over a white silk petticoat. The ribbons were of the richest brocade, and nothing could be more chaste and elegant than the *tout ensemble*. The bonnet for the same distinguished lady was one of those fairy-like structures, of tulle, ribbon, and flower, which so entirely put to shame the heavy and monstrous head-coverings of a few years ago. Like all full-dress bonnets, it was extremely small, worn nearly at the back of the head, and kept in its place by large pins, which fasten it to the hair.

The mantles and mantelets are very small, and for the most part without capuchons. The muslin ones are a good deal embroidered in round spots (*pois*), which look very effective. Those in silk are trimmed with deep flounces in lace, with ruffles of ribbon and application of velvet.

ON THE ART OF WEAVING OR PLAITING HAIR ORNAMENTS.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

HAIR, that most imperishable of all the component parts of our mortal bodies, has always been regarded as a cherished memorial of the absent or lost. A lock of hair from the head of some beloved one is often prized above gold or gems, for it is not a mere purchasable gift, but actually a portion of themselves, present with us when they are absent, surviving while they are mouldering in the silent tomb. Impressed with this idea, it appears to us but natural, that of all the various employments devised for the fingers of our fair countrywomen, the manufacture of ornaments in hair must be one of the most interesting



ROULÉRAL HEAD-DRESS.

Why should we confide to others the precious lock or tress we prize, risking it

being lost, and the hair of some other person being substituted for it, when, with a little attention, we may ourselves weave it into the ornament we desire? And the dainty and very tasteful handling hair-work requires, renders it as truly feminine an occupation as the finest crochet or the richest embroidery.

We must commence our instructions by premising that on the length of the lock or tress of hair will depend the use which can be made of it. Hair from one inch to three in length is only adapted for devices. Hair of three to six inches in length may be used for chains, because a chain can be worked in any number of separate portions and united by gold slides; or for ear-rings, made of some very fine plait and worked in two parts. A ring or an earring worked in one hoop requires a length of eight inches. Brooches may be made from hair of various lengths according to the pattern, and also to the size and kind of plait; devices are much used for brooches, and as we have already said, these can be made of quite short hair. A handsome full-sized bracelet requires twenty or twenty-four-inch hair. Of course bracelets can be worked in pieces and united by slides or by caps linked together, and then twelve-inch hair will suffice; or they may be worked on smaller moulds, and several lengths braided or twisted together, in which case eighteen-inch hair will often suffice. Joining hair is a very tedious operation, and, at best, unsatisfactory, for as each hair must be separately fastened on to the one which it is destined to lengthen, the smoothness and neat appearance of the fabric is not improved by the knots, however neat they may be made; while if the ends are cut off closely the knot is liable to give way, and if they are left they give a bristly look to the plait, and totally mar its beauty.

In working hair the great thing to be observed is that there shall be nothing to fray or roughen the strands; therefore it is always best to use the proper hair-work table. This may be made of stained wood or mahogany, and is very simple, consisting only of a circular top about fourteen inches in diameter, and four thin legs. The whole table should be turned and polished, so that it may be perfectly smooth. It should stand about three feet in height. In the centre of the top must be a circular hole about

five inches in diameter, surrounded by a moulding, which, interiorly, rises about an inch, and exteriorly slopes down to the surface of the table. A small brass hook must be inserted in the inside of this hole just below the moulding.

About three dozen leaden weights, each weighing about three quarters of an ounce, will be required; they must all be equally heavy, and shaped like the following diagram. A skein of strong silk or



twist, a little shellac melted and rolled into a stick, and a brass tube or wire of the proper size for the pattern, will complete the list of requisites for the work. These tubes or wires may be obtained at any brass-founders; they should be about ten or twelve inches in length, and must be perfectly smooth and polished, both at the ends and over the whole surface.

We now come to the hair: The first thing to be done is to cleanse it, and for this purpose the ends must be evenly arranged and the lock or tress straightened smoothly out; then each extremity firmly bound with thread, one being taken that every hair is secured by the ligature. Dissolve a bit of soda, the size of a bean, in about a pint of water, immerse the hair fairly in it, and boil it for ten or twelve minutes; take it out, shake it, and hang it up to dry in the air. When quite dry it is ready for use. Now, take as many weights as there are strands in the pattern about to be worked; attach about twelve inches of twist to each weight, tying them round the neck, and lay them side by side round the table with the ends of twist hanging down. Take the tress, and without untying the threads which fasten the extremities, draw from it the number of hairs required for a strand; take each hair up separately, and arrange them between the finger and thumb so that all the ends shall be even, and then knot the strand thus formed on to one of the pieces of twist; repeat this until all the strands are formed and each attached to their separate weights, taking care not to disturb or roughen them during the process. Now, stoop down and carefully ascertain that all the hairs in each strand are of equal length; and if this is the case, gather up all the ends between the finger and thumb, bind them firmly together with strong thread, leaving a loop of

thread about an inch long hanging, and cement the accumulated ends firmly with shellac.

The loop of thread is then to be put on the hook in the centre of the table, and the weights lifted off one by one and suffered to hang down. Each strand, as it hangs, must now be again examined to see that no hair in it is looser or tighter than the other, but that all are perfectly smooth and firm. If the weights hang more than ten or twelve inches below the top of the table, wind the twist round their necks, and so shorten them, as long ends are apt to get entangled while the pattern is being worked; they can afterwards be let down when requisite. Take now some spare weights, and tie them together to form a central balance-weight—about one to every four or five strands is the ordinary proportion—for there must be enough to maintain the balance without straining or cracking the hair; attach this balance weight to the loop of thread (which is now taken off the hook), and suffer it to hang down in the centre of the hole. Select a tube of the requisite size and put it in the hole, suffering one end to rest on the hook, and set to work.

We trust that our readers will pardon this apparent prolixity; but as the beauty of the work depends entirely upon the nicety of the primary proceedings, we have ventured, even at the risk of appearing tedious, to be thus minute in our directions.

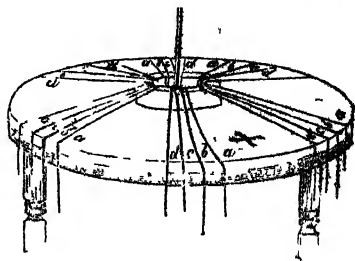
ROULEAU HEAD-DRRESS.

This pattern requires twenty-four strands, each containing about thirty or thirty-six hairs of eighteen or twenty-four inches in length—the number of hairs depends on their fineness, and the length requisite on the thickness of the *rouleau* they are to be woven on. The following cut will give an idea of the proper mode of arranging the strands on the table.

It will be perceived that they are placed in six groups of four each; each group being lettered *a, b, c, d*, with chalk; and that there is a cross of chalk between two of the groups to mark the commencement of each round.

Instead of the tube ordinarily used for weaving the patterns on, a *rouleau* of satin is here substituted of about an inch and a-half or two inches in circumference; the

length being a matter regulated by taste and by the length of the hair at disposal. The satin should match the hair as nearly as



may be. The *rouleau* must be evenly made, and should be stuffed with cotton wool, so as to be firm and not hard; a strong wire must be passed through the centre of it to keep it erect while it is being worked over, and to maintain it in shape afterwards. Let the lower end rest on the hook, and, the strands being in due order, commence thus:—1st Round: Take strand *d*, the one immediately on the right of the cross, and carry it over strands *a* and *b* on the left of the cross, lay it down in the place of strand *c*, and move this latter on to the *d* next to it, while strand *d*, which before was lying there, is to be lifted and carried on to replace strand *c* in the second group to the left, that strand *c* moving into the place of strand *d* next to it, which latter is to be carried on to the third group in a similar manner: work thus through each group until the one immediately on the right of the cross is reached and filled up.

2nd Round: Take strand *a*, immediately on the left of the cross, and carry it over strands *d* and *c* in the group to the right of the cross; lay it down in the place of strand *b*, move this latter on to the *a* next to it, and lift the strand before lying there over *d* and *c* of the second group to the right, and put it down on *b*, removing the strand there already to the *a* next to it, and carrying strand *a* on to the third group in a similar manner; so work all the groups round to the cross again.

3rd Round is like the first, and worked towards the left.

4th Round is the same as the second, and worked towards the right.

Continue to work these two rounds alternately until the length required is completed. After about eight or ten rounds are worked, the *rouleau* will be sufficiently clasped by the plait to admit of the end being lifted off the hook; it will then maintain itself in the centre. Be careful to keep the strands smooth and in their proper places, as if they get at all out of order the evenness and beauty of the plait is destroyed.

When the requisite length is completed take off the balance weight (which we omitted to say should always be attached to the loop by a doubly-hooked piece of wire); gather the other weights together on to the tube, and cut off the hair close to the twist. Without loss of time bind all these ends of the strands neatly and firmly down to the *rouleau* with a few spare hairs, or with some fine silk exactly the colour of the hair; then cut off the loop and cement from the other extremity, and fasten that off in like manner. Sew the two ends together very neatly, and finish off with a gold button and tassel, or one similar in shade to the hair. Where the double *rouleau* (as given in cut) is made, two tassels will be requisite; but a single *rouleau* for the back of the hair only requires one. Where the double *rouleau* is made, the ends of the longest one which are to meet underneath the smaller, or back *rouleau*, may be tapered off to a point.

A very pretty bracelet may be made with this pattern, by working it with sixteen or twenty strands, of about eighteen or twenty-four hairs each, and on a tube three-quarters of an inch in circumference. Three or four separate lengths of about nine inches each must be worked, and these when braided or twisted together make an effective bracelet. Eighteen-inch hair will be requisite. When this pattern is woven upon a tube, we detach the balance-weight; after the completion of the length, cut off the pieces of twist, and bind the extremities of the hair firmly down on to the tube with strong thread; then cut off the loop and cement from the other end, and bind down these hairs in a similar manner. The tube, hair and all, must now be immersed in scalding water, and suffered to remain there for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the water being kept up to the same heat all the time. When taken out it must be gently

squeezed in a soft silk handkerchief, to remove the superfluous moisture, and then hung up to dry slowly.

The thread is detached from each end when the hair is perfectly dry, and the plait gently slid off the tube. A length of elastic wire (about 8½ inches) must now be drawn through the centre of each plait, and the ends of hair gathered up at each extremity and cemented together to the elastic with shellac. The plaits must next be all cemented firmly together at one end, and braided, or twisted into a cable, and then the other extremities cemented together. It is now ready for the gold cups which are to connect it with the snap or clasp. These may be fixed on with melted cement, or the work may be handed over to a jeweller to complete.

The bracelet may, however, be finished off by the cementing the two extremities together, and hiding the juncture with a rosette of ribbon or velvet matching the hair; it can then be slipped over the hand when we wish to wear it, instead of being clasped on. It will not last so long when made in this way, as the repeated friction in drawing it on and off will fray the plait; but it will cost little beyond the trouble of making, for it is the jeweller's work which adds so materially to the expense of hair ornaments.



NOSEGAYS.—Flowers should not be cut during sunshine, or kept exposed to the solar influence, neither should they be collected in large bundles and tied tightly together, as this invariably hastens their decay. When in the room where they are to remain, the ends of the stalks should be cut clean across with a very sharp knife (never with scissors), by which means the tubes through which they draw the water are left open, so that the water ascends freely, which it will not do if the tubes of the stems are bruised or lacerated. An endless variety of ornamental vessels are used for the reception of such flowers, and they are all equally well adapted for the purpose, so that the stalks are inserted in pure water. This water ought to be changed every day, or once in two days at the furthest, and a thin slice should be cleanly cut off from the end of each stalk every time the water is removed, which will revive the flowers.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY EDWIN HENRY BURRINGTON.

WALK with the Beautiful and with the Grand,
 Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
 Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
 But give not all thy bosom-thoughts to her:
 Walk with the Beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
 O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
 'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
 For thou canst make it smile beside thy door:
 Then love the Beautiful!

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
 And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;
 The Angels love it, for they wear its dress,
 And thou art made a little lower only:

 Then love the Beautiful!
 Sigh for it!—clasp it when 'tis in thy way!
 Be its idolator, as of a maiden!

Thy parents bent to it, and more than they;
 Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden
 Comes with the Beautiful!

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face;
 Some, on a favourite warbler of the skies:
 But be not fool'd! where'er thine eye might trace,
 Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise:
 Then seek it everywhere.

Thy bosom is its mint, the workmen are
 Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee:
 believing
 The Beautiful exists in every star,
 Thou makest it so; and art thyself deceiving
 If otherwise thy faith.

Thou seest Beauty in the violet's cup;—
 I'll teach thee miracles! Walk on this heath,
 And say to the *neglected flower*—"Look up,
 And be thou Beautiful!" If thou hast faith
 It will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
 Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue,
 It turns the feelings prematurely old;
 And they who keep their best affections young,
 Best love the Beautiful!

THE DYING MAIDEN.

BY EDENHURST ELLIOTT.

God, release our dying sister!
 Beautiful blight hath sadly kiss'd her:
 Whiter than the wild, white roses,
 Famine in her face discloses
 Mute submission, patience holy,
 Passing fair! but passing slowly.

Though she said, "You know I'm dying,"
 In her heart green trees are sighing;
 Not of them hath pain bereft her,
 In the city, where we left her:
 "Bring," she said, "a hedge-side blossom!"
 Love shall lay it on her bosom.

THE POOR MAN'S NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

'Tis Night, the season of repose,
 The Poor Man's kindest friend,
 When peacefully his eyes can close,
 His suffering brow unbend.
 When pass the sorrows of the day,
 And in the fleeting dreams that rise,
 Beneath their mild oblivious sway
 He breathes the air of Paradise.

While shadows veil the midnight hour,
 And Crime stalks forth abroad,—
 Relying on a watchful pow'r,
 He rests secure in God.
 Though frail and comfortless the shed,
 Yet calm and sweet content is there,
 While many a crown'd and ermin'd head,
 Is aching with its weight of care.

The day scorns honest poverty,
 The vain man seeks its light,
 To show his gilded panoply,
 The Poor Man has his night.
 And when the stars look forth above,
 Their glory he can thoughtful trace,
 And chant his evening hymn of love,
 Into the angels' dwelling place.

And aspirations, high, sublime,
 His raptur'd sense retains,
 Of worlds beyond the flight of time
 Unchill'd by mortal pains;
 Unscour'd by hate, oppression, pride,
 The refuge of the weak—distress'd—
 Where penury is not denied
 A share of happiness and rest!

TO SLEEP.

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low;
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
 Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;
 O make me in those civil wars to cease:
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me sweet pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

BY TROON.

SUCH was this daughter of the Southern seas,
 Herself a billow in her energies,
 To bear the bark of other's happiness,
 Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

CUSTARDS, CREAMS, JELLIES, AND BLANC MANGE.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

Common Baked Custard.—Mix a quart of new milk with eight well-beaten eggs, strain the mixture through a fine sieve, and sweeten it with from five to eight ounces of sugar, according to the taste; add a small pinch of salt, and pour the custard into a deep dish, with or without a lining or rim of paste; grate nutmeg or lemon rind over the top, and bake it in a very slow oven from twenty to thirty minutes, or longer, should it not be firm in the centre. A custard, if well made, and properly baked, will be quite smooth when cut, without the honey-combed appearance which a hot oven gives; and there will be no whey in the dish. New milk, one quart; eggs, eight; sugar, five to eight oz.; salt, one-quarter salt-spoonful; nutmeg or lemon-grate; baked, slow oven, twenty to thirty minutes, or more.

Chocolate Custards.—Dissolve gently by the side of the fire an ounce and a half of the best chocolate in rather more than a wine-glassful of water, and then boil it until it is perfectly smooth; mix with it a pint of milk well flavoured with lemon-peel or vanilla, and two ounces of fine sugar, and when the whole boils, stir to it five well beaten eggs that have been strained. Put the custard into a jar or jug, set it into a pan of boiling water, and stir it without ceasing until it is thick. Do not put it into glasses or a dish till nearly or quite cold. These, as well as all other custards, are infinitely finer when made with the yolks only of the eggs.

Rice Custards without Cream.—Take one spoonful of rice flour, a pint of new milk, the yolks of three eggs, sugar to your liking; mix the rice very smooth, and stir it, with the eggs, into the boiling milk. An excellent dish for children.

A Finer Baked Custard.—Boil together gently, for five minutes, a pint and a half of new milk, a few grains of salt, the very thin rind of a lemon, and six ounces of loaf sugar; stir these boiling, but very gradually, to the well-beaten yolks of ten fresh eggs, and the whites of four; strain the mixture, and add to it half a pint of good cream; let it cool, and then flavour it with a few spoonfuls of brandy or a little ratafia; finish and bake it by the directions given for the common custard above; or pour it into small well-buttered cups, and bake it very slowly from ten to twelve minutes.

Apple or Gooseberry Soufflé.—Scald and sweeten the fruit, beat it through a sieve, and put it into a tart-dish. When cold pour a rich custard over it, about two inches deep; whip the whites of the eggs, of which the custard was made, to a snow, and lay it in small rough pieces on the custard; sift fine sugar over, and put it into a slack oven for a short time. It will make an exceedingly pretty dish.

Gooseberry-Fool.—Put the fruit into a stone jar, with some good Lisbon sugar; set the jar on a stove, or in a saucepan of water over the fire; if the former, a large spoonful of water should be added to the fruit. When it is done enough to pulp, press it through a colander; have ready a tea-cupful of new milk and the same quantity of raw cream boiled together, and left to be cold; then sweeten pretty well with fine sugar, and mix the pulp by degrees with it. Or.—Mix equal proportion, of gooseberry pulp and custard.

Apple-Fool.—May be made the same as gooseberry, except that when stewed they should be peeled and pulped.

French Plum-jerry.—Boil one ounce and a half of isinglass in a pint and a half of cream for ten minutes, stirring it well; sweeten it with loaf-sugar, flavour with two table-spoonfuls of orange-flower water, strain it into a deep dish.

Fruit Cream.—Take half an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in a little water, then put one pint of good cream, sweetened to the taste; boil it; when nearly cold lay some apricot or raspberry jam on the bottom of a glass dish, and pour it over. This is most excellent.

Burnt Cream.—Set over the fire in a pan three ounces of sifted sugar, stir it, and when it browns, add a quart of cream, and two ounces of isinglass; boil and stir till the latter is dissolved, when sweeten it, and strain it into moulds. Or, this cream may be made by boiling it without sugar, adding the yolks of four eggs, sweetening and setting over it in a dish loaf sugar, to be browned with a salamander.

Lemon Cream.—Take a pint of cream, add the zest of a lemon rubbed on sugar; whip it well; add sugar and lemon-juice to palate. Have half an ounce of isinglass dissolved and cool; when the cream is thick, which it will be when the lemon-juice is added, pour in the isinglass, and immediately mould it. A smaller quantity of isinglass may suffice, but that depends on the thickness of the cream. Other flavours may be used, as orange, almond, maraschino. Or.—Take a pint of thick cream, and put to it the yolks of two eggs well beaten, 4 oz. of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon; boil it up, then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and pour the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

Raspberry Cream.—Put six ounces of raspberry jam to a quart of cream, pulp it through a lawn sieve, add to it the juice of a lemon and a little sugar, and whisk it till thick. Serve it in a dish or glasses.

Strawberry Cream.—Put six ounces of strawberry jam with a pint of cream through a sieve, add to it the juice of a lemon, whisk it fast at the edge of a dish, lay the froth on a sieve, add a little more juice of lemon, and when no more froth will rise put the cream into a dish, or into glasses, and place the froth upon it, well drained.

GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

The letters forming the words described in the first column will, if properly transposed, form the words described in the second column.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. A shell-fish much approved as an article of food | . A town in Central France. |
| 2. A river in the West of England | . Another town in Central France. |
| 3. The botanical name of a part of a flower | . Another town in Central France. |
| 4. A portion of the plant from which sugar is produced | . A town in the North of France. |
| 5. A Dorsetshire river | . A town on the banks of the Loire. |
| 6. An article of food in daily use | . A town in Holland. |
| 7. A Christian name common in Germany | . Another town in Holland. |
| 8. An island in the Archipelago | . A town in Belgium. |
| 9. A covering for the head | . Another town in Belgium. |
| 10. A part of a church | . Another town in Belgium. |
| 11. A species of snake | . Another town in Belgium. |
| 12. Another species of snake | . A town in Finland. |
| 13. One of the mechanical powers | . A town in Russia. |
| 14. A well-known Scottish clan | . Another town in Russia. |
| 15. A common English fruit | . A town in Turkey. |
| 16. A Persian title | . A town in Greece. |
| 17. A term frequently applied to an indifferent painting | . A town in Hungary. |
| 18. A town on the banks of the Loire | . A town in the Kingdom of Naples. |
| 19. A plant the seed of which is frequently used to
flavour liquours | . A town in Tuscany. |
| 20. A town in Central France | . A town in Hanover. |
| 21. A town in the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar | . A town in Spain. |
| 22. A part of a plant | . Another town in Spain. |
| 23. A term used in heraldry expressive of colour | . A town in Switzerland. |
| 24. The verb expressive of an amusement in which the
English much indulge | . Another town in Switzerland. |
| 25. A village in the Isle of Wight | . A volcano. |
| 26. A town in Sardinia | . A Russian lake. |
| 27. A term frequently applied to a rat or mouse | . A town in Prussia. |
| 28. The Latin for a nephew | . Another town in Prussia. |
| 29. A Latin pronoun | . A town in Rhenish Prussia. |
| 30. The past participle of the French verb "to fear" | . A town in Portugal. |
| 31. The French verb "to juggle" | . A town in the South of Germany. |
| 32. The French verb "to weave" | . Another town in the South of Germany. |

PARLOUR AMUSEMENTS.

ENGRAVING ON GLASS.

Take a piece of glass perfectly clean, cover it over with bees-wax. When the coating is sufficiently dry, trace out upon it with a sharp-pointed tracer, or needle, the design intended to be engraved, taking care that all the lines are marked through, so that the light can be admitted; then take one part of powdered flint spar, which place in a leaden basin; add two parts of sulphuric acid; lay the glass, with the engraved side downwards, on the basin; place the vessel over a lamp for a few minutes, until white fumes are disengaged from the mixture; withdraw the lamp, and suffer the glass to be corroded by the action of the white fumes, which will be completed in ten minutes; remove the wax with oil of turpentine. After this operation the design will be accurately represented on the glass.

HEAT BY THE MIXTURE OF TWO COLD FLUIDS.

Sulphuric acid and one-fourth of water. Shake them together, and the heat will be produced.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A gentleman purchased for £110 a lot of wine, consisting of 100 bottles of Burgundy, and 80 of Champagne; and another purchased at the same price, for the sum of £95, 85 bottles of the former, and 70 of the latter. What was the price of each kind of wine?

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME.

PAGE 30.

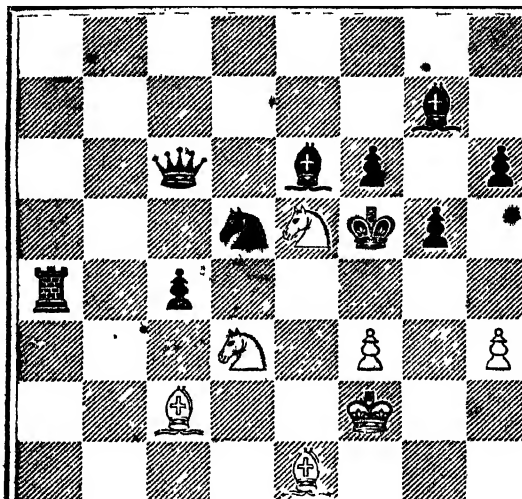
OLDEN RIDDLE RHYMES—1. The Dew. 2. The Bee. 3. A nail in the bottom of a ship. 4. A milkmaid sitting upon a three-legged stool. 5. A chimney. 6. His father was a dyer. 7. Smoke. 8. Parchment, pens, and wax. 9. The mist. 10. Paper and writing.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF BIRDS—1. Swallow. 2. Thrush. 3. Owl. 4. Partridge. 5. Star. 6. Parrot. 7. Wren. 8. Goose. 9. Crow. 10. Crane. 11. Magpie. 12. Dove. 13. Dabchick. 14. Loon. 15. Titmouse. 16. Gull. 17. Rail. 18. Turkey. 19. Man of War. 20. Buft. 21. Gown. 22. Marten. 23. Starling.

EDITED BY HERR HARRWITZ.

PROBLEM No. XXIII.—By Mr. M'COMB.—White to move, and mate in four moves

PLACE



GAME No. XXIII.—Played February 16th, 1858, between Mr. BODEN and Mr. GREENAWAY.

Black--Mr. Boden.

White—Mr. Greenaway.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. K. P. 2. | 1. K. P. 2. |
| 2. K. B. to Q. B. 4. | 2. K. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 3. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 3. K. Kt. takes P. |
| 4. Q. Kt. to B. 3. | 4. K. Kt. to B. 5. (<i>a.</i>) |
| 5. K. Kt. takes P. | 5. Q. P. 2. |
| 6. K. B. to Q. Kt. 3. | 6. K. B. to Q. 3. |
| 7. Q. P. 2. | 7. Q. P. 3. (<i>b.</i>) |
| 8. Q. Kt. takes P. | 8. K. B. takes K. Kt. |
| 9. P. takes B. | 9. Kt. takes Kt. |
| 10. B. takes Kt. | 10. Castles. |
| 11. Castles. | 11. Q. Kt. to Q. 2. |
| 12. K. B. P. 2. | 12. Q. Kt. to its 3. (<i>c.</i>) |
| 13. K. B. to K. 4. | 13. Q. to K. R. 5. |
| 14. Q. to K. B. 3. | 14. B. to K. Kt. 5. |
| 15. Q. to K. Kt. 3. | 15. Q. takes Q. |
| 16. P. takes Q. | 16. Q. R. to Q. Kt. sq. |
| 17. Q. B. to K. 3. | 17. Q. Kt. to Q. 2. |
| 18. Q. B. P. 1. | 18. Q. Kt. P. 1. |
| 19. K. B. to K. B. 3. | 19. B. to K. B. 4. |
| 20. K. B. to Q. sq. (<i>d.</i>) | 20. K. R. to Q. sq. |
| 21. P. takes Kt. 4. | 21. B. to K. 3. |

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 22. P. to K. B. 5. | 22. B. to Q. B. 5. |
| 23. Q. Kt. P. 1. | 23. B. to Q. R. 5. |
| 24. Q. B. to K. B. 1. | 24. Kt. to K. B. sq. |
| 25. P. to K. 6. | 25. R. takes R. ch. |
| 26. R. takes R. | 26. R. to K. sq. |
| 27. K. R. to Q. B. 6. | 27. R. to K. 2. |
| 28. Q. B. to Q. 6. and wins. | |

NOTES TO GAME XLIII.

'A) This move runs little or no risk, which taking h: with Kt does.

(N.) Not being acquainted with this opening, White here loses a Pawn, and one too of such value that the subsequent loss of the game is almost inevitable.

(c.) This is anything but a good position for the Queen's Knight.

(D.) Black has now an easy game.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXI

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. Kt. to K. 6.
2. Kt. P. 1.
3. Kt. to B. 4.
4. Kt. to Q. 5. Mate.

1. Q. P. 1.
2. Q. P. 1.
3. K. P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Photography. E. J.—We intend giving a series of papers on this highly important branch of art, with instructions for beginners. They will be commenced in our next number.

Ely and Ellesmere. B. M.—The original name of Ely was the Isle of Eels, so called because eels were formerly kept there. Ellesmere, or Eelsmere, derives its name from a similar cause.

Wild Flowers. F. P.—You are right; the early morning is a good time for collecting wild-flowers, the dew not being dried up by the sun. When they are full of sap, they lose their colours in the process of drying.

Origin of Turnpikes. N. W.—Turnpikes were so called from poles or bars swung on a staple, which allowed them to turn any way when the dues were paid. A turnpike road by law is twenty yards wide.

Floral and Human Clock.—The interesting article on the flowering of plants, entitled the "Human Clock," in page 350 of our last volume, was extracted from a valuable work entitled *Phyto-theology*, by Dr. Balfour, professor of botany at the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh.

Diseases of House Plants. T. H.—You can employ tobacco smoke or tobacco water for removing the aphides on your room plants. Where the smell is not offensive, smoke blown from a common tobacco pipe is as effectual as any other method. Camphorated water may be used instead of tobacco. Sulphur or camphor will effectually remove mildew.

Fish. G.—The digestibility of fish varies considerably in different species. The oily fishes are more difficult to digest, and in consequence are unfit for invalids. Fish is rendered less digestible by frying. It is, in any form, less satisfying to the appetite than the meat of either quadrupeds or birds. As it contains more water, it is obviously less nourishing.

Success in Life. C. L.—It is a misfortune when a young man is aware that he will inherit property; it damps all his natural energy, he does not rely upon his own efforts, and becomes careless and extravagant. We advise you to depend upon your own resources, live frugally, and be industrious; and there is no question that, if you are mentally qualified for a commercial life, your success is certain.

Property Tax. S. N.—It is legal for the property tax chargeable on the rent of a house to be collected by the collector from the occupier, although the owner of the property has an income under the fixed sum; but the tax paid by the tenant can be recovered by the owner, on his proving before the Commissioners that his income from all sources renders him exempt.

Choosing Fire-grates. M. O.—We should advise you not to buy a fire-grate or stove with a polished steel front, for even with the greatest attention they are liable to become rusty, particularly during the summer, as then there is not any heat in them, and the vapours in the room become condensed on the surface of the cold polished steel. The best grates are those made of cast-iron, and black-leaded; and in choosing them be sure not to have those that are too open, as they are very liable to smoke.

Woman's Will. W. W.—The lines you mention are upon the pillar erected on the mount in the Dame-John Field, formerly called the Dungeon Field, Canterbury; but you have only quoted the two last lines. The complete verse is as follows:—
"Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend
on't—
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an
end on't."

Civility. S. S.—We allow that it is very tiresome to be annoyed as you have been, and we are glad to find that your courteous replies produced so happy an effect. "Civility," saith the proverb, "costs nothing and gains much." When a rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered, "Civility, friend, civility." Some people are uncivil, sour, sullen, morose, crabbed, crusty, haughty, really clownish, and impudent. Run from such men, as for your life. "Beware thou a man wise in his own conceit! There is more hope of a fool than of him."

Angler's Weather-Guide. J. C.—The lines you have sent are, we believe, misquoted. To the best of our recollection, they run thus:—

When the wind is in the east,
Then the fishes do bite least;
When the wind is in the west,
Then the fishes bite the best;
When the wind is in the north,
Then the fishes do come forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth.

If we are wrong, perhaps some of your brother-anglers will correct us.

Wasting Time. O.—Some people are always wasting time, and there is no doubt this is the case with you, for by your own statement other people do twice as much work as yourself, and many even perform thrice as much. Never heedlessly waste even a minute—it can never be recalled; but endeavour to cultivate a love of hoarding time. In this, and in this only, be miserly, for spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young wrote a truism as well as a striking line, when he taught that "Sands make the mountain, moments make the year." Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

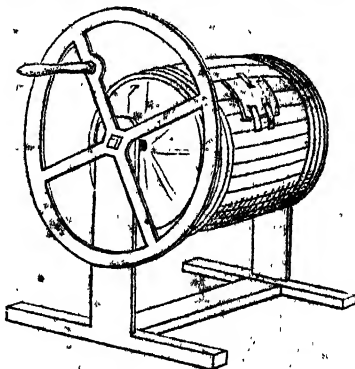
ancient Mode of Burial. JOHN DARTY (Norfolk).—Formerly it was contrary to the law to bury people in cities, and even in churches; and it continued in force until the beginning of the eighteenth century. However, a few exceptions were sometimes made. The burying in churches is said to have originated from the practice of building churches over the graves of the martyrs in the country, and of removing their remains and selling into the city churches. The kings and emperors were buried in the churchyard, or in the porch of the church; afterwards some few people were allowed to be buried in the churchyard, and then it became general. By degrees the kings, bishops, and others were allowed to be buried in the church; and ultimately it became a privilege which his bishops and prelates granted to whomsoever they pleased. We appear to be going back to the ancient mode of burying without the cities, most singular custom.

Recklessness. FREDERICK.—You have no right to sport with the feelings of any lady; and although you may not have actually proposed to marry her, yet your actions have been such as to lead her to suppose that you prefer her to the other ladies. Nothing could be more injudicious (if you do not care about the lady) than to send her bouquets, with verses attached to them. An indifferent person would not have acted thus, remember Cobbett's remarks upon this subject. "Vanity," he says, "is generally the tempter in this case; a desire to be regarded as being admired by the woman—a very despicable species of vanity, but frequently mischievous, notwithstanding. You do not, indeed, actually, in so many words, promise to marry; but the general tenor of your language and deportment has that meaning. You know that your meaning is so understood; and if you have not such meaning—if you be fixed by some previous engagement with or great liking for another—if you know you are here sowing the seeds of disappointment—and if you, keeping your previous engagement or great liking a secret, persevere, in spite of the admonitions of conscience, you are guilty of deliberate deception, injustice, and cruelty."

Poisoned Confectionary. EMMA.—It is a great pity that confectioners do not colour the ornaments for cakes, &c. with harmless substances; if they did, such accidents as you relate would not occur. Very recently, four children in a family were nearly poisoned by eating some of the ornaments off a cake; and when part of the same ornaments were analysed, arsenic was discovered. They order these matters better in France, for every shopkeeper is prohibited selling anything that is likely to endanger the lives or health of the people. Sir P. Head informs us, in his "Thoughts of French Sticks," that "no one is allowed to act as a chemist, to prepare or sell any medicine, until he has passed a strict examination; and after he has received his patent, he is

prevented from selling any poisonous substance until he has appeared before the prefect of police to petition for permission to do so, and to inscribe the locality in which his establishment is situated; and even then he is restricted from selling poison except under the prescription of a physician, surgeon, or apothecary, which must be dated and signed; and in which not only the dose is designated, but the manner in which it is to be administered. The pharmacist, or chemist, is required to copy the prescription, at the moment of his making it up, into his register, which he is required to keep for twenty years, to be submitted to the authorities whenever required. Moreover, poisons of all sorts, kept by a chemist, are required to be secured by a lock, the key of which must be in his own possession." In England any shopkeeper can sell poisons, and hence the many serious accidents and cases of wilful poisoning that occur from time to time.

Churns. "A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER."—For the large operation of the dairy farmer, a better application than the churn of his forefathers has not yet been discovered. The annexed sketch displays a useful kind of modern churn. With re-



gard to the rapid taste of butter; when once it is acquired it is never again fit for the table, but it may be so purified as to be as good as useless for pastry purposes. The disintegrable acids are all, to a certain extent, soluble in water. Butter should therefore be placed in clean fresh spring water, over a slow fire, and kept there until the water boils. This will evaporate, wash out, and volatilize the acids. It may then be skimmed off, and put in fresh cold water, again to undergo the boiling process. If after this it be washed thoroughly, it will be freed from those very bad effects upon pastry, but very healthy, and unfit for the table.



URSULA'S COTTAGE.

TALES OF THE AFFECTIONS.

BY THE COUNTESS D'ARDOUVILLE.

RESIGNATION.

I AM about to relate, simply, what I have seen. It is one of the melancholy remembrances of my life—one of those thoughts towards which the mind turns back with pensive softness in some disheartening hour. There breathes from it a renouncement of the too lively hopes of this world—a spirit of self-denial that quells the murmur rising to our lips, and invites to silent resignation.

If ever these pages be read, I would not have them read by such as are happy—the thoroughly happy. There is nothing here for them—neither invention nor action. But there are hearts that have in some degree suffered, and have had many dreams, and are apt to be readily made sad—persons

who, when perchance they observe and suffering, or should a sound resembling a sigh strike their ear, would pause to listen and to sympathise. To such I can address myself, almost at random, while I relate a story, simple, as is all that is true, and touching, as is all that is simple.

In the north of France, near the Belgian frontier, there is a town, altogether small, obscure, and unknown. The requirements of war have encircled it with high fortifications, which seem to crush its pitiful houses in their centre. This poor town, bound up tightly in a network of walls, has never been able to let one small house straggle over the ditch that surrounds it. As its population increased, it diminished its market-places and pent up its streets, at the sacrifice of space, regularity, and health. The houses, heaped up as they are one upon another, and smothered by the walls of the

fortification, present, from a distance, only the appearance of a prison.

The climate of the north of France, though without extremes of cold, is of a sullen sadness. Dampness, fogs, rains, and snow obscure the heavens, and freeze the earth during six months of the year. A thick and black smoke from the coal-fires, rising above each house, adds even more to the sombre appearance of this little town of the north.

I shall never forget the chilling impression of sadness I felt in passing over the draw-bridges which serve as its entrance. I asked myself, with a shudder, if it were possible there were beings who could be born and die here without knowing anything of the rest of the earth. There have been actually some destined to such a fate. But Providence, which has a hidden goodness in all the privations it imposes upon us, has bestowed upon the inhabitants of this town a need of labour—a necessity to acquire the means of living, that are wanting here—and so taken away from these poor disinherited children all time for observing whether their sky be lowering and without sun. They have no thought of what they never had. For my part, however, as I entered this sombre and smoke-begclouded city, I called to mind every day of sunshine that had gone to the measure of my life—all the hours I had passed in liberty, and the enjoyment of a pure sky; and I felt grateful at that moment for what I had always hitherto regarded as gifts equally common to all mankind—light, air, and a free horizon. I resided eighteen months in that small town, and was just beginning to murmur at so long a captivity, when what I am now about to tell you happened.

To reach one of the gates of the fortification, I was obliged, in taking my morning's walk, to go every day down a narrow little lane, that more resembled a ladder; for the earth had been dug out in the form of steps to render it easier of access. For a long time, as I traversed this steep and dark alley, my thoughts were in advance of my feet, and I thought only of the open country beyond, towards which I was making my way; but one day it happened that my eyes rested upon a poor dwelling, the only one that seemed to have inhabitants. It consisted only of a ground-floor, having two windows,

with a small door between them, and a garret above. The walls were painted of a deep gray colour, the windows stopped up with numerous panes of thick greenish glass—an obstacle through which the light of day could never pierce to brighten the interior of the dwelling. The lane, besides, was too narrow for the sun even to appear there, and a perpetual shade reigned on the spot, and made it always cold, whatever, elsewhere, might be the heat of the day.

In winter, when the snow was frozen on the steps of the alley, it was impossible to walk without risking a fall; and thus, so deserted had it become, I, perhaps, was the only person who once a day came up the lane. I never remember meeting a passenger, or seeing even a bird perched for an instant in the crevices of the wall. "It is to be hoped," I said to myself, "this mournful house has no inhabitants but such as are near the end of their existence, and whose aged bodies give them neither sorrow nor regrets. How terrible to be young in such a place!"

The humble dwelling was always in silence, not a sound of noise escaped from it, nought could be seen in motion about it. It was calm as the tomb; and every day I said to myself—"Who can possibly live there?"

Spring came. In this alley, ice was changed to dampness, then dampness gave way to dryness; next some blades of grass pushed themselves up at the foot of the walls. The corner of sky, a sight of which could be got at with some difficulty, became clearer. In a word, even in that dark passage the spring vouchsafed to throw a shadow of life. But the little house remained altogether without noise or motion about it.

Towards the month of June, I was taking my every-day walk as usual, when I saw—forgive the expression—I saw, with a feeling of profound regret, placed in a glass on the ledge of one of the windows in that house, a little bunch of violets.

To love flowers one must, if not actually young, have preserved some of the memories of youth; one must not be entirely absorbed in the matter-of-fact life; one must possess the delicious faculty of doing nothing without being idle—I mean, of living in dreams, memories, and hopes. In the enjoyment brought us by the perfume of a flower there is a certain delicacy of soul. It is a touch

of the ideal, a feeling of poesy gliding among the realities of life.

Whenever, in an existence poor and laborious, I see the love of flowers, my feel-

sities of life and the instincts of the soul. It seems to me as if I had a common language; that I am almost speaking with whoever cultivates a poor flower near the walls of his hut. On this day, then, that bunch of violets saddened me; it said, "There is one here who lives on, regretting air, sunshine, and happiness; some one who has a heart to feel what she is without; some one, in fact, so poor in enjoyments, that I am the joy of her life; I, this poor bouquet of violets."

I regarded these flowers with melancholy, and asked myself whether the darkness and the cold of this narrow lane would not quickly cause them to fade, since no breath of air could reach them. I felt interested in them. I wished to prolong their life for the person who loved them.

I came again next morning. The flowers had suffered from this day of a too lengthened existence. They had grown old, and their discoloured petals had shrunk within themselves. Doubtless they had still some slight perfume remaining, and care was taken of them. As I advanced, I saw the window was partially open. A ray—I will not say of the sun—but of the daylight, penetrated within the house, and made a luminous track over the floor of the chamber; but to the right and left the obscurity was only the more profound, and my eyes could distinguish nothing.

Next day I passed by again. It was almost a summer's morning—all the birds were singing—all the trees covered with buds; a thousand insects were humming in the air—all nature glistening in the sunlight. There was life in all around—almost a joy in every thing.

One of the windows of the humble house was wide open. I approached, and saw a woman seated at work near the window. The first look I cast on her added to the sadness already inspired by the aspect of her dwelling. I could not tell the age of this female. She was not pretty, or was no longer pretty. She was pale—in sickness or in sorrow—I could not tell which. All that could be said with certainty was, that her features were soft, that the absence of

freshness might arise from affliction, as well as number of years; that the paleness of her cheek, if it had not saddened her heart, would not have been without a charm by the side of a mass of raven hair. She was bending over her work—she was slender—or it might be thin. Her hands were white, but slightly bony and long. Her dress was brown, with a black apron, and a little white collar—all in harmony; the bouquet which had flourished during the day in the window, now lay almost concealed in a fold of her corsage, seemingly that nothing of its perfume might be lost.

She raised her eyes, and saluted me; I saw her better. She was still young—but had so nearly reached the moment when she would cease to be so any longer, that this lingering farewell of youth was saddening to see. She had evidently suffered, but probably without a struggle, without a murmur—almost without a tear. Silence, resignation, calmness, were impressed upon her countenance, but it was the calmness that follows death. I could imagine that she had experienced no shock, that her spirit had languished a long time—then became extinct; that it had not been broken, but bent—weighed down—then had fallen to the earth without noise, without being rent or torn up.

Yes, the look, the countenance, the attitude of the woman expressed all this. She was one of those persons who speak to you only with a look, and whom you can never forget if you have passed a second in their company. Every day, I found her in the same place. She bowed to me; next, after a time, she added a smile, sad and gentle, to her salute. This is all I know of the existence of this female, whom I saw constantly seated at her window.

On Sunday she did not work. It is my belief that she went out on that day, for on Monday there was a small nosegay of violets on her window; but these faded on the following days, and were not replaced until after the end of the week. I imagined, too, that she was almost in poverty, and that she worked in secret for a livelihood: for her embroidering was on fine and rich muslins, and I never observed any change in the humble simplicity of her toilet. Lastly, she was not alone in the house, for one day a voice called "Ursula," in a tone slightly commanding, and she rose up hur-

riedly. The voice was not that of a master—Ursula did not obey it as a servant obeys. There was a certain good-will and heartiness in the hurry with which she rose from her chair; and yet the voice had about it no expression of affection. I fancied that, possibly, she was not beloved by those with whom she lived, that they even treated her harshly, while her sad and gentle nature had attached itself to them without receiving anything in exchange.

Time rolled on, and every day I entered further into the existence of poor Ursula; yet I had no other means for divining her secrets than the passing once a-day before her open window.

I have already said that she smiled when she looked on me; moreover, during my walk I culled some flowers, and then one morning I laid them timidly, with a slight embarrassment, on Ursula's window. Ursula coloured up, then smiled yet more sweetly than usual. Every day, thenceforth, Ursula had a bouquet. By degrees I interspersed with the wild flowers some plants from my garden. There were bunches of flowers in the window, and flowers in the girdle of Ursula; in a word, there was spring, there was a summer for the little gray house.

It happened that, on my re-entering the town one evening, a shower of rain began to fall just as I was passing down this narrow pathway. Ursula hastened down to the door of her dwelling, opened it, took me by the hand, made me enter, and, when we were in the passage leading to the chamber she habitually inhabited, the poor girl seized both my hands, and with a look almost buried with tears, "Thank you," said she to me;—it was the first time we had spoken. I went in.

The apartment in which Ursula worked was what should have been the parlour of the house. Red tiles chilled the feet, and chairs of straw were the only seats in the chamber, the one end of which was furnished with two small tables. This room, from its length and narrowness, and being without other light than what the little window supplied from the street, was dark, cold, and damp.

Oh! what good reason had Ursula for sitting near the window to seek some small portion of air, some slender amount of light, to enable her to live! I could then

understand why the poor girl was so pale: it was not from the loss of her freshness—it was a freshness that had never existed. She was colourless like those plants that have grown in darkness.

In a dark corner of the room, on two arm-chairs, more comfortable than the others, I could see two persons, whom the obscurity had hitherto prevented my observing. These were an old man, and a woman almost his equal in age. This female was knitting at a distance from the window, and where she could not see: she was blind. The old man was doing nothing, but kept his eyes on her face with a fixed regard, and without intelligence. Alas! he had passed beyond the ordinary limits of life, and his body alone had existence; it was impossible to look at this poor old man without perceiving that he had fallen into second childhood.

It has been often said, that when life is prolonged, the soul, as if irritated by too long a captivity, endeavours to disengage itself from its prison, and in its struggle to be free, breaks those bonds by which the harmony of soul and body is established. It tenants its dwelling—it has not yet taken wing: but it is no longer where it ought to be.

This, then, was the hidden mystery of the little gray house, with its isolation, its silence, its obscurity: a blind woman, an aged imbecile, a poor young girl faded before her time—for her youth had been oppressed, crushed by the aged associations that surrounded her—by the old walls, which held her in as a captive.

Yet had Heaven made of Ursula a person of limited capacity, a bustling housewife, absorbed in the labours of the day, happy in what fatigued her, easily moved by trifles, and talking for the purpose of saying something! But here in this house even Heaven seemed to have forgotten this melancholy young girl, full of dreams and enthusiasm, guessing at life, having only a glimpse of its pleasures—loving it even for its sorrows. It had fashioned her spirit into an instrument, where every chord could send a delicious sound, and then condemned them all to be for ever silent.

Alas! the lot of Ursula was even yet more sad than I had imagined, when, seeing her paleness and her dependency, I believed she was suffering from severe misfor-

tune ; there was nothing in her life—nothing !

She had seen time bearing off, day by day, her youth, her beauty, her hopes, her life ; and nothing, always nothing,—silence—darkness !

I returned often to visit Ursula. Here is the story of her life, as she told it to me while sitting by her at the window :—

“I was born in this house and have never quitted it ; but my family is not from this part of the country—we are strangers, without connections, without friends. Even at their marriage my parents were already advanced in years. I never knew them as young people. My mother became blind ; that misfortune has given a mournful impression to her feelings. But our house was always so austere that I have never sung in it ; no one has ever seen happiness in it. My infancy was a silent one, for not the slightest noise was permitted. My parents’ caresses were very few ; still my parents loved me, though they never expressed to me their feelings. I judged of their hearts by my own. I loved them, and I concluded that they too loved me. Nevertheless, my life has not been always as sad as now. I had a sister.”

The eyes of Ursula were moistened with tears ; but they fell not on her cheek—they were so used to remain hidden in the heart of the poor girl. She went on.

“I had a sister who was older than myself. She was inclined to silence like my mother, but towards me compassionate, gentle, and affectionate. We loved one another much . . . and shared together the cares of providing for our parents. We never had the joy of a walk together in the wood or to the hill-top, for one of us always remained at home in the house to attend to our old father ; but she who went out brought back with her some branches of May-thorn, and would prattle to her sister of the sunshine, the trees, and the air ; so the other could fancy that she also had been out of doors. And then in the evening we sat working by one lamp ; not that we could chat, for our parents were sleeping by our sides ; but we could at least, on raising our eyes, each meet with a gentle smile in return on the face of the other. We went up to bed together, in the same chamber, nor ever slept until after a loving

voice had often repeated, “Good night, and a sweet slumber, sister.”

“Heaven should have left us together—is it not so ? . . . Yet I murmur not—Martha is happy, there, above !

“I know not whether it was the want of air and exercise, or, what is more likely, the want of happiness, that implanted in Martha the germs of disease ; but I could see her grow weak, languish, suffer. Alas ! I, alone, felt anxiety about her. My mother could not see her, and Martha never complained. As for my father, he was just about falling into that state of insensibility in which you now behold him. When I could prevail upon my sister to call in a physician, it was too late. He could do nothing more. She languished yet some time, and then she died.

“The evening of her death she made me sit by her bed-side ; and taking one of mine in her own trembling hands, ‘Adieu, my poor Ursula,’ said she. ‘I regret none on earth but you. Be of good courage—take care of our father and mother. They are worthy people, Ursula ; they love us, though they do not often tell us so. Be careful of your health for their sake—you must not die till after them. Adieu, my kind sister. Weep not too much—pray to God often . . . and good bye until we meet again, Ursula !’

“Three days afterwards they carried out my Martha, laid her in her coffin, and I was left alone with my parents.

“When I acquainted my blind mother with my sister’s death, she uttered a loud cry, took a few steps at random across the chamber, then fell on her knees. I approached, raised her, and led her back to her arm-chair. Thenceforth she neither cried out nor wept more ; only she became yet more silent than was her wont, and I could hear the beads of her chaplet passing oftener than usual through her fingers.

“I have scarcely anything more to tell you. My father fell entirely into second childhood. We lost a small portion of the small fortune which formed our means. I wished my parents not to feel this, nor was it difficult to deceive them, the one being without understanding, the other without sight. I employed myself in working at embroidery, and sold my work in secret. I have spoken with no one since the death of my sister. I love reading, but I have it not in my power to read ; I must work. I

never take the air but on Sunday, when I do not go far, for I am alone.

"Some years ago, when I was younger, I had many dreams here, at this window, while looking at the sky. I peopled my solitude with a thousand fancies, that served to shorten the length of the day. At last a kind of numbness dulled my faculties: I dreamt no more.

"So long as I was young and somewhat pretty, I had hopes of some chance—some, I knew not what, change in my destiny. But I am now twenty-five, and sadness, more than years, has faded my face. It is all over. I expect no more—I hope no more. I shall wear out here my solitary days.

"Do not think that I have always felt inclined to put up with bitter fate with resignation. No, there have been times when my heart revolted at growing old without loving; not to be loved, that may be possible—but not to love, that is a mortal wound. Must I avow it? I have murmured against Providence—I have entertained against it the most culpable sentiments of rebellion and reproach.

"But this internal tumult has passed away with my hopes. I think of the gentle words of Martha, 'Till I see you again, my sister!' and there remains no longer in my heart aught but a passive resignation, an humble self-denial. I pray often, and but seldom weep. And you, are you happy?"

I replied not to Ursula's question; to speak of happiness before her would have been to mention an ungrateful friend in the presence of those whom he had forgotten. On a fine morning in autumn, a few months after this, just as I was about to go out of my house to call on Ursula, a young lieutenant of a regiment in garrison at the little town where I was dwelling came to see me; and finding me about to go out, he offered me his arm, and walked with me towards Ursula's narrow alley. By chance I told him of the interest I felt in her; and as the young officer, whom men called Maurice D'Erval, appeared to be pleased with the subject, I walked the more slowly. By the time we had arrived at the gray house, I had told him all Ursula's story. He regarded her with a look of pity and interest, bowed to her, and departed. Ursula, disconcerted by the presence of a stranger, when she expected only to see me, slightly blushed. I know not whether

it was owing to this sudden animation of her complexion, or only because I wished it to be so, but the poor girl seemed to me almost pretty.

I cannot say what vague thoughts were crossing my mind. I fixed my looks on Ursula for a long time, and then, absorbed in my reflections, rose up, without speaking, and passing my hands over the bandeaux of her hair, I arranged them lower down on her pale cheeks. I took a little scarf of black velvet from my neck, to put it upon hers, and placed some flowers in her waist. Ursula smiled without comprehending me. The smile of Ursula always made me unhappy. There is nothing so sad as the smile of the unfortunate. They seem to smile for others, not for themselves.

Some days passed before I again saw Maurice D'Erval, many more before chance again led him with me near the gray house. But it came at last. It was on our return from a pleasure-excursion taken by a number of us together. The party dispersed on entering the town; and I took the arm of Maurice D'Erval, to make a call on Ursula. It was altogether out of reason, but I experienced an involuntary and lively emotion, and spoke no more, but formed a thousand dreams. It appeared impossible that the young officer should not divine my thoughts. I believed—I almost hoped—that he would comprehend my inward emotion; but, alas! it might be nothing of the kind—there are so many things that can be spoken only in words.

It was evening—one of those beautiful autumnal evenings—when all is calm and in repose; not a whisper of air moved the trees, tinged by the last rays of the setting sun with glorious colours. It was impossible not to fall into a gentle reverie in the presence of kind nature, who was at this hour hushing to sleep in her bosom every living thing but man, who woke to think. It was one of those moments when the soul becomes softened—when we feel better men—when our tears seem ready to fall, yet without sorrow.

I raised my eyes, and from the bottom of the street saw Ursula. A lingering ray of the sun sparkled on her window, and shone brilliantly on Ursula's head. It gave her black hair an unusual lustre; a slight flush of pleasure shot up in her eyes at seeing me, and she smiled the sad smile I

loved so much. Her black robe, falling in long folds, left no glimpse of her figure but where the girdle marked her waist—a waist which her thinness rendered very small and supple, and not devoid of grace. Violets, her favourite flowers, were fixed in her corsage.

There was something in the paleness of Ursula, her black dress, the sad-coloured flowers, and the ray of the setting sun which shone upon her, that harmonised with the beauty of nature on this evening, and the soft dreaminess of our feelings.

"Look at Ursula," said I to Maurice D'Erval, as I called his attention to the parlour window of the little house. He gazed at her, and then came on, with his eyes still fixed upon her. A look so earnest disconcerted the poor girl, who was still as timid as at fifteen, so that when we came up to her, her complexion was heightened by the most beautiful colours. Maurice D'Erval checked himself, exchanged a few words with us, and then withdrew. But, after this day, he frequently came back into the town by Ursula's leave; he got on so far as to say 'good day' to her. At last, one day, he went into the house with me.

There are souls so unaccustomed to hope, that they know not how to comprehend good when it comes. Enveloped in her sadness, in her disheartenment as regarded all things, like a thick veil, which concealed from her the outer world, Ursula saw nothing, understood nothing, troubled herself about nothing: she remained under the gaze of Maurice as she would have been under mine, depressed and resigned.

As for Maurice, I do not clearly know what passed within his mind. He was not in love, at least I think so; but the pity with which Ursula inspired him amounted almost to affection, even to devotion. The soul of this young man, who was slightly enthusiastic, and a dreamer, loved the atmosphere of sadness that reigned around Ursula. He went there, to her, to speak of the ills of life, to argue against its happiness, to speak only of its disappointments, without perceiving that while thus exchanging their griefs, there exhaled from their two souls, still young, a gentle sympathy, very closely resembling that happiness whose existence they were denying.

At last, some months after, on another evening, on the borders of a forest, as we were walking in the middle of an uncul-

tivated heath, at some distance from our friends, Maurice said to me: "Is not the greatest happiness in the world the making another happy? Is it not a joy to confer so immense a boon? To devote yourself to one who, without you, would have known nought but the tears of life, is surely preferable to the most brilliant destiny. To rouse again feelings which have slept under depressing circumstances, and awaken them to the sunshine of happiness. Is not this a beautiful dream?"

I gazed on him with anxiety, a tear sparkling in my eyes.

"Yes," he said, "ask Ursula for me, if she will marry me."

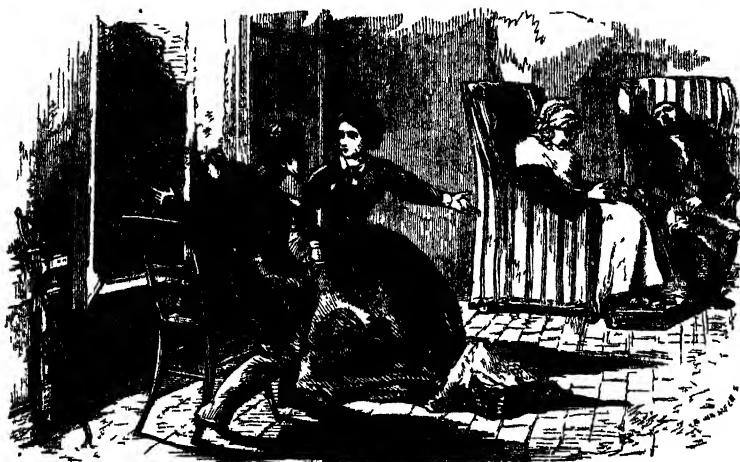
A cry of joy was my only reply, and I hurried towards the dwelling of the poor girl.

When I reached Ursula, she was, according to her usual habit, seated at work, and almost in a doze. Her loneliness, the absence of all noise, the want of any thing to interest her, had actually sent her spirit to sleep. This was one of the chief blessings vouchsafed to her by heaven. She suffered no longer. Those only should pity this, her motionless existence, who have not had their share of life and youth. She smiled on seeing me. This was the grand and chief movement of that poor paralyzed soul. I had no fear of giving a violent shock to this suffering organisation, of striking her with too abrupt an excitement of happiness. I was desirous of ascertaining whether life was only absent, or entirely extinct.

"Ursula," I said, "Maurice D'Erval has charged me to ask if you are willing to become his betrothed."

The poor girl was as if struck by a thunderbolt. On the instant, tears sprang to her eyes; and through this humid veil her looks sparkled; her blood, so long arrested in its course, now hurrying through her veins, diffused over her whole person a roseate tint, and covered her cheeks with the most brilliant colours. Her bosom heaved, leaving scarcely passage for her oppressed respiration; her heart beat violently, her hands convulsively pressed mine. Ursula was no longer asleep; she had awoken. As the voice of God said to the dead child: "Rise up and walk," so Love had said to Ursula, "Awake!"

The love of Ursula was sudden. Her love had, perhaps, been thus far, a secret to herself as well as others. At this moment the veil fell, and she knew she loved.



URSULA AND MAURICE D'ERVAL.

After a few moments she passed her hand over her forehead, and said in a low voice, "No, it is not possible!"

I could only repeat the same phrase:—"Maurice D'Erval wishes to know if you will become his wife;" so as to accustom Ursula to this assemblage of words, which, as certain harmonious notes from a chord, sounded to the poor girl like a melody to which she was a stranger.

"His wife!" she repeated with ecstasy; "his wife!" Then hurrying to her mother's chair—"Mother," said she, "do you hear? He asks me to be his wife!"

"My daughter," replied the blind old woman, as she sought to take Ursula's hand—"my much-loved daughter, Heaven must sooner or later reward your virtues."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Ursula, "what a day is this for me! *His wife! my much-loved daughter!*" She then threw herself on her knees, her hands clasped together, her face bathed in tears.

At this moment a step was heard in the little passage.

"It is he," cried Ursula. "Oh, Heaven!" she added, placing both her hands upon her breast; "this then is life!"

I went out by the side door, and left Ursula, beautiful in her tears, her emotion,

and her happiness, to receive Maurice D'Erval alone.

From this day Ursula became another creature. Her spirit rose, she was reanimated, grew young again, under the sweet influence of happiness. She recovered even more than the beauty she had lost. There was about her a sort of radiancy from within, that imparted to her countenance an undefinable expression of joy under a veil. Happiness in her partook of her original disposition; it was silent, calm, enthusiastic, and mysterious. Thus Maurice, who had fallen in love with a woman sitting in the shade, pale and disenchanted of life, experienced little change in the colours of the picture that had taken his fancy, even though Ursula was happy.

They spent the long evenings side by side in the little parlour on the ground-floor, with no other light than the moonbeams that could just fall through the open window, speaking little, but often gazing on each other, and dreaming together.

Ursula loved with candour and simplicity. She said to Maurice,—"I am happy, and I have you to thank for it."

Their happiness required neither the sunshine, nor the open air, nor space. The little gray house was their only witness.

Ursula was constant to her work, and remained near her parents. But if her person occupied and did not move from the same place as before, her soul had taken to itself wings, was free, resuscitated, beaming from her; the walls of that narrow dwelling no longer confined it—it had taken its soaring flight. Thus does the gentle magic of hope not only embellish the future, but takes possession even of the present; and by its all-powerful glass, changes the aspect of all things! That house had been for twenty years mournful and sombre . . . but one single feeling glided into the heart of a woman, and it became a palace! Oh, dream of hope! if ye must always be fleeting as the golden clouds across the sky, yet pass ye, pass ye over our life. He who has not known you is a thousand times poorer than he who has to regret you . . . So rolled on for Ursula a time of supreme happiness.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF CABINET-WORK AT GORE HOUSE.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

WRITING APPARATUS.

To the best of our recollection, one of the Paston letters gives the earliest indication of the use of writing-desks among the nobility and gentry. "I pray you," says John Paston to his brother, "that Pitt may truss in a mail (trunk), which I left in your chamber in London, my tawny gown, furred with black, and the doublet of purple satin, and the doublet of black satin, and my writing-box of cypress, &c." This was written in the middle of the year 1475. The writing-desk of cypress-wood could not have been a common article at that period, for by far the greater part of the nobles still maintained the old prejudices in favour of the ancient mode of nurture, and preferred exercise of the body to mental endowment. Such was the opinion of a person of high rank, who said to Richard Pace, Secretary to Henry VIII., "It is enough for the sons of noblemen to wind their horns and carry their hawk fair, and leave study and learning to the children of meaner people."

In earlier times there were other causes for the neglect of writing than the contempt expressed for it in the above quotation. "If a Northumbrian baron," says Sir F. Palgrave, in describing the state of nobility

in the middle ages, "wished to inform his spouse in Yorkshire of his joys or his sorrows, his trial or his woe, the message noted down from Romance into Latin by the chaplain of the noble, was read from the Latin into Romance by the chaplain of the lady, both the principals being ignorant of the language in which their anxieties and sentiments were clothed and concealed."

Under such circumstances it does not create our surprise that both news and knowledge were greatly retarded in the olden time; that the growth of commercial intercourse was stunted, and that the people were rendered incapable of acquiring the most common, yet necessary species of information.

The principal article in the Goré House Exhibition, which has called forth these few remarks, is a "Writing Table, with cabinet and pendule, in buhl" (No. 48). Its date is the latter part of the seventeenth century. It belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch. It is a very fine and imposing example of "buhl." The arms and cipher, M. E., and Electoral insignia, prove the piece to have been made for Maximilian Emmanuel, third Elector of Bavaria, born 1662, died 1726, and who was Elector from 1679 till his decease. Although some of the ornamental enrichments have a German character, there is no doubt but this noble piece of furniture is of Parisian manufacture. The two small vases, mounted in or-molu, are of oriental cracklin-china, the mountings being of most elegant French workmanship.

No. 25 is a "Sécrétaire," or writing-table with drawers, ebony "en marqueterie." Its date is about 1700. It is a good example of workmanship in inlaying. Another Writing-table, with drawers, in walnut and holly, is marked 26. The inlaid ornamentation of this piece of furniture is exceedingly elaborate. No. 33 is another "Sécrétaire" in ebony and or-molu. But the most remarkable piece is the writing-table (marked 69) belonging to her Majesty, and brought from Windsor Castle. It is probably one of the earliest specimens of genuine "Buhl" work extant; it is, moreover, specially remarkable in the point of view of art. It will be observed that the true capabilities of this style of metal inlaying has been perfectly understood, and intelligently carried out in this instance; the play of surface, and the variety of curvature

A FAMILY COUNCIL.

seen in different parts of the work are admirably designed to show off to advantage the rich materials employed; from whatever position the piece is regarded, we notice a brilliant and lustrous effect produced by the play of light on the polished metal; whilst the mingling of silver, brass, copper, tortoise-shell and enamel produces beautiful tones of colour. André Charles Boulle (or Buhl), (born 1642, died 1732), the celebrated artist to whom we attribute this work, was a famous manufacturer of *Mobilier d'Art* during the reign of Louis XIV., with the title of "tapisserieur en titre au roi," an office of some importance, which appears to have assumed an entirely honorary signification, having been previously held and ennobled by the celebrated dramatic poet Molière. There can be little doubt that the peculiar style of inlaid furniture in question was originally invented by Buhl, and it is equally certain that his manufactory was carried on for many years by himself, and his sons or nephews; indeed, it is probable that the greater part of the fine early specimens are the actual works of this family of industrial artists. A celebrated designer for this kind of work was J. Bérain, "dessinateur des menus-plaisirs du roi," where style is to be recognised in many of the pieces in this collection.

There is but one more article belonging to the class of articles mentioned in this paper, and that is an Inkstand, in Buhl, sent by the Queen, from Windsor. Its date is about the year 1720.

* Among the miscellaneous articles in the Exhibition, pre-eminent is No. 23. It is called in the catalogue, an "Artist's Colour Box;" and is said to have belonged to Rubens. Its present possessor is E. W. Cooke, Esq., A.R.S.A., of Kensington. From the style of the brass mountings it appears probable that this box is of Oriental origin; it has evidently been altered and converted to its present purpose at an after period, the brass escutcheons on the drawers being of European workmanship. An inscription engraved on a brass plate on the inside of the lid is as follows:—"This box came from Antwerp, and belonged to P. P. Rubens; it was purchased by R. Cosway, Esq., R.A., principal painter to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; he used it for many years as his colour box. Maria Cosway, his widow, presents it to Sir Thomas Lawrence, prin-

cipal painter to His Majesty George IV., President of the Royal Academy, &c. 1822."

No. 110 is a curious "Music Stand." It is in the Venetian Rococo style; and its date is about 1740. C. Baring Wall, Esq., is the owner.

A FAMILY COUNCIL.

HOW TO BE AMUSED.

"WHAT a stupid day I have had," said Charles Falconer to his elder sister, as the family circle assembled in the drawing-room after dinner. "It has poured the whole morning, and I never could get farther than the garden; we should have had a nice cricket match at Gordon's if it had not been for this tiresome weather. I wonder what you girls have been doing with yourselves?"

"I was engaged during my usual walking time, with a very pleasant old acquaintance," replied Jane, to whom the speech had been addressed.

"Why, who could venture out to pay a visit, such a day as this?" asked Charles. "If I had known, I would have come in; any change would have been pleasant."

"I did not say that it was a visitor," returned Jane; "on the contrary, it is an acquaintance I can always see, when I want a change."

"Oh!" cried Louisa, a lively little girl of eleven; "I know what Jane means; it's a book—she recommended one to me when I was idle the other day, waiting for Fanny Desbrowe to come and spend the evening with me; she told me it was better than any live visitor, for that I could have as much or as little as I liked of it; that if it told me of any errors, I should not feel half as much ashamed as I do when I am reprimanded, and yet, that if I look the right way, it may help me as well as a friend to cure my faults."

"Capital!" said Charles, laughing; "capital advocate, indeed, for books. But, Jane dear, what have you to say when books are stupid?"

"Only that you do not look the right way, I suppose," said another brother, Edward, looking up from the volume he was reading.

"Not quite that," answered Jane. "I should tell you, Charlie, to think first of something you really want to know, and

then you are sure to feel a pleasure in searching it out."

"I don't think I want to know any thing particularly," replied Charles; but this raised such a general laugh at his expense, that he added, by way of explanation, "that is—I mean—I suppose I shall learn at school all that is necessary—I work there hard enough, and I do like to have nothing to do in the holidays—I can't read at home."

"Why not?" inquired his mother quietly.

"Oh! because there's never any thing funny here."

"We must not confuse fun with amusement," resumed his mother; "both are well in their proper places; but you would not like fun always."

"Yes, I should," muttered Charles hastily; having a very strong suspicion he was wrong, but unwilling to acknowledge it.

"Oh, Charles," cried Louisa, "don't you remember when I read you *Ondine* and the *Vision of Mirza*, after you had been ill, and you said how much they amused you? I'm sure there's no fun in them."

"And Shakspeare's *Tempest*, or the *Merchant of Venice*; the enjoyment of them is not from the fun," added Jane.

Charles acknowledged this; and after thinking a moment, resumed: "We take all sorts of amusing books at school, and it is such a scramble when a new number comes out. It's capital fun."

"The new number, or the scramble?" asked Edward.

"Both, perhaps," said Charles, laughing.

"I know I never enjoy any books besides."

"Is not this feeling a proof that they are not wholesome food?" said his mother, kindly. "You know I do not object to books of amusement, but can those be good for you which prevent your taking pleasure in any thing which those shelves can produce?" looking at a large and handsome bookcase, which ornamented one side of the room.

"Oh, mamma! every one allows that they are very good," exclaimed Charles.

"So is honey, my dear; and yet there are many with whom it does not agree—so is a whipped cream; but if it prevented you from eating any thing else at dinner, you would not much approve of it."

"But that's such a different thing," cried Charles and Louisa at once.

"Different, it is true, but the cases are

parallel," returned their mother. "Your mind and your body are two parts of you, and (it may be to prevent our making any mistake as to their management) they require to be treated exactly according to the same principles and rules."

The party pursued this subject with great spirit; some remarking the parallel, some starting difficulties, and others answering them. At last Charles exclaimed, "I've found a difference you cannot answer. There was a time when there were no books, and the mind was obliged to live without food. Now the body could not exist without a supply."

"True," said Mr. Falconer, who had hitherto listened in silence; "but at the time there were no books, there was a substitute—men lived to so great an age that they gave by word of mouth the information we receive from history. The food for the body was then as much less varied than the viands we now possess, as the food for the mind, I have no doubt; besides, we are not saying that the mind is only fed by books, any more than that the body only exists on what it eats; the breath is quite as necessary for the body's life as the meat; and other studies than that of books conduce to the health of the mind. We were only saying that the nourishment from books and from meat is very proper for the healthy growth of those parts of us to which they are adapted."

"I can't fancy myself living at a time when there were no books to look at," said little Louisa. "I liked the pictures long before I could read."

"And what should you think, if, instead of a pretty book bound in scarlet, you had a great roll to unwrap and read all along it?" asked Edward.

"What! like my Stream of Time, or chronological chart, or the great map of England that hangs in the school-room? What an unwieldy uncomfortable thing it would be."

"Yet that is the first form of books that we know," said Mr. Falconer.

"I thought they were small narrow leaves made of the papyrus," said Jane. "It has often struck me as very strange, that almost the most fragile thing we know, a leaf we see decay every year, a reed shaken by the wind, should have been made capable of preserving all the ancient information we possess."

"There were, besides the rolls of papyrus, various kinds of books," said her father. "Herodotus mentions that the Ionians used skins when the papyrus was scarce; and he even suggested that books with leaves were known in very early times. In a life of Homer, ascribed to Herodotus, I believe, it is said that the Iliad was first called a *rhapsody*—which word is derived from two Greek ones, meaning, 'I stick,' or 'sow,' and a 'song'—and it has been believed that the Iliad was sewn together as our books are; this, however, must be uncertain, as there are no remains of the kind. The ancients used also tablets of wax, which were written on by a metal instrument called a style; it was pointed at one end and flat at the other, in order to smooth down the tablet when any erasure was required. Pausanias relates that a book by Hesiod was written on leaves of lead; and Virgil tells of one made of the inner bark of the elm."

"I see in the newspaper," said Charles, "that in Germany they talk of printing books for children on linen."

"Yes," returned his father; "but this is no new thought. Pliny mentions linen books; and the Greeks of the middle ages had books of cotton, which they called *Bombikine*, and the Latins, *Chartæ Bombicæ*."

"Did they hang their books on the walls, as we do our maps?" asked Louisa.

"No; when the manuscripts were put on the roller, the outside was smoothed with pumice-stone, and painted, in order that it might present an agreeable appearance; the title was written on a label, in red letters if the subject was cheerful, and fastened to one end of the roll; it was anointed with oil of cedar, and placed in a box of cypress-wood, to preserve from moths. A painting discovered at Herculaneum represents a muse, with such a box full of books, placed upright in the box, the labels exposed to view."

"I suppose, Charles," said Louisa, "if you were in one of these old libraries, you would read all those with red labels first?"

"I daresay I might look for some old Dickens in vermilion," replied he.

"Is not the word volume, which we still retain, derived from the *rolling* of these ancient books?" asked Jane.

"Oh!" interrupted Louisa; "and I wanted to ask if style, by which we mean the form of expression, is derived from the

pointed pen used by the ancients. How droll that it should so change its meaning."

"You are both right," said Mr. Falconer; "and if you seek you will find many words which have had the same fate. Writing, for instance, means both the hand-writing and composition; and *rhapsody*, which we mentioned before, is now only used for a composition stuck together without proper connection."

"I daresay books were called *writings* when people wrote all that was read," said Louisa.

"Before the invention of printing I suppose you mean," interrupted Charles, somewhat sarcastically. "Some one still writes all that is read."

"Every book we read must have been once written, 'tis true," interrupted Jane; "but it is with a meaning far from literal that we now call books, writings. I suppose," she added inquiringly, "that there were in ancient times regular scribes to copy works, in the same way as was done by the monks in the middle ages?"

"Yes. Charles will tell you that we may infer from an expression in Horace ('Go, boy, and write this quickly in a book'), that servants were sometimes secretaries. Æsop, we know, was at once an author and a slave; and Cornelius Nepos gives reason to believe that the slaves of Pomponius Atticus had a literary education."

"What are the oldest books known?" asked Charles.

"The oldest manuscripts preserved," said his father, "are those discovered in the Egyptian crypts, where mummies were deposited, and in Herculaneum and Pompeii. It was common to place books in temples to insure their preservation. There are (as you need not be told) many references in Holy Scripture to rolls or writings, and to their being placed in the Temple; but it is a fact worthy of note, that all those have disappeared, and that our most ancient specimens of writing have been found underground."

"That is because moderns go to the root of the matter," said Charles, laughing.

"Well! these books are vegetable productions," added Louisa.

"Perhaps," said Edward, "you will say it is as strange that our mineral books are often above ground."

"Mineral books! what can you mean?" cried Louisa.

"Inscriptions ; many of which are now deciphered by the learned. The rocks in those parts of Asia and Africa which were inhabited in the early ages of the world, are full of them. In the range of the mountains of Sinai they are in such quantities, that it is supposed they must have been engraven by the Israelites during their sojourn in the desert. Very interesting researches are making on this subject; and if, as is believed, they help to confirm or elucidate any part of Scripture, we may call them mineral books of the greatest importance."

"That is indeed wonderful," said Charles. "It is almost awful to think that we can look on words traced by human hands which have been near four thousand years in the grave. I suppose they had no paper when they climbed up the rocks to inscribe their chronicles in the hard stone. It is strange to fancy the difference between these tribes, *hammering* at their work, and a modern printing-press, where sheet after sheet is rolled off with such enviable quickness."

"And as an intermediate picture," said Edward, "we may imagine a company of monks writing and illuminating their manuscripts. Can't you fancy the Scriptorium, a comfortable room with plenty of benches and tables, an old monk, every now and then, going to the fire to dry his page; the Calligraphers writing at a moderate pace, the Tachygraphers—"

"The what?" exclaimed Louisa. "Oh, do not, pray, use such hard words."

"I cannot help it in this case," resumed Edward; "they were the names given to the writers: the *Calligraphers* were those who wrote well, the *Tachygraphers* those who wrote fast."

"I should certainly have been a Tachygrapher," said Charles, taking one of his sister's knitting needles, and humorously pretending to scribble at a rapid rate.

"I think," said Jane, "I would have tried to be something of both."

"I should have been an Illuminator," said Edward; "I have always admired the beautiful designs of the initial letters and borders on the old manuscripts."

"And besides these," said Mr. Falconer, "there was the *Chryseographer*, who wrote golden letters, and the *Cryptographer*, or writer of secrets."

"If they had such secrets, I wonder they wrote them at all," said Louisa.

"A secret, as you know the proverb says, is too much for one, and enough for two," answered her father; "therefore, if it was to be communicated to any one at a distance, it was necessary to write."

"Then every one must have been his own cryptographer," said Charles, "or the secret would, according to the conclusion of the proverb, have been '*nothing for three*.'"

"Certainly people had better keep their own secrets if they have them," observed Mrs. Falconer; "but I believe very few are necessary for the honest-minded."

"When was the form of books changed from the roll to the present shape?" asked Jane.

"The use of parchment instead of papyrus probably suggested the alteration," answered her father.

"And that I know was first made at Pergamum," said Louisa.

"And derived its name from that place," added Mr. Falconer. "I believe the Greek Christians of the Lower Empire are the first who substituted stitched books for the papyrus rolls. Perhaps the reed was not easily obtained when the Saracens overran so large a portion of the East."

"So then books became an animal instead of a vegetable production," observed Louisa.

"But now it is vegetable again," said Charles. "All paper, you know, is made from our cotton rags."

"Much is now manufactured from straw," said Mr. Falconer.

"I should describe a book as a compound of the animal, vegetable, and mineral," suggested Edward. "There is the vegetable paper, the calves-skin or Russian leather binding, and the gold which ornaments it."

"Well! what changes there are," moralised Louisa. "The first books often mineral—then always vegetable—then quite animal when they had parchment leaves—and now there's a bit of all."

The entrance of tea interrupted the conversation. After a few remarks, Charles concluded with: "I must say we've had both fun and amusement about books, and I have learnt some things I am glad to know. Jane, the next wet day you shall introduce me to some of your old acquaintance."

VEILS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

In taking the Veil for our subject, we have no intention of limiting our notice of it to its vulgar use, nor, though its texture be true Brussels-point, or Honiton, pausing to sing its praises, still less to become sentimental over the ascetic ceremonies in which we occasionally find it figuring at both extremes of the Town—Bermondsey and Belgravia, to go no farther—but we shall offer a few plain words upon its whereabouts and purposes, from its first modest appearance in the hands of Rebekah, to its presence on some modern *chapeau de paille*.

From the remotest period of history (subsequent to the deluge) we find the Veil in existence, and only a little less essential to the daughters of the patriarchs than to the women of the East at the present day, when no one of reputation goes abroad without one.

We say only less essential, for the fair daughter of Bethel wore none when Eliezer of Damascus met her at the well without Nabor; and it is expressly said, that at the approach of Isaac she took a veil and covered herself—a proof that they were not then constantly worn out of doors, nor in the presence of men. Now, the most important part of an eastern woman's dress is the veil, with which they cover their faces the moment one of the other sex comes near. "Not even a Greek woman," says Miss Pardoe, "in the 'City of the Sultan,' stirs abroad without flinging a long white veil over her gaily turban."

Unfortunately for the curious in these matters, the material of the Hebrew ladies' veils are not as easily decided, as the fact of their wearing them. Occasionally we learn from inference that they were sufficiently large to cover the person, and so thick as to conceal it—that of Ruth, which held six measures of barley, must have been of this description; but besides these opaque veils, transparent ones were sometimes worn by Jewish women, as we gather from Solomon's expression in the Canticles (the beauty of which is lost in the English translation), "Thine eyes are like those of doves within thy veil;" and as lace is distinctly spoken of by Moses in the description of the sacerdotal vestments, and as we read that the Egyptians possessed the art of preparing

a gauze so delicately light and thin as to obtain the name of "woven air," in all probability veils of such fabrics were occasionally worn. At a later period of Hebrew history it was customary for young girls at twelve years of age to wear a kind of veil called "Oralia," which covered the head and mouth; and with the idea of timid modesty engendered by this habit, how infinitely pathetic becomes the exclamation of the dove-eyed maiden in Solomon's song, "The keepers of the walls took away my veil from me."

Isaiah speaks of veils and mufflers; and other authorities tell us, that the short veil, or kerchief, richly wrought, was sometimes worn by the women of this nation.

At present the materials of the "yashmac," or veil, as well as the manner of wearing it, varies in different parts of the Turkish Empire. "In Constantinople," says the lady traveller before referred to, "it is bound over the mouth, and, in most instances, over the lower part of the nose, and concealed upon the shoulders by the 'feridjhe.'" In Asia, on the contrary, it is simply fastened, in most cases, under the chin, and is flung over the mantle, hanging down the back like a curtain. In the capital the yashmac is made of fine thin muslin, through which the painted handkerchief and diamond pins that confine it can be distinctly seen, and arranged with a coquetry perfectly wonderful. At Broussa it is composed of thick cambric, and bound so tightly about the head that it looks like a shroud.

The most curious circumstance with which we find our subject associated in the East, is the use to which it was put by the impostor Hakem ben Haschem, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, whom D'Harblot tells us was called Mokaman, from a veil of silver, or as some say, golden gauze, which he never put off, lest, as his disciples were made to believe, he should, like another Moses, dazzle those who approached him, *par l'éclat de son visage*.

In classic Greece and Rome, before refinement became lost in luxury, the simple elegance of the veil constituted, besides the Eden adornment of flowers, the only head-dress of their women; now falling in loose folds over the face, a screen as modest as it was graceful, or lightly undulating in the wanton wind, a sufficient protection from sunshine, and even showers,

The veil appears to have been early introduced in the mystic ceremonies of the religion of the Ancients; the vestal virgins wore it, and many ancient representations exist of females so veiled in the act of sacrificing. Hence it is to trace it from the temple to the church; from the virgin votaries of Vesta, the mother of the gods, to the female devotees of later times.

Women, amongst the early Christians, wore veils during divine worship, a propriety on which St. Paul very earnestly insists. But we read that in the age following the Flavian dynasty, some ladies, vain of their charms, and desirous of admiration, managed to evade the rule by wearing veils of some kind of net-work, *vela reticulata*, with patterns embroidered on them with the needle, a description which reads very like an anticipation of modern lace veils.

It is curious in reference to this branch of our subject, to notice the appropriation of the veil to priestesses, and its subsequent use during the religious observances of the primal Christians, that the sixth Canon ascribed to St. Patrick, 444, or according to Usher and Harris, 454, expressly forbids the wife of a priest to appear abroad except veiled.

Mythology as well as history claims a part in our subject. Modesty, mythically treated, was represented by the figure of a maiden veiled to the feet. And it was the blood-stained veil of Thisbe, smeared by the gory lips of the lion in her path, and dropped in her flight, that led the unhappy Pyramus to destroy himself, and ended in the after death of Thisbe, and the fabled change of colour in the fruit of the mulberry tree beneath which they died.

The fashion of the bridal veil doubtless found its way to the Greeks from the East, where the husband sees his wife for the first time on its removal; and few images appear to us more beautiful than that which a Greek girl must have presented at her betrothal, covered like another Pudecitia, with her filmy veil, and crowned with white lilies mingled with ears of corn.

Upon turning to the costumes of our own nation, we find that the Anglo-Saxon women are never depicted without the coverchief or veil, which consisted of a long piece of linen or silk, and was occasionally confined round the head by a band of gold worn over it. Sometimes it was worn loose, and then the wearer is represented walking.

Veils of cloth of gold, even at this early period, are met with, like that which we see in Planché's representation of Etheldrytha, a Princess of East Anglia, copied from a splendid Benedictional of the tenth century, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

In the reign of Henry III., veils of this costly fashion were frequent; and in all probability that of Isabel, the king's sister, which Mathew Paris tells us she took off on her first appearance in this country that the people might see her face, was of golden tissue. Needle-work was also much in vogue, and veils embroidered in silk were extremely popular. The gorget muffler and wimple were but the veil under so many different modifications of the manner of wearing it.

Anything more ugly than this first transformation can scarcely be imagined, wrapped two or three times round the throat and pinned up as high as the mouth. The muffler, also, was fastened over the mouth and chin—in a way, however, which allowed of Sir Hugh Evans, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," discovering Falstaff's beard beneath it, when making his escape from the wrath of Ford in the likeness of the fat woman of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford: "My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above."

Mrs. Page: "On my word it will serve him—she's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat and her muffler too—run up, Sir John."

In the "Romance of the Rose," the distinction between the veil and the wimple is clearly pointed out.

"Wearing a vaille instead of wimple,
As nunnas do in ther abbey."

Walker defines wimple "a hood or veil;" but Sir Walter Scott, and other antiquaries, have shown that it was a perfectly distinct article from the first. In the charming description of the Lady Heron, which few who have read can forget, Sir Walter sings—

"Her wimple, and her hood, untied,
And both for heat were laid aside."

Surely nothing can be more distinct than this—the wimple bore the same relation, to the hood that the veil does to the bonnet; and in this opinion all researchers on the subject are agreed.

In the meanwhile the old Anglo-Saxon coverchief continued to be worn by the poorer classes, not, however, as a veil, but as the kerchief is still worn by aged women in Ireland; its form had altered, and, simple

as it was, fell under the restrictions on dress enacted in the time of Henry VIII.; and we find it duly ordered that no wives of servants, or labouring men, should wear any coverchief of more than twelve pence the "plite" or square. When we first alluded to it, our readers will remember it was in the form of a long piece of silk or linen.

In the succeeding reign, the fashion of the veil, or rather of its material, appears to have been as varied, or more so, than in the time of Queen Victoria; veils of cypress, with stripes of gold and silver, of gauze, and of lawn edged with lace, are mentioned. And Stubbs, in his strictures on the dress of this period, exclaims:—"Then must they have their silk scarfs cast about their faces, and fluttering in the wind, with great tassels at every end, either of gold, or silver, or silk, which they say they have, to keep them from sun burning." At court, it would appear that not even the *great tassels* were thought sufficient restraint on the naturally airy movements of this elegant appendage, and they were accordingly artificially circumscribed by the application of wire. In the portrait of Elizabeth at Hatfield, she is represented wearing a long distended gauze veil. And we find, on referring to that melancholy tragedy at Fotheringay, that on the morning of her execution, Mary, Queen of Scots had on a head-dress of lawn, edged with bone-lace, and above that a veil of the same, *bowed out with wire*, and her cuffs similar, so that the veil no longer flew abroad, or assumed new forms of gracefulness with every motion of the wearer, but partook of the stiff and heavy character which appears to stamp indelibly the dress of the virgin queen. In the course of the next half century, the wearing of lace, which had been introduced from Italy at the court of France by the Queen-Mother, Mary de Medicis, must have considerably affected the beauty and richness of the veil, for the manufacture of this elegant material rapidly improved under courtly patronage; and the bone-lace of the reigns of Elizabeth and James bears no comparison, in fineness of texture and delicacy of design, to the pillow-lace of the time of the Charleses.

Thenceforth this fabric appears to have been the prevailing material of the veil; and with some variations of form, from the

square or nun's veil, as it was called, to the short veil, and, later still, the "fall," has continued in vogue to our own times. Veils of crape, of gauze, of blond, and of net, have continued more less in favour; and every spring sees the rustic straw bonnet and simple veil of green, blue, or brown gauze predominating at the spas and seaside. As the summer advances, those of Brussels lace and Honiton prevail, and with the fall, black veils come into fashion; and later still (at least it so happened in the recent severe winter), veils of Shetland wool, so exquisitely delicate in texture and beautiful in pattern as to rival lace, make their appearance.

In Edinburgh the leaders of *bon ton* have for some seasons patronized this fabric, which is as light, and much warmer, than the usual description of veil.

When Richard Twiss, Esq., published his "Travels through Spain," in 1773, he observes of the ladies of Cadiz and elsewhere, that when they have occasion to walk in the streets they are covered with a black silk veil, and are then called *tapadas*; but this form of our subject, which is assumed as a sort of incognito, is not to be confused with the graceful mantilla, which is of black lace, worn over a high comb, and arranged with consummate grace or exquisite coquetry, and so as to suggest, rather than disclose the charms of the wearer.

One of the prettiest uses of the veil in Catholic countries is its appearance on *fete days*, covering the heads of the little girls who walk in the processions, or on the occasion of a first communion, when each little white-clad form has her toilet finished with perhaps the bridal veil of her mother, or grandmother. In our own country, something approaching this is seen at the ceremony of confirmation; but as the wearing of the veil on these occasions is rather a matter of taste than of conventionality, the effect, for want of uniformity, is less imposing.

But we must pause in our gossip, not from any weariness of the subject, or lack of material, but lest the editorial scissors, which have been menacing us for the past five minutes, should, in its adjustment of columns and pages, think fit to reduce the fair proportions of our paper, after the fashion of Procrustes, by cutting it down to a requisite standard of length.

THE LOVING STARS.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

BEAUTIFUL are ye Stars of Night,
Shining above, on your thrones of light,
Over a world of sorrow :
Heralds of love and peace to those
Wearied and sad with their weight of woes,
Ushering them at the midnight's close
Into a sunnier morrow !

No marvel that men in times of old,
Many a destiny should unfold,
Writ in your gentle beaming !
The thoughtful spirit can wing its way
Far in the region of each bright ray,
Leaving the world and its changeable day,
Of Paradise sweetly dreaming !

The hearth may lack its accustomed guest,
And we may mourn for a friend at rest ;
But gazing awhile above us,
In the jewels of night we yet could trace
The lines familiar of each dear face,
Of those, who in yonder dwelling-place
Still in their glory love us !

BE MERRY AND WISE.

A SMILE on the face, and kind words on the tongue,
Will serve you as passports all nations among ;
A heart that is cheerful, a spirit that's free,
Will carry you bravely o'er life's stormy sea.
Talk not of fortune, talk not of fate—
We make our own troubles, however we prate !
This world would be honey where now it is gall,
Were we but contented and merry withal !
In the midst of our song, in the midst of our cheer,
We gratefully will our Creator revere ;
And for ever and aye will the grand secret prize,
That unless we are merry, we cannot be wise.

TO THE ROSE.

THE star of love on evening's brow hath smiled,
Showering her golden influence with her beam ;
Hush'd is the ocean wave, and soft and mild
The breathing zephyr ; lull'd is every stream,
Placid and gentle as a vestal's dream ;
The bard of night, the angel of the spring,
O'er the wild minstrels of the grove supreme,
Near his betrothed flower expands his wings ;
Wake, lovely rose, awake, and hear thy poet sing !
The night is past ; awake—Queen of every flower,
Breathing the soul of spring in thy perfume ;
The pearls of morning are thy wedding dower,
Thy bridal garment is a robe of bloom !
Wake, lovely flower ! for now the winter's gloom
Hath wept itself in Summer dew away ;
Wake, lovely flower ! and bid thy smiles assume
A kindred brightness with the rosy ray
That streaks the floating clouds with the young
blush of day.

THE OWL.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell ;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk,—he's abroad and well !
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him ;
All mock him outright, by day ;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away !
O, when the night falls, and roosts the owl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl !

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom ;
And with eyes like the shine of the moonstone sold
She awaiteth her ghastly groom !
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still ;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill !
Oh, when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl !

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight !
The owl hath his share of good :
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark green wood !
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,
They are each unto each a pride—
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside !
So, when the night falls and dogs do howl,
Sing, Ho ! for the reign of the horned owl !
We know not alway
Who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl !

WOMAN.

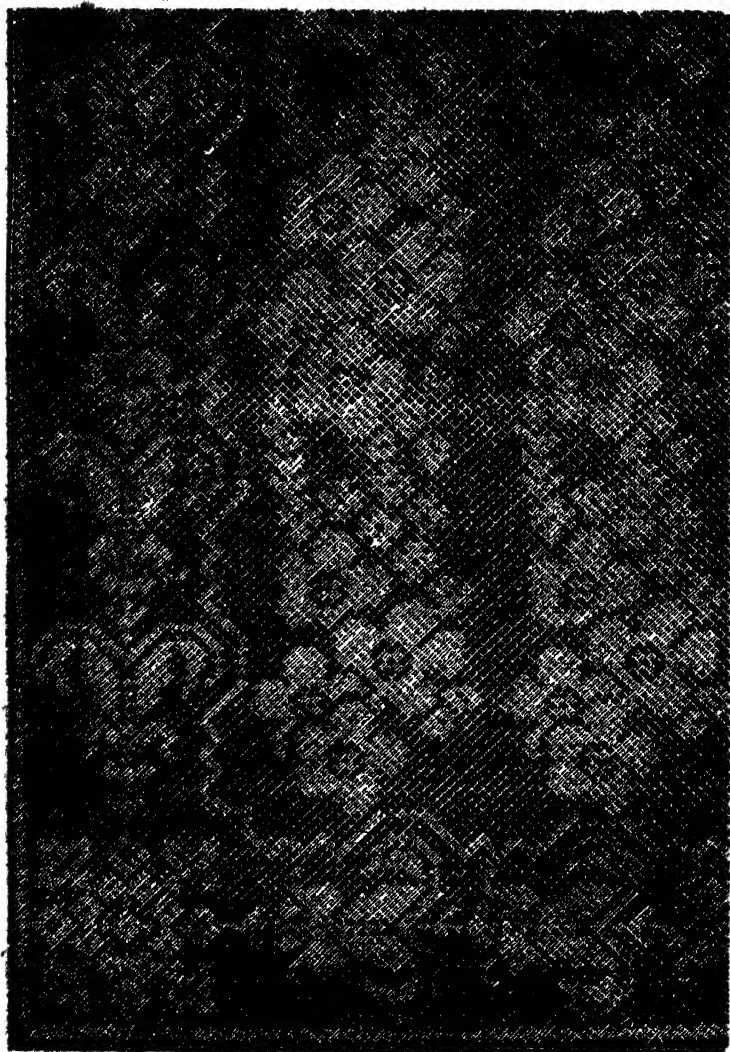
CAMPBELL.

AND say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O ! what were man ?—a world without a sun.

TIME.

SHAKESPEARE.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.



KNITTED CURTAINS, BY MRS. FULLAN.



CHILDREN'S DRESS, BY MRS. FULLAN.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

NETTED CURTAINS.

Materials.—Messrs. W. Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Cotton, No. 8, and Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 16. A bone mesh, about a quarter of an inch wide, will make a nice-sized diamond.

The entire curtain is to be done in ordinary diamond netting, on which the design afterwards to be darned. The number of stitches must depend entirely on the length required for the curtains. It will require 36 for each pattern; and as, with the mesh we have given, about five patterns will make the depth of a yard, it will be easy to calculate precisely the number of stitches required for curtains of any given length. With regard to the width, this also must necessarily depend on the size of the window. Each stripe occupies 36 rows, or 19 squares, the border being of the same

dimensions; and any number of repetitions can be made. Curtains are extremely pretty if worked in alternate stripes of darned netting, and a fancy stitch which is not darned. In page 135, Vol. IV., *Family Friend*, we gave some instructions for netting, which it may be useful to read from time to time.

The design for the border, itself would perhaps be preferred, by some people, to the flower stripes. A very handsome netted lace border should be worked on one side, and at the bottom of each curtain.

A GOSSIP ON CHILDREN'S DRESS.

We should hardly merit our title of *The Family Friend* could we, in our discussions on dress and the toilet, overlook that portion of it which relates especially to the family—to those little people in whose nice

appearance papas take so much pride, and at whose frocks and pelisses, and other items, mammas often labour so assiduously. Undoubtedly it is easy to dress a child handsomely, if we have some taste and plenty of money; for it is very easy to enter one of the Lilliputian warehouses, and select most elegant and tasteful articles of children's dress—if we have but money enough to pay for them. But, alas! most mammas, to whom expense is a consideration, know to their cost that they could buy a handsome dress or bonnet, or cloak, for themselves, for very little, if anything, more than the miniature articles needed for baby would amount to. And, after all, what is it? A mere scrap of muslin, or jean, or *merino*—a yard or two of work—a little braid—there really seems nothing in it. The exquisitely nice *work* put into these articles is, however, a heavy item in the expense; and inasmuch as it furnishes employment to many who once occupied a good position in the world, and even now are obliged to maintain a respectable appearance, we are far from thinking that this beautiful and often tedious work is in the least degree overpaid, or advising those who can afford to purchase it, to waste their own time over its execution. But for one mother who can afford so to indulge her taste, and employ the skilled labour of others, at least ten feel that it is their imperative duty to labour themselves—not to earn, but to save; and to such, we trust our hints on the prevailing *modes* for the nursery may be acceptable. Undoubtedly there is hardly a pleasure so great in the whole range of woman's joys as that of preparing the wardrobe of the precious little being whose advent she so earnestly expects. It is a sacred happiness; a mingling of all the most human and most elevated sentiments—of love, hope, fear, and devotion—that can enter the human heart. The love of children seems to be so implanted in a woman's heart, that, destitute of it, she is hardly worthy of the name; and most confidently do we believe that a nature (whether man's or woman's) has much of the angel left in it still, that can enjoy the society and join in the frolics of a young child—that can meet, open-eyed, the pure gaze of infancy, and return the soft caress, and echo the merry laugh, of the happy romping child. We should feel that there

was some uncorrupted corner in the heart of such a man or woman, whatever crimes or errors might have defaced their own purity. To love one's own child, indeed, is no merit. It is merely rejoicing over our unspeakable wealth. "It would be unwise," says Coleridge, "to call that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers, as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he dotes." And if this be true of the father, it is undoubtedly more so of the mother—at least during the early periods of childhood, when her sorrow and suffering are still fresh in her recollection. Little should we envy the feelings of the woman who, whatever her wealth or position, could coolly purchase every article for the wardrobe of the little being who would first give her the name of mother. A robe, a cap, a something, however trifling, should be the work of her own hands. What other fingers could so neatly and tastefully ornament the appropriate clothing of "the loveliest little cherub in the world,"—a being that, although existing without an equal, belongs, as we know, to every mother, poor or rich?

But to return to the toilet. We scarcely ever remember the time when taste, comfort, and health were so well combined as in the present *modes* of dress for the rising generation. White is, of course, very much worn by girls of all ages, and boys under four years. The material employed, however, for little boys' dresses is either jean or twilled cambric; the former is most suitable, especially for pelisses. Both pelisses and dresses are very much trimmed with that open work on thick muslin, known by the term *broderie Anglaise*. It is much more suitable than any other kind, as, having seldom any open hem, it both washes and wears better. Worked trimmings that have an open-hem should be avoided by every one who does not desire the trouble of putting on fresh work two or three times before the article itself is worn out. It is very pretty, certainly; but that is all.

The pelisse given in our engraving is of white jean, trimmed with *broderie* and Russian white cotton braid. This latter is a thicker and more substantial fabric than the French cotton braid. It is also of a different make. Probably our friends will recognise the difference at once, if we say

that Russian braid is plaited like the Grecian plait, in which the hair is often dressed; whereas, the French braid is like an ordinary plait of five, seven, nine, or any other number. For fine thin muslin, the French braid should be used, but the other is best for all stout materials. The pelisse is made with a tight, high body, fastening behind, and braided up the front. The skirt has three widths of jean. The worked insertion is set between two, and is edged at each side by wide worked borders, sloped off towards the waist. A frill of the same is round the neck, and the deep cape is also trimmed with it. The pelisse just takes four yards of this work, and one strip of insertion of the length of the skirt. When it is desired to have the power of subsequently enlarging the dress, it is advisable not only to leave ample turnings-in at the seams of the body, but to cut it longer in the waist than is required, and to turn up an inch or so neatly. The skirt also should have an inch and a half, or more, turned in at the top, not merely of the jean itself, but of the work. The sleeves, too, should have a tuck in them, near the shoulder. White always looking new when it is clean, it is quite worth while to practise these little pieces of economy. The dress may thus be made to look as good the second year as the first.

Pelisses for babies are made and trimmed in just the same way. Little girls and small boys wear sashes with them, either of rich broad ribbon, or of sarsenet. If the latter, half the width of the sarsenet is quite ample for the bows and streamers. Boys of three or four years old wear handsome silk girdles more frequently than sashes. Frocks are trimmed with the same kind of work as pelisses, only the pattern is invariably a handsome Vandyke. Usually the bottom of the skirt is edged with work, above which, alternate tucks and insertion are placed, quite up to the waist. We will shortly give a pretty pattern for a child's dress. Sashes for in-doors are frequently worn in the Scotch scarf style, over the left shoulder, and under the right arm, the bows and streamers being fastened in front at the right side. This style is very pretty for any but very young children. Coloured dresses, in *de laine*, or any similar material, are worn braided as represented in the engraving. The body made in folds, en

cor, and scalloped epaulettes and sleeves trimmed in a running pattern with braid.

Feathers are almost universally worn; for children in arms, they are placed so as to droop on the *left* side, as being most convenient for the nurse. Otherwise, they are placed on either side, and very frequently two handsome ostrich plumes are fastened by a band of ribbon in front of the hat, one falling on each side, so as nearly to surround the crown.

If we find these few hints are welcomed by our friends, we shall with pleasure continue from time to time our notice of the *juvenile* fashions.

SELBORNE HALL.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH VISITORS ARRIVE AT SELBORNE.

THE breakfast-room at Selborne Manor was one of the prettiest in the whole house. We doubt if an apartment more pleasant and agreeable could be found in all England. It had a large bow-window, filled with diamond-shaped panes, set in oak, through which you looked upon a spreading landscape. There were the gardens, full of flowers, which grew to beauty under the gentle care of Violet; not many yards distant from these the ground sloped rapidly, so rapidly that the tops of the trees which grew in the hollow seemed nearly on a level with the flowers underneath the windows; in the distance you could see the rich tract of pasture-land, through which the river flowed like a silver ribbon, and the cattle, as they grazed, looked scarcely larger than the flowers of the adjoining parterre; you could see glimpses of the road, as it wound among the trees, with vistas of pleasant farm-houses; while to the right, close to the village, which might be seen peeping from openings in the foliage, stood the parsonage house, so closed in by trees that it seemed as if it were in a bower.

But we return to the breakfast-room; for, on the morning which succeeded the hall, the family party are assembled there. They are discussing, as is natural, the events of the previous evening. Lady Maitland is talking about her neighbours, and expressing her surprise how Colonel Trevillyan, whom she had not seen for very many years, should turn up in such a place.

Violet Clare is listening with grave attention, interrupting the easy flow of her aunt's conversation by an occasional rather quizzical observation, at the expense of her partners, among which the unfortunate officers of dragoons came in for rather more than their share; the Lieutenant is listening in silence, or whistling at intervals a stave of the well-known air of Rule Britannia; and the Baronet is occupied with the county papers. In short, the whole party are spending that half hour which succeeds the discussion of breakfast as pleasantly and as sociably as possible, and are beginning to think of separating for their various occupations or amusements, when a light carriage, drawn by two prancing grays, was seen ascending the slope, not far from the porter's lodge.

"An early visitor," quoth Sir Peregrine; "I'll get out of the way."

"'Tis the Castleton carriage, or rather one of them," responds her Ladyship.

"Ah!" said the Baronet, "I remember now—my neighbour intimated his intention to drive round on his way to D——, to have a look at my new breed of short-horns."

"But he's early in the field."

"No! it is we who are late—eleven bells, as we say on board," interrupted the sailor, looking at his watch.

"We must go and make ourselves fit to be seen. Come along, Violet!" said Lady Maitland.

"There you are, just like all women, think of nothing but dress. When you were so admirably 'got up' last night, you might afford, I think, to let people see you *en deshabille* in the morning. I don't go and change my shooting-jacket;" and Sir Peregrine, as he spoke, plunged both his hands,—with the resolution of a man who thinks he looks sufficiently well, however ill he may be used,—into the capacious pockets of a garment, which would certainly have justified Brummel in asking the question, which gained him such fame.

But ere he had finished his speech the Indies had left by a side-door, and the carriage came bowling along the terrace in front of the house.

"Why, you are early; didn't expect to see you so soon; just in time for breakfast," Sir Peregrine said, throwing up the window, and hailing his visitor.

"Aha! you know the old proverb about

the old bird—caught you, eh! Sir Peregrine," said the peer, with a gay laugh, as he reined in his horses, and brought them to a stand beside the hall door.

Lord Castleton was one of the best-bred men in Europe. His sprightly flow of spirits, with his easy and off-hand manners, would have dazzled a superficial observer; but any one accustomed to look deeper than the surface would have seen that behind this polished and bland exterior lurked a constant watchfulness, a vigilance that never slept when the interests of Lord Castleton were concerned. It would not have been by any means so easy to detect even the faintest trace of such circumspection in his son. The worst, and, indeed, the only enemy that young gentleman ever had, as those who knew him best were wont to assert, was himself: he had all the vices and follies of his class, with some, but not many, of their virtues.

"And so you liked the ball, Mr. Capel?" said the Baronet, when his visitors had seated themselves. "How long is it now since you and Charles met?"

"Almost six years now. He is greatly altered; but he is as good a fellow as ever."

"Ah! we'll see him a post-captain ere long, that we will, Sir Peregrine—men from our country always rise," said Lord Castleton.

"I don't like pushing on the boy too fast," replied the father. "He has plenty of time before him yet; there is nothing like experience. I have known many a man fail, merely because he had got into deep water a little too soon."

"Before he had learned to swim—eh? That observation can scarcely apply to our friend. Five years is a tolerable apprenticeship, even in the navy. Remember, Pitt was a minister at twenty-one."

"Ay—but Lord Nelson was double that age before he became an admiral."

"Now, which do you think the most difficult, to govern a nation or command a fleet—eh, Sir Peregrine?"

"Why, I think to govern a woman is probably more difficult than either," replied the Baronet, avoiding a direct answer.

"But that reminds me—your ladies have not slept off the fatigue of last night—we shall not see them, I suppose."

"That was precisely to what I referred. They have gone to dress themselves for

the express purpose of seeing you, although I told them they would do quite well as they were."

"I scarcely think it possible that any style of dress could diminish, while no toilet could add to the beauty of your niece—I have seldom seen one more lovely," was the Lord of Castleton's courtly reply.

"She did look uncommonly well last night; I never thought she was half so handsome, I assure you," replied Sir Peregrine.

"She made quite a sensation. But until she is presented, of course her triumph will not have been complete."

"You are too flattering. But an event, which has caused a much greater stir in our quiet neighbourhood, occurred a few days since—the arrival of a detachment of cavalry. The officers were at the ball."

"Ha! yes—so they were. But here come the ladies—and here, too, is the lieutenant;" and the peer, with his son, rose to pay their respects and offer their congratulations. "Now, Lady Maitland, that you have got your son back again, I hope I shall see a little more of you."

"It is a great comfort to us to have him once more," replied the lady, casting a fond glance at her youngest hope.

"I should scarcely have known him," interposed Mr. Capel. "Charley is greatly altered—as I was just saying."

"Improved you should have said, rather," interrupted the Peer.

"Well, improved then, if you will have it so."

"We shall have gay doings of some sort or other in progress at Castleton; we have got lots of beaux here now. Quite a godsend for county beauties those cavalry officers must be—eh, Miss Clare?" said Lord Castleton.

"If you mean to include me as one of those to whom your epithet would apply, I must confess I don't think they will add much to our neighbourhood—at least judging by the specimens I met last night," replied Miss Clare.

"Don't be too hard upon the profession. I have the great misfortune to be in the Guards," said Mr. Capel.

Violet blushed slightly. "Oh, indeed, nothing could be further from my in-

tention than to depreciate the merits of—"

"Not himself, Miss Clare," interrupted the Peer—"he has none."

"No," said Violet, "but of the profession to which he belongs."

"I was in hopes you were going to say, to which he was an ornament," said Lord Castleton, with a pleasant laugh.

"And why did you not, Violet?" laughed her cousin. "I am sure Capel would be an ornament to any profession,—eh, Clarence?"

"Why," responded the young guardsman, with an arch air, "I must confess I was foolish enough rather to incline to that opinion at one period of my life; but as we grow older we grow wiser, and whatever opinion I may entertain of you, Charley, I assure you I have none such as far as regards myself."

"Capitally answered, indeed!" said the old Baronet, throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing heartily.

"Well, Sir Peregrine, now suppose we go and see those famous short-horns of yours," said the Peer.

"By all means—I am quite at your service."

"You will be back in time for luncheon?—one o'clock is our hour," said Lady Maitland.

"Certainly," replied Sir Peregrine. "I suppose you don't care much for short-horns, Mr. Capel?" he added.

"I don't, indeed, Sir Peregrine," was the reply of that young gentleman.

"Humph!" said the Baronet, "then stay where you are—Charley will take care of you, if you do not consider yourself safe in the security of my wife and her niece."

And the two gentlemen departed upon their tour of investigation; the Lord of Castleton saying to his neighbour, as the door closed behind them, "Clarence is not a bad fellow at heart; but he is without exception the laziest dog in creation."

Thus left to the society of the fairer portion of the tenants of Selborne Manor, Mr. Clarence Capel exerted his powers of fascination to the utmost. As few young fellows of his time could make themselves more agreeable when they chose, he succeeded in producing a very favourable impression, not only upon the lady of the house, but on

her beautiful niece also. He quizzed the Smithson Smiths; laughed at the Miss Traceys, with their auburn ringlets, which he proved to be rather inclined to red; cut up Mrs. Flouncey without mercy; told some capital stories touching the adventures of the last season in London; recalled to his friend the Lieutenant's recollection some escapades of which in earlier days they had been guilty; and, in short, what with laughing and chatting, and assorting colours for Miss Clare, who was still occupied upon the completion of that important work which in the opening chapter we found occupying her attention, the time passed agreeably away—so much so that none of the party could have imagined more than half an hour had elapsed, when the gentlemen—who had finished their inspection of the short-horns—came in for their luncheon.

"Can it be possible that it is one o'clock already?" said Lady Maitland.

"Yes, indeed it is, and a quarter past it, too," replied her better-half, looking at his watch.

"Which proves that you have passed your time agreeably during our absence, Lady Maitland," said the Peer.

"Oh! I assure you Mr. Capel has been making himself very agreeable—he has amused us highly."

"He has, has he? I wish he would condescend to give me a little share of his wit sometimes," replied the Peer.

"Castleton is so dull; there is a gloom about the place which, somehow, always affects my spirits," replied the Guardsman.

"Spirits! as if a young fellow like you had any business in being affected by anything of the sort. In my time we were made of better stuff," said the Baronet.

"I think smoking has a good deal to do with it. You never were much of a smoker, Sir Peregrine?"

"Never touched tobacco in any shape—I wish I could say as much for either of my

"You don't mean to say you patronize that dreadful tobacco?" said Miss Clare.

"My father accuses me of it."

"It will spoil your teeth, Mr. Capel," said Lady Maitland.

"A cigar or two in the day, cannot surely be productive of such awful consequences."

"For my part, I prefer a pipe—a clay pipe, with Cavendish tobacco," interrupted the sailor.

"Indeed, I know you do; it perfumes the whole house every night," broke in Sir Peregrine.

"Luncheon is served, sir," said a servant, throwing open the door.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS IN THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

ADVANTAGES OF THE ART—ITS GENERAL APPLICATION—OUR PLAN OF PROCEEDING—COMPREHENSIVE PLAN OF THE SUBJECT—OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES AND QUERIES.

Does not Society owe much to Science for the discovery of Photography? In truth it does!

By the aid of a sunbeam every person may become an artist, without possessing any knowledge of drawing, and thus all classes are under infinite obligation to the art. The physician is enabled by its means to delineate the gradual changes of disease, or portray the types of insanity with a faithfulness never before known; and by its aid he can obtain copies of these types for the use of his medical brethren. The architect can copy the most extensive building, with its elaborate details, in a few seconds, and by its aid benefit by the experience of foreign lands, as well as his own, through the effective agency of the photographic camera. The mechanic is under vast obligations to the art, for by its assistance he is enabled not only to fix the perfect resemblance of the most complicated machinery upon paper, but also to reproduce it, and thus make his distant friends as well acquainted with the details as he is himself. The traveller can preserve faithful memorials of his visits to remarkable places by its assistance; and the archaeologist, the botanist, and the numismatist are all under great obligations to the art. The artist can obtain the best studies of perspective, of light and shade, of grouping, position, &c., by its faithful aid. As an instance, we may mention, that an artist of our acquaintance, who had previously paid

upwards of £40 for a lay-figure, offered to sell it at one-third its original value after he had become master of the art of photography. We might extend the list of the advantages of the art to a considerable length, but our space does not permit. Suffice it to say, that it is eminently useful to the agriculturist to copy various animals; to the antiquary, who,

"Bending o'er some mossy tomb,
Where valour sleeps, or beauties bloom,"

may be enabled to preserve a lasting and pleasing

"Memento of departed fame;"

to the phrenologist and physiognomist; to the microscopist, the horticulturist, and the navigator; to the soldier for studying the forms and positions, &c., of forts and fortifications; to manufacturers by enabling them to improve their designs; to astronomers and sculptors; and last, but not least, to ladies, by affording them amusement, opportunities for copying patterns of work, lace, &c., and taking the likenesses of their family.

Photography has also been of service in suppressing crime, by affording increased facilities to the detective police, when supplied with a copy of the criminal's likeness.

We propose commencing a series of practical papers upon Photography in all its branches, comprising the production of pictures by the action of light, upon prepared surfaces of paper, glass, talc, silvered plates, &c., by the processes commonly known as Photography, Talbotype, or Calotype, Daguerreotype, Anthotype, Cyanotype, Ferrotypes, &c., giving all the best and latest improvements in the art.

Each process will be carefully tested prior to publication, and every minute detail, the causes of failure, best methods to ensure success, and the various stages of the manipulation carefully noted at the time the experiments are made, so that the most important—because they generally appear too trifling—details will be noticed.

It is well known that Society fosters two great classes—the lovers of science, and the lovers of usefulness. We shall endeavour to please both—a difficult task, we allow. But we flatter ourselves that the lovers of science will have no cause to complain of our exertions; and to the eternal "*cui bono?*"

of the other class, we must refer them to the first portion of this chapter.

It will be our strenuous endeavour to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, and, in accordance with our previous remarks, we may venture to promise such an intellectual banquet for the lovers of this fascinating art, as well as the utilitarians, that they will both acknowledge that the time devoted to the study of Photography has not been misapplied.

In conclusion, we beg to invite a free correspondence upon all subjects connected with Photography, subject, of course, to our general rules for intercommunication.

CHAPTER II.

FASCINATION OF THE ART—DERIVATION OF THE NAME—AGENCY BY WHICH THE PICTURES ARE PRODUCED—NECESSITY FOR UNDERSTANDING THE THEORY OF LIGHT.

1. It is probable that you do not know anything about photography, or photogenic drawing as it was formerly called; and even if you know something, we have no doubt that you will be desirous of learning more, because the art is one of the most fascinating with which we are acquainted. It is needless to allude to its beauties more particularly, as you will discover fresh charms each day—nay, each hour, minute, or second.

2. Perhaps you are frightened at the hard name which the art bears; but if not possessed of its true signification, we will soon enlighten you upon the subject. The word Photography* is derived from two Greek words, *phose*, light, and *grapho*, to write or depict, while the word Photogenic is also derived from two Greek words, *phose* light, and *ginomai* I generate.

3. It therefore appears that the chief agency by which the pictures are formed is light, which has long been known to produce other effects upon objects than their mere illumination, &c.

4. Unless you are acquainted with the nature and properties of light, the agent by which these pictures are produced, it is

* The word Photography is pronounced thus, Fo-tog-graffy—the accent on the second o being pronounced as the o in clog, not, ock, collar, con, concave, &c.

impossible that you can ever make a scientific photographer. It is true that you may produce pictures, and very good ones, but this is a quackish manner of proceeding: you are literally in every sense of the word working in the dark, although assisted by light.

5. Do not be alarmed by the expression "*scientific*;" it is not our intention to make philosophers of every young lady and gentleman throughout the kingdom, although we should feel happy in being the medium of doing so; but we think that *every person* should understand the nature of light, more particularly those who practice photography. Indeed it is absolutely essential that photographers should do so; consequently we shall commence our instructions in the art by treating of the agent—light—by which the wondrous effects are produced, and explain clearly, distinctly, and popularly the leading points connected with Photography. In doing so, we do not propose giving a lengthened article upon Optics, but rather to explain the *chemical action of light*, which causes bodies to combine together or decompose.

6. We have not divested these papers entirely of technicalities, because, although they are professionally written for the amateur, nevertheless they will be of infinite service to those who are more advanced in the art, as all processes worth recording will be *tried, and, if approved of, noticed*. In furnishing the directions, due care will be observed, so that the most inexperienced in the art will be enabled to pursue it, unassisted by other instructions than our own.

7. Many works written upon the subject have fallen into the error, in our opinion, of giving only the best process, or rather the process that the author of the work was able to accomplish in the easiest manner. We have adopted a different method, for we propose noticing each *practicable process*, so that the proficient in the art may be enabled to try them consecutively, while, by a simple arrangement, the tyro can at once decide which is the easiest, and the one that ensures the most satisfactory results, and therefore to be preferred.

By this means we hope to gain the attention of all the readers of the *Family Friend*, for whom these instructions, the result of considerable time and experience are intended.

SUMMER IN THE WOODS.

BY RHODA MARIA WILLAN.

"There, in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy feathered sleep."

MILTON.

SUMMER in the woods! there is a music in the words—a rustling of green boughs, hanging their gorgeous garlands over our heads—a humming of bees, who have known no other dwelling than the wild solitude of a flowery forest—a lisping of waters, welling away in sunshine and in shadow—and a thousand voices, all blending into one rich harmony, reach our ears in the beautiful name of Summer! The young Spring has mellowed into the full maturity of her beauty, and the last finishing touch has been given to the landscape. The sky is of a deeper and a darker blue; there is a richer flush on the cheek of the wild rose; and a lighting up of a newer joy on the countenance of every flower, as if Morning had left a warmer blush to settle down upon the scene, and mantle it in one fond embrace.

How delightful it is to get into the woods at the first dawn of day! and, before we reach those realms of holy repose, watch the many bright things which have come forth to look upon the summer. See the butterfly roaming abroad on gorgeous wings; and hear the rejoicing voice of the skylark, as he droppeth wild notes from a higher region, and wonder how that small and insignificant speck, which we can only just distinguish, outlined dark amid the surrounding blue, can fill so large a space with his immeasurable joy! We will wander from glade to glade, and thicket to thicket, until we reach the innermost recesses of the woods, where old twisted trees, of every imaginable form, stand closely together, making a dim twilight beneath them. And there we shall think of many a pleasant ramble we have enjoyed, with some loved companion, summers ago; while the very odour of the turf, and the fresh woody smell, which meets us in every wind that blows, come like kind awakeners of sunshiny hours. Here is a little outlet,



SUMMER IN THE WOODS.

similar to that through which we passed when so many clusters of ripe brown nuts were hooked down and gathered; and we went on, and threaded together many an intricate maze, till we came to a little nook, silent and green, and there we talked of poetry—pictured the solitary Macbeth standing gloomily, while he listened to the secrets of his yet hidden destiny, in the precincts of the lonely cavern; and then, in a lighter mood, as some sweet strain of music came upon our ears, imagined the merry voice of Ariel warbling amidst the flowers—it was but a throstle, who had alighted on a neighbouring bough to sing. This is the very spot where we caught sight of the wild thyme purpling the ground, and scattering abroad its aromatic fragrance, which we had distinguished long before.

Here we lose all traces of the ancient pathway, amongst the variegated tints of the liverworts and mosses, which spread their rich carpeting over the ground, with fungi of every hue and size, shining in red, and brown, and gray, and scarlet, beneath the bronzy gold of the prickly furze, and the paler yellow of the broom. Every here and there, too, we find some exquisite little flower: the centuary, with its small, pink, starlike bloom, or a cluster of crimson heath bells. The stately foxglove rears its long stem, hung with a profusion of

pink, pendent flowers; while the velvet-looking leaves of the coltsfoot appear in the distance, like broad patches of sunshine; and the bright green of the spreading fern adds to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene. These are overtopped by crab-trees and bushes, running ragged and wild, and hung with the glowing fruits of the forest, on which the birds will feed during the dark months of winter, when the insects have betaken themselves to their hiding-places, and sunk into their long sleep, from which they will not awaken until the warm breath of spring is again abroad. Look upward, amid this land of leaves; see how the wedded boughs

“Make network of the dark blue light of day.”

So closely are they woven above our heads, that we can scarcely discern the form of a cloud, or obtain a glimpse of the stainless blue, sparkling in the glow of the sunshine. What an awful stillness rests around us! as if Nature sat alone, absorbed in solemn contemplation, as she looked upon the work she had perfected, and remembered that the leafy majesty of her trees must soon fade, and all she had created die away. Then a gentle wind stirs amid the branches, sounding sweet, and low, and solemn, like whisperings from another land. Here might Meditation sit, weaving many a pensive

moral, as she gazed upon the trees shadowing spots far away from the living world. And here might Fancy dream; while En-



THE HUT IN THE WOODS.

chantment peopled the fairy regions, waved her bright wand, and summoned to her presence the beautiful of past ages.

What memories are awakened in an ancient wood, amongst these lofty avenues of "unwedgeable and guarled oaks," which have triumphed over Time, and waved their broad arms through forgotten centuries! We look upon trees, and think of them as things coeval with the early world. Their green leaves waved over the garden of Eden; and, under the shadow of a tree, whose clustering boughs shut out the heat of day, did the angels converse with Abraham, giving unto him the promise of a son. It might be such an oak as this under which we are now seated. Perchance the very wind made the same murmur, as it swept through the branches over the plains of Mamre, while the warm sun, that now shines upon us, fell upon immortal wings. How busy is imagination in such a scene! bearing us away to other days, when the Druids held their solemn rites; and the evening anthem rolled, in breezy echoes, through the rose-tinted silence; while the undying stars fell, like holy glances, between intermingled boughs, lighting up the rugged altars, which stood solemn and solitary, when night had settled down upon the scene, and the form of the priest had vanished, with the youths and maidens,

who had come hither to pray. What mirthful feet have trodden these dim arcades! and what sad ones!—and all are gone—no voice arises to tell of the smiles which beamed forth gladness, or the tears which were shed by those who lived then; but the same sun looks down, and the same sky, with blue undimmed, bends its silent arch over the solitudes—now so still, that every leaf which waves may be heard; the song of the bee, as he dives far down into the innermost heart of the flower; and the fluttering wings of the butterfly, who alights upon it, fancying it more beautiful in this shadowy region.

Emerging from this umbraged spot we come upon an open glade, where the sun and the shadows are at play, now tracing between them dark and golden lines, and now letting in a fuller gush of glittering sunshine, and anon sinking again into the blackness of shadow. And here by this rushy stream, musical with its breezy willows, the antlered deer comes down to drink. How beautiful are his branching horns, as they shine reflected darkly on its clear surface—his stately head, and bold bright eye! Fearlessly he glances around, and dreams not of any human footstep invading the seclusion of his green retreat. But here we are at the solitary path in the woods, through which the husbandman wends on his daily toil in the neighbouring fields; and here let us pause—

"While admiration feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwells upon the scene!"



THE PATH IN THE WOODS.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

CUSTARDS, CREAMS, JELLIES, AND BLANCMANGE.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

Pine Apple Cream.—Have some pine apple prepared in syrup, and cut into small dice, putting it in your cream with a little of the syrup, the other process as before.

Raspberry and Currant Cream.—Use a pottle of raspberries, and the juice of a handful of currants, passed through the sieve with the raspberries, then proceed the same as before, precisely.

Crème Meringuée.—Infuse in a pint of new milk the very thin rind of a lemon, with 4 or 5 bitter almonds bruised. As the quantity should not be reduced, it should be kept by the side of the fire until strongly flavoured, and not be allowed to boil for more than 2 or 3 minutes. Sweeten it with 3 ounces of fine sugar in lumps, and when this is dissolved, strain, and mix the milk with half a pint of cream; then stir the whole gradually to the well-beaten yolks of 6 fresh eggs, and thicken it like boiled custard. Put it, when cold, into a deep dish, beat to a solid froth the whites of 6 eggs, mix them with 3 tablespoonfuls of pounded and sifted sugar, and spread them evenly over the custard, which should be set immediately into a moderate oven, baked half an hour, and served directly it is taken out. New milk, 1 pint; rind of 1 lemon; bitter almonds, 5; sugar, 3 oz.; cream, half pint; yolks of eggs, 6; frothed whites of eggs, 6; sifted sugar, 5 tablespoonfuls; baked, half an hour.

Italian Cream.—Mix 1 pint of rich cream with half pint of milk; sweeten it to your taste; add 2 gills of Madeira wine; 1 gill of rose water; beat these ingredients thoroughly; dissolve in boiling water 1½ oz. of isinglass; strain it through a napkin or sieve, and stir it into the cream; fill the moulds, and when firm turn out.

Almond Cream.—Boil 1 quart of cream with a grated nutmeg, a blade or two of mace, a bit of lemon-peel, and sugar to your taste; then blanch one quarter of pound of almonds, and beat them very fine with a tablespoonful of rose water or orange flower water; beat well the whites of 9 eggs and strain them to the almonds; beat them together and rub them well through a coarse hair-sieve; mix it with the cream; set it on the fire, and stir it all one way until it almost boils; pour it into a bowl and stir it till cold. Put it into cups or glasses and send it to table.

Crème à la Vanille.—Boil 1 oz. of isinglass in a pint of milk for 10 minutes, taking care it does not stick to the bottom of the stew-pan. Put into it half a stick of vanilla; cover it down, and let it stand till nearly cold. Beat up the yolks of 5 eggs, mix into them 6 oz. of pounded sugar, put these into a stew-pan; take the vanilla out of the

milk, which add to the eggs, mix them well, and stir the custard over the fire till it thickens, but do not let it boil. Strain it into a bowl; when nearly cold add a glass of noyeau or maraschino; keep stirring it, and when on the point of setting add three-quarters of pint of cream well whipped; mix it well, and pour it into a mould; set it upon ice till wanted, when dip it for a moment into warm water, wipe it dry, and turn over upon a dish. *Or.*—Boil half a stick of vanilla in a quarter of pint of new milk until it has a very high flavour; have ready a jelly of 1 oz. of isinglass to quarter of pint of water, which mix with the milk, and ½ pint of fine cream; sweeten with fine sugar, and whip until quite thick; then pour into the mould and set it in a cool place. *Or.*—Pound thoroughly with loaf sugar quarter of a stick of vanilla, sifted, taking care that the vanilla is passed through the sieve; whip a pint of cream; add the vanilla, sugar, and half an ounce of dissolved isinglass; pour into a mould.

Crème au Marasquin.—Prepare a cream as the *Crème à la Vanille*, adding a quarter ounce more isinglass, and substituting maraschino for vanilla.

Charlotte Russe.—Line the bottom of a plain round mould with Savoy biscuits, placing them close together in a star or some device; line the sides, placing the biscuits edgewise, to make them form a compact wall; put the mould upon ice; have ready a *Crème au Marasquin*, adding a glass of brandy. Fill the mould as it stands on the ice, and leave it till the time of serving, when turn it over upon the dish and take off the mould.

Charlotte Russe.—(American).—An easy way.—Mix with the yolks of 4 eggs quarter of pound of sugar pounded fine, and add to this half pint of new milk. Put it over the fire till it begins to thicken like custard, but do not let it boil; then add half pint of very stiff calves-foot jelly. Strain it through a napkin; put in a pan placed on ice, a pint of very rich cream, flavoured or not as you like, and whip it until it looks like foam—pour the cream into another dish, and put the custard in the pan on the ice; stir it on the ice, with a paddle, until it becomes thick like jelly; then add the cream very lightly. The mixture should look like light sponge-cake before it is baked. A round tin pan must be prepared with sponge cake, called ladies' fingers, placed around and at the bottom very evenly and closely; pour the charlotte in it, and place it on the ice till wanted. When wanted, put a round dish or plate on it, and turn it out. The bottom will then be at the top—and no cake at the bottom.

Cream Hasty.—Take a gallon of milk from the cow, set it on the fire, and when it begins to rise take it off the fire, skim off all the cream and put it on a plate, then set the skillet on the fire again and repeat the skimming till your plate is full of cream; put to it some orange flower and sugar and serve it.

PARLOUR AMUSEMENTS.

FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.

Add gradually one ounce of sulphuric acid to six ounces of water in an earthen basin. Then add three-quarters of an ounce of granulated zinc, with a few pieces of phosphorus the size of a pea. Gas-bubbles will be immediately produced which take fire on the surface of the effervescent liquid, and the whole surface of the liquid will directly become illuminated; fire-balls and jets of fire will dart from the bottom through the acid with great rapidity.

ROTATORY MOTION OF CAMPHOR UPON WATER.

Fill a saucer with water and drop into it camphor reduced to the form of coarse sand. The floating pesticles will commence moving, and acquire a progressive rotatory motion, which continues for some minutes and then gradually subsides.

TO MELT A COIN IN A NUT-SHELL.

Take three parts of nitre, one part of sulphur and one of dry saw-dust; rub them together, and pressing down the powder in the shell, on which place a small coin of silver or copper rolled up fill the shell with more powder and press closely down; ignite the powder, and the coin will be melted in a mass when the combustion has been completed.

INSTANTANEOUS CRYSTALLIZATION.

Make a concentrated solution of sulphate of soda, or Glauber's salts, adding to it gradual portions of boiling water until the fluid dissolves no more. Pour the solution, whilst in a boiling state, into phials previously warmed; cork them immediately to exclude the air from the solution place them in a secure place, without shaking them, and the solution will cool; remove the cork and as soon as the atmospheric air becomes admitted, it will begin to crystallize on the surface and the crystallization is complete.

COMBUSTION UNDER WATER.

Put a small quantity of hyper oximuriatic potash and a bit of phosphorus into a wine-glass pour on them cold water. Take a glass tube as dip one end into sulphuric acid; press with the finger upon the upper orifice to retain it, convey the end to the bottom of the glass, take away the finger, and the combustion will take place instantly.

RIDDLES.

1.

Why has no gentleman under the rank of knight ever caught a lady?

2.

What is the strangest person, the one who asks, or the one who answers a question?

3.

If you were me tonight, I am beautiful and just—Take a letter away, and without me you're dust

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1.

A gentleman, in his will, gave orders that his property should be divided among his children in the following manner:—The eldest to take from the whole £1000, and the 7th part of what remained; the second £2000, and the 7th part of the remainder; the third £3000, and the 7th part of what was left; and so on to the last, always increasing by £1000. The children having followed the disposition of the testator, it was found that they had each got an equal portion. How many children were there, what was the father's property, and to how much did the share of each child amount?

2.

A gentleman meeting a certain number of beggars, and being desirous to distribute among them all the money he had about him, finds that if he gave sixpence to each he would have 2s. too little; but that by giving each a groat he would have 2s. 8d. over. How many beggars were there, and what sum had the gentleman in his pocket?

GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

The letters contained in the following well-known proverb will, if properly transposed, and by the substitution of the letter *g* for one of the *s*'s, form the names of 10 European islands; viz.—2 English (including one of the Scilly Islands), 4 Scotch (2 of the Hebrides and 2 of the Orkneys), 2 Greek (in the Archipelago), 1 Norwegian, and 1 Swedish:—

"The man who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day."

If, instead of substituting a *g* for an *i*, an *A* be substituted for the *r*, the letters of the above couplet will form the names of 10 European islands; viz.—3 English, 2 Orkneys, 1 Hebrides, 2 Danish, 1 Russian, and 1 Greek.

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME.

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GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Oysters—Troyes. 2. Severn—Nevers. 3. Stamen—Mantes. 4. Cane—Caen. 5. Stour—Tours. 6. Bread—Breda. 7. Herman—Arnhem. 8. Tenesee—Ostende. 9. Hat—Ath. 10. Spire—Ipres. 11. Asp—Spa. 12. Boe—Abo. 13. Lever—Revel. 14. Gordon—Grodno. 15. Pear—Pera. 16. Satrap—Patras. 17. Daub—Buda. 18. Orleans—Salerno. 19. Anise—Siena. 20. Mende—Emden. 21. Jena—Jean. 22. Root—Toró. 23. Sable—Basel. 24. Hunt—Thun. 25. Chale—Hecla. 26. Genoa—Onega. 27. Nibler—Berlin. 28. Nepos—Posen. 29. Vester—Treves. 30. Crainet—Cintrá. 31. Tinter—Trient. 32. Tistre—Triest.—N.B.—The spelling of Arrowsmith's Atlas is adopted.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—It will be found that the Burgundy cost 10s. per bottle, and the Champagne 12s. as may be easily proved

CORRESPONDENCE.

Duke of Cornwall. J. S. H.—The Prince of Wales is Duke of Cornwall, by right of charter granted to the eldest sons of our monarchs in 1337.

Origin of the Word "Nosegay." C. H.—Cleveland, in his Celtic Vocabulary, says:—"Nosegay, applied to nosegay, comes from the Erse tongue, in which *geach* signifies a bough, or bunch of flowers, to be held to the nose."

Garden Walks. W. M.—Dryness can be attained in garden walks by shaping the ground properly in forming it, by giving it a decided fall in some direction, and placing gratings and lodges for water at the lowest points; and by using suitable materials both for the foundation and the surface.

Cocoa. C.—Weak cocoa has been much recommended lately by medical men in those numerous cases of indigestion and nervous complaints, where tea and coffee does not agree. In these cases let it be boiled in water, then suffered to get cold: the oil which is on the surface can then be readily removed; when wanted, warm up for use.

McDallion Wafers. THOMAS WRIGHT—Colour the best and most transparent glue or gelatine with Brazil wood, turmeric, Prussian blue, sap green, or other colour. Fill up the hollow part of a seal with gum-water, mixed with a powder, such as white-lead, red-lead, chrome yellow, lamp black, &c. Leave the flat part of the seal clear; then pour as much of the melted coloured glue on the seal as will lie upon it; let it dry by a gentle heat. When used, wet the paper to which the wafer is to be applied, and place the wafer upon it.

Cookery. SUSAN M.—It is surely the business of the mistress of a family either to do, or to see that the cookery is well done. So much has been recently written by medical men, on diet and digestion, that no additional proof can be needed of the close affinity which the culinary art bears to health. Neither is it a despicable discipline of the mind. Its details are almost endless, and whoever conquers them, and has them constantly at command without reference or mistake, may lay claim to memory, industry, energy, and some other departments of intellect of no common order.

Bird-stuffing. T. W.—Bird-stuffers, in preparing and skinning a bird or other animal ready for preserving, use burnt alum to rub over any wet or bloody part, that it may not soil the rest. In this case its peculiar astringency assists in tanning or rather hardening the skin, so that it is not so liable to contract mouldiness, nor to become the prey of the moth and other destructive insects. All that is necessary is to put some powdered alum in a ladle or fire-shovel over the fire.

It will soon melt, boil, and swell up. It is to be kept on the fire till all the water has evaporated, and until it becomes so brittle as to break easily into a fine powder.

Revolving Picture. G. W.—If you cannot introduce music when you are entertaining evening company, you may advantageously assist the colloquial fluency of your guests by laying before them matters which will furnish ready topics of conversation, or you may break up formally by directing the curiosity of the company to a single point. Pictures, or drawings of persons, buildings, specimens of new styles of work, should be brought forward to assist remark, and relieve attention. Care should be taken, however, that the contemplation of the company is not forced to any of these things beyond what is perfectly voluntary and agreeable.

Greenwich Hospital. CRYN.—The first stone of this truly magnificent structure was laid on the 30th June, 1696. This circumstance is thus mentioned in Evelyn's Diary:—"I went with a select committee of the Commissioners for Greenwich Hospital, and with Sir Christopher Wren: where, with him, I laid the first stone of the intended foundation, precisely at five o'clock in the evening, after we had dined together. W. Flamstead, the king's astronomical professor, observing the punctual time by instruments."

Choosing Poultry. A HOUSEKEEPER.—Purchasing poultry in markets requires some judgment, and we are willing to give you the benefit of our experience. Some idea of the age of fowls may be formed by the appearance of the legs and feet; in aged fowls these are rough and stiff, and the toes stout and worn; the skin on the body is also coarse and rough; but in regard to this latter circumstance, there is a great difference even among fowls of the same age. Yellow-legged fowls have a smoother skin than others. In young fowls, the lower part of the breast bone is soft, and bends easily, and the skin under the wings yields readily to the pressure of the fingers. In young geese and ducks the webs of the toes are very thin, and almost transparent, and the skin may be ripped up with a pin.

Drawing Figures. J. S. C.—In studying the human figure, it will be necessary to copy from correct subjects, executed by the first-rate artists. It is extremely injudicious to study from minute subjects, until a freedom of the pencil be acquired. The first practice should be to copy correctly the feet, hands, legs, ears, head, &c., until perfectly familiar with the use of the pencil. A close study of the whole figure may be next attempted, for which purpose a plaster figure is most desirable: keep the figure free from dust on its surface, otherwise it will be apt to mislead relative to shadow. It should be placed in such a position as to receive the strongest possible light and shadow.

Postscript.—In leaving your card at an hotel, you should inclose it in an envelope and direct it. This will ensure its delivery to the person in question.

Pruning Trees. S. E. H.—The following rules are recommended with regard to the pruning of trees.—1. To expose every part of the tree to the full action of solar light.—2. To allow no branches of foliage to be produced which cannot perform their functions properly; to arrest their growth in an embryo state, rather than allow them to misappropriate the food which by attention might be made available to the results which are desired.—3. Always to remember that fruitfulness and luxuriant growth are opposite qualities, and that what is conducive to the one is inimical to the other.—4. To endeavour to avoid the extraneous of luxuriance and fruitfulness, nothing being

by over-stopping. To endeavour, in fine, so to regulate the energies of the tree, that, while it produces fruit, it has sufficient strength to perfect it.

Painted Confectionery. G. HILL.—Our correspondent, whose attention has been directed to the remarks on this subject in page 64 of our last number, has sent the following test for proving the presence of poison:—Many of the preparations of sugar and flour are coloured with red lead, and preparations of copper and pipe-clay are sometimes employed. The presence of red lead may be detected by pouring a little water, saturated with sulphureted hydrogen gas, on the article. If it contain lead, the liquid will become of a blackish colour. Copper may be discovered by pouring on it liquid ammonia, which soon acquires a blue colour if this metal be present. Clay may be detected in articles composed of sugar, such as comfits, by dissolving them in a large quantity of boiling water, and letting the mixture stand for twenty-four hours; if clay be present it will fall to the bottom, and when the clear liquid is poured off it may be had in a separate state. Expose it to a strong heat, and if it contract and become hard, the adulteration with clay is proved.

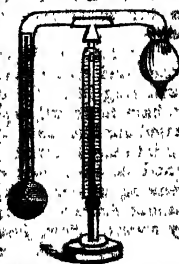
Love of Children. MARIAN.—To love children is a graceful trait in the character of young ladies. Anxious as they usually are to acquire the art of pleasing, they are not always aware what an attraction it imparts to their manners. It heightens the influence of beauty, and often produces a strong effect, where beauty is wanting. "Love Children," said Madame de Maintenon, in her advice to the young Dauphines; "whether for a prince or a peasant, it is a most valuable accomplishment." It was this very trait in her own character that won the heart of the Great. When she was governess of his and lost the bloom of life, she surprised her young lord in the royal nursery, reclining with him on the velvet sofa, then feeble from the effects of a fever, bordering with the other world's oracle, in which lay the infant princess.

her lap reposed the sleeping infant. His tenderness as a father, and his susceptibility as a man, accorded the deep admiration which would have been denied to the splendour of dress, the parade of rank, or the blaze of beauty. In reply to your question as to the propriety of playing with children when visiting at a friend's house, you may be certain that this display of sympathetic feelings, especially to the young, is always a delightful subject for contemplation.

Hygrometers. A "Yours Truly."—These are instruments to determine the amount of moisture in the air. One much used is called the wet bulb hygrometer, and consists of two similar delicate mercurial thermometers, the bulb of one of which is covered with muslin, and is kept constantly wet by water, led on to it by a string from a tube in the centre. The evaporation of the water from the wet bulb reduces the temperature of that thermometer to which it is attached in proportion to the dryness of the air, and consequent rapidity of evaporation. The other thermometer indicates the actual temperature, and the difference being noted, a mathematical formula enables us to determine the dew point. But the most delicate and beautiful instrument for this use is that of Mr. Daniell, which is here represented. The long limb ends in a bulb which is



made of black glass, that the condensed vapour may be more easily seen on it. It contains a portion of ether, into which dips the ball of a small and delicate thermometer contained in the cavity of the tube. The whole instrument contains only the vapour of ether, air having been removed. The short limb carries an empty bulb, which is covered with muslin. On the support is another thermometer, by which we can observe the temperature of the air. What an observation is to be made by this instrument. A little ether is poured on the muslin. This evaporates rapidly, and the bulb becomes cooler. After a time, through the cooling agency, dew begins to deposit on the black glass, and the point at which this takes place is determined by the enclosed thermometer.



TALES OF THE AFFECTIONS.
BY THE COUNTESS D'ARDOUVILLE.

RESIGNATION.

CHAPTER II.

But the day came when Maurice, on starting the little parlour, said to his betrothed—

"My love, we must hasten our marriage; my regiment is about to change its quarters; we must be married, that you may depart along with me."

"Are you going far, Maurice?"

"Are you afraid, then, dear Ursula, of seeing a new country? another corner of the world? There are some more beautiful, believe me, than this."

"It is not for myself, but for my parents; they are too old to take a long journey!"

Maurice stood motionless before Ursula. Although the veil that happiness had thrown over his eyes had prevented Maurice from reflecting, he nevertheless well knew that Ursula, to share his wandering destiny, must separate herself from her parents. He had foreseen how much it would afflict her, but, confident in the love he had inspired, imagined that an attachment so devoted must have power to soothe all the tears of which it was not the source. He must at last enlighten Ursula as to the future. Grieved at the inevitable sorrow he was about to cause his betrothed, Maurice took her hand, and placing her on her accustomed seat, said gently to her—

"My love, it is impossible that your father and mother can follow us in our wandering life. Up to this time, Ursula, we have loved and wept together—we have passed our lives as a dream, without entering into any question that had reference to actual details; the moment has come for speaking of our future. I, my love, am without fortune. In my sole possession is my sword. Now, just at the opening of my career, my pay does not amount to more than a few hundred francs, and this imposes upon us both a life altogether one of privations. I have reckoned on your courage; but you alone must accompany me. The presence of your parents in our home would bring with it misery impossible to endure—we should be without bread!"

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"To leave my father and mother!" exclaimed Ursula.

"Let them remain, with the small means they possess, and this little house; confide them to trustworthy hands, while you come with your husband."

"To leave my father and mother!" repeated Ursula. "But are you not aware that what they possess will not suffice for their support? that to pay the rent of this pitiful dwelling, I work unknown to them? that for twenty years they have been under no other care than mine?"

"My poor Ursula," replied Maurice, "we must submit to what is inevitable. You have concealed from them the loss of their small fortune; let them know of it at once, for that is necessary. Arrange their habits according to what means are left to them; since, alas! my love, we have nothing to give them!"

"Depart without taking them with us! It is impossible! I tell you that I must work for them."

"Ursula, my Ursula!" clasping the hands of the poor girl in his own, "I conjure you, do not allow yourself to be carried away by your generous heart. Reflect, and look the truth in the face. We do not refuse to give; we have nothing to give. We cannot live unless alone; nor even then, had not you and I, both of us, the courage to endure much."

"I cannot leave them!" replied Ursula distractedly, as she threw a glance on the two old people, who were sleeping in their chairs.

"Ursula, do you not love me?" said Maurice to his betrothed.

The poor girl replied only by a torrent of tears.

Maurice remained with her a long time. He addressed her in a thousand tender words, explained to her a hundred times their position, impressed her mind with the conviction that what she had dreamed was impossible, entered into details for the future subsistence of her parents, and then left her, after lavishing on her a thousand affectionate names. She suffered him to speak without replying.

Ursula, left alone, leant her head upon her hand, and remained motionless for hours. Alas! the tardy happiness that had come for an instant to brighten her existence had fled. These sweet dreams,

those loves of true spirits, both so entirely young, so long absent from her, had returned but to depart again. Forgetfulness, silence, obscurity would again seize upon that life, which happiness had, for a brief interval, disputed with them. Thus the night rolled on. What passed in the mind of that poor girl Heaven saw it; she never told it upon earth.

At the first light of day she rose, closed the window that had remained open from morning through the night, and, pale, trembling with cold and emotion, took a sheet of paper and a pen, and wrote—

"Adieu, Maurice! I remain with my father and mother. They have need of my care and my labour. To abandon them in their old age would be to cause their death. They have no one but me in the world! My sister, in her last hour, confided them to me, and said, 'Adieu, till I see you again, Ursula!' I shall never see her again, if I do not fulfil my duties.

"I have loved you dearly! I shall always love you! My life will be but a remembrance of you. You have been good and generous; but, alas! we are too poor to marry. I could understand that yesterday. Adieu! It requires much courage to write that word. I hope your life will be smooth. Some other woman, more fortunate than I, will love you. It is so easy to love you. Even then, forget not altogether poor Ursula. Adieu, my love! Ah! how well I knew, poor me, that I never could be happy!" "URSULA."

I abridge the recital. Ursula saw Maurice again—saw me. But all our entreaties and supplications were ineffectual; she would never leave her parents. "It is necessary I should work for them," she said. In vain did I speak to her of Maurice's love, his happiness. In vain, with a species of cruelty, did I remind her of her age, the impossibility of meeting with another chance of changing her destiny. She went as she listened to me, fastidious with her tears the work which she would not interrupt. Then, with her head bowed on her breast, she repeated, in a low voice, "They would die. I must work for them." She required from us not to inform her mother of what was passing.

Those for whom she sacrificed herself were entirely ignorant of it. A guilty fraud deceived them as to the cause of their

daughter's marriage being broken off. Ursula resumed her place at the window, began again her embroidery, worked without cessation—motionless, pale, broken-hearted.

Alas! Maurice D'Éval had one of those sage and regulated minds that assign limits even to devotion, and cannot enter into sublime follies. His heart, like his reason, acknowledged certain impossibilities. If the marriage of Ursula had taken place without obstacle, possibly she might, just at her last sigh, have been able to believe in the boundless love of her husband. His were affections that required an easy road. But a barrier came in the way like a fatal test, to bring out in full light, to the eyes of Maurice himself, the love he was just feeling he could then see its limits.

Maurice supplicated—wept for a long time, but at last became faint and out of heart, and went away.

There came a day when, while Ursula was seated at her window, she heard from afar military music, and a tramp heavy and measured reached her ear. It was his regiment that was departing, headed by its band.

The flourish of the trumpets for the march came like a sad adieu, to re-echo, then to die away in the lane where Ursula dwelt. Trembling, she listened to them. The music at first loudly clanging, and quite near her, soon grew softer in the distance. Then, from afar, it reached her ears but as an uncertain rumour; next, from time to time the wind alone would waft to her some isolated sound; then, at last, a complete silence succeeded to all the notes that had floated in space. The last hope of Ursula's life seemed to hang upon these chords that sounded from afar; it faded, it became distant, it died out with them! The poor girl suffered her embroidery to fall upon her knee, and covered her face with her hands. The tears rolled down between her fingers. Thus she remained so long as the sound of the tramp and the band of the regiment could be heard; then took up her work again—she took it up for all her life!

On the evening of this day of eternal separation—of this day when her great sacrifice was consummated—Ursula, after paying those attentions to her parents which marked the close of her every day, sat herself at the foot of her mother's bed,

and leaning over her, fixed upon her a look which the blind woman could not see was humid with tears. Softly taking her hand, the poor abandoned betrothed murmured, in a subdued voice—

"Mother, you love me, do you not? My presence does you good—my attentions are sweet to you, my mother? Is it not so? You would be grieved to part with me?"

The blind woman turned her head to the wall, and said—

"Good heavenly Ursula, how you trouble me! I am tired; do let me go to sleep!"

That one tender word she had come to ask, as the only recompense of her dolorous devotion, was not pronounced. The old blind woman fell asleep while pushing away the hand which her daughter stretched towards her. But between the two green serge curtains of the alcove there was a wooden image of the Saviour, brown with age. Towards this representation of her God, Ursula extended those hands which no friend on earth would press, and kneeling by the side of the bed of the blind woman, she prayed for a long time.

From this period Ursula grew more pallid, more silent, more motionless than before. These new sorrows took away the last traces of her youth and beauty. She grew old in a few days. No one could she now be pleasing; but if she could, Ursula no longer desired it. "It is all over!" was the expression she had once uttered; this time, indeed, she was pitifully right—all was over, indeed, for her!

Nothing more was said of Maurice D'Erval. Ursula had wept for him, as a fine picture, the melancholy of which had moved her soul; in separating from him, the colours of the picture grew pale, then were effaced: she forgot him.

Oh, heavens! what things we can forget in life! Why is it that heaven, which has permitted, for the good of our hearts, that love should die out when we are in the habit of seeing each other, has not granted, at least to those who are separated, the power of lamenting for a long time? How sad, indeed, sometimes, is life!

A year after these events the mother of Ursula fell sick. Her malady was not of a kind for which there are remedies—it was the departure of life without shock and without violence. Ursula watched

and prayed by her mother's bedside, and received her last sign with her last blessing.

"It is your turn, Martha," exclaimed Ursula, "our mother is now with you. Do you comfort her to God!"

Then she went and knelt by the old man, who alone remained. She made him put on mourning, seemingly without his noticing it; but on the second day after the death of the poor blind woman, when they had removed the chair where she had sat on so many years near her aged husband, the old man turned towards the empty place and cried out, "My wife!" Ursula spoke to him, and endeavoured to lead his thoughts away from it. He repeated "My wife!" and two tears rolled down his cheeks. In the evening they took him his usual food, but he turned away his head, and, in a sad voice, his eyes still fixed upon the empty place, said again, "My wife!"

Ursula, in despair, tried all that grief and love could suggest to her.

The idiot old man remained leaning over towards the corner where the blind woman's chair had stood; and refusing all nourishment, with his hands clasped together, fixed his eyes on Ursula, repeating, like a child that supplicates to obtain what it wants, "My wife!"

A month afterwards he died.

In his last moments, when the priest sent for to him endeavoured to make him turn his thoughts towards God, his Maker, there was an instant when he believed he had reanimated his dying intelligence; for the old man clasped his hands, and looked towards heaven; but for the last time cried out, "My wife!" as if he had seen her hovering above his head.

At the moment when they carried the coffin of her father from the little grey house, Ursula murmured—"Oh, my God! I had deserved that they should have lived longer!"

And Ursula remained altogether alone.

All this passed some years ago.

I was obliged to quit the little town of —, and leave Ursula. I have travelled — numerous events have followed each other in my life, without effacing from my memory the story of this poor girl. But Ursula, like those bruised spirits that refuse all consolation, grew tired of writing to me. After some vain efforts to induce

her to share her grief with me at a distance, I lost all traces of her.

What, then, has become of her? Does she still exist? Is she dead?

Alas! the chances of this poor girl's lot were never favourable. I believe that she no longer lives.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

"It does not follow," says Goethe, "that what is mysterious must necessarily be miraculous." We are accustomed to take so many facts for granted which science her-



self has hitherto been unable to explain. That the truth of this skepticism of the illustrious German cannot now be disputed. The most distinguished of modern experimental philosophers has left upon record a fact witnessed by himself, apparently quite as extraordinary as any of those phenomena about which the world is now puzzling itself. In Sir David Brewster's letters on natural magic, we find the experiment to which we allude was first performed before a large party at Vienna, and afterwards repeated in his presence in England. This fact, apparently so marvellous, was the power of any six persons to raise a lamp of more than ordinary weight upon the points of their fingers, and sustain him by suspended aloft for several minutes. It was done in this way. The lungs of the person to be raised, as well as of those who

were to lift him, were inflated with air at the same moment. The person having been placed in a chair, a signal was given, at which each of the persons engaged draws a deep breath. When the inflation is complete, there is a second signal, and in this simple mode a man of twenty stone can be lifted, as if he were no heavier than a feather.

This phenomenon appeared to be one which contained a direct contradiction of all the known laws of physics. Sir David professed himself wholly unable to account for or explain it; but a problem, which seemed so unintelligible to this practical philosopher, has received a very ready solution in our own times. And we mention the circumstance now, as a striking proof that phenomena the most startling and mysterious will occasionally occur, perplex the world for a time, and at length quietly pass away into that dreamy realm, the abode of shadowy and forgotten chimeras of the past. We are indebted to two young American ladies for the potable discovery called table-turning. Margaret and Catherine Fox, whose names gained such celebrity in connection with the spirit rappers, invented at the same time the rotatory motion of the tables, which they attributed to the influence of the spirits—a point which we believe is now altogether given up by professors of that mysterious art. From America the marvel passed into Germany, and so, via France, in due time it has arrived in Great Britain. During the last month, the writer of this article, deeming so be in Paris, found table-turning, and had moving to be the evening's amusement of nearly every drawing-room he entered.

The first and the most simple experiment, which we quote from a work by Monsieur Houdin, can be performed by means of a hat, because it is a subject easy to be operated upon on account of its lightness, while its size affords a surface large enough to contain five or six hands. This phenomenon may be produced by two persons, each facing the other; they cover the brim of the hat with their hands. These should be, as presents on the hat—a simple contact, in all that is magnetic, and the fingers of the operators—any those who believe in the mystery—should be unanimous; that is to say, they should desire the hat to turn in one particular direction, all being thus arranged. After a little delay, which may vary from

a minute to an hour, during which the experimenters have liberty to talk and laugh as much as they please—a sensation of heat and tingling is felt in the elbows, wrist and fingers, and all along the nerves of the hands. Immediately after the manifestation of these symptoms, oscillations are distinctly perceptible. The increased application of the mind resulting from this, has a tendency at once to produce the phenomenon, did not the hands, by an organic contraction, exercised independently of the will, press the hat with greater force, and thus oppose a resistance which it cannot overcome.

This kind of spasmodic convulsion of the fingers does not take place with persons forewarned. When the hat is no longer under the influence of the will, the movement is always rotatory, and continues with a velocity varying according to the physical or individual influences which act upon the fluid. When the motion is slow, it can always be increased by the power of the will, which can also alter the direction of the movement, and make the hat advance either backwards or forwards, to the right or to the left. If tried upon a table, this experiment will produce similar results. The floor, however, on which the table is to stand, should be perfectly even, so as to present no obstacle to the motion. The castors should be well oiled, and the weight in proportion with the surface, to correspond with the number of persons who are to take part in the experiment. In order to render the period of waiting as agreeable as possible, the operators should be of different sexes, in nearly equal proportions, and placed alternately. They must then lay their hands, with the palm downwards on the table, and place them in contact with their neighbours, by means of their little fingers, so that a complete chain of manual communication will be established all round the surface of the table.

As in the experiment of the hat, the wills of the respective persons engaged, must be unshaken. It would be better, in the first experiments, to give no perceptible suggestion, but to wait until the table is actually in motion. Nor is it at all necessary that any particular attitude should be adopted by the hands. The effect will be produced, if they are laid either on the back, or sideways; but the point of manual communication would appear to be almost

essential. "This condition," says M. Reuband, "is as necessary to give to the necessary fluid, as are alternate places of zinc and copper to the voltaic pile." The operators must also communicate with each other by that part of their body only which is in communication with the table. The phenomenon will not take place if any other communication exists, and the time for its production varies, as in the case of the hat, from a few minutes to an hour. Having thus given the outline of this experiment, we shall not at present enter into an examination of the different arguments which have been adduced in support of the ingenious theories which have been started.

We reserve for a subsequent paper some observations which have occurred to us, upon the explanation recently given by Mr. Faraday, in his interesting letter to the *Athenæum*. There may, or there may not be some subtle fluid hitherto unperceived, by means of which mind can control matter, directly upon animals, but upon inanimate matter. This medium, if it exists, is created and sustained by the action of spirits; yet may not the table itself contain a suggestion of a different character, but equally efficacious in producing the result, namely, having a multiplication of mechanical power? Although no force is directly used by any person concerned, and the pressure upon the table is confined to a simple touch, yet the touch, if applied in combination with the will, may be quite sufficient to produce a rotatory motion in a body capable of being easily moved. We have seen some persons lean upon the table to accelerate the result, just as a shoe-black blows upon a rotary wheel he is endeavouring to polish. But is it not, perhaps, astonishing some of the operators, who are at this moment engaged upon these marvels, to be informed that even the weight, light as it is, which is applied to the surface of the table, if it were placed underneath, and if a signal were given and observed accurately, as in the experiment we have cited from Sir David Brewster's letters, the same weight which is merely moved could be lifted altogether from the ground on which it stands.

We revert, in conclusion, to the observations with which we presented our remarks, that what is mysterious need not be miraculous. An attempt has been made to invest

this phenomenon with every thing which could possibly attract and captivate the credulous public. We have endeavoured to strip it of such character, and present it to our readers simply as it exists. We shall return to the subject at an early opportunity, and, in the meantime, we would remind them that it is now a good many years since Lord Bacon, in his "*Novum Organum*," enunciated the proposition that all bodies, when pressed upon, have a natural tendency to assume a rotatory motion.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS IN THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER III.—LIGHT.

LIGHT—ITS SOURCE—NATURE OF THE SUN-BEAM—NEWTON'S ANALYSIS OF LIGHT—THE SOLAR OR PRISMATIC SPECTRUM—ITS ARRANGEMENT AND PROPORTIONS—WHITE LIGHT—FORMATION OF THE SPECTRUM—RESOLUTION OF COLOURS.

8. **LIGHT**—the agent by which we are enabled to depict nature or art with an accuracy that baffles the most experienced artist—is derived from the sun. True it is that there are other sources of light; but photographers have nothing to do with them—they must only confine their attention to solar light, and the chemical changes it produces.

9. You observe the glorious sun, which

"Was given to quicken slumbering nature,
And lead the seasons' slow vicissitudes
Over the fertile breast of mother earth;"

how it pours forth its beams,

"Dispensing life and light on every side,
Brightening the mountain cataract, drench'd
Through glittering mist, opening each dew-
gemmed flower,
Or touching, in some hamlet far deserted,
Its spiral wreaths of smoke that upward
tower."

And yet you know little of the nature of a sunbeam. No doubt, you think that you do know what a sunbeam is; but we question it—nay, are almost certain that you do not. Ah! we were correct. Well, then, to explain:—A solar beam of light is a bundle of rays,* each of which possesses distinctive characters, both as regards their

* A ray of light is the smallest portion of light which can emanate from a luminous body; and although generally represented by a mathematical line, it is really an infinitesimal pyramid.

chemical functions and colours, which you may very easily prove in some respects at present, but more fully hereafter.

10. We have found that a sunbeam is a compound; at least it has been stated that such is the case; for Sir Isaac Newton proved that the white light emitted from the sun is not so simple as it appears, but is composed of the most vivid colours and tints that can be imagined. However we will examine for ourselves, by performing the beautiful experiment called "Newton's Analysis of Light." [Experiment 1]. You observe that we have a prism (*b c*, Fig. 1), or triangular mass of glass, which is so contrived that it may be adjusted to any angle, or placed in any position we may require. This is not absolutely necessary, because the prism may be held in the hand; but as we wish to have both our hands free, we have arranged the apparatus as you observe. We will now close the shutters of the room, and admit a ray of light either by boring a hole in the shutters or separating them a little. [The ray of light (*a c*, Fig. 1), is admitted into the darkened room



Fig. 1.

by means of a hole (*a*) in the shutter]. You see that the space between the shutter and ourselves is traversed by the sunbeam or ray of light, which appears to cause little particles of dust to dance in the atmosphere of the room. This appearance, however, is due to the illuminating power of the sunbeam contrasting with the other darkened or non-illuminated space in the room, as it renders the small particles of dust floating in the air visible; but as the surrounding space is not illuminated by the solar light, we cannot distinguish the floating particles of dust; neither can we do so in the same room when *entirely lighted*, because there is no surrounding dark space to contrast with, or form a background, as it were, to the sunbeam. As soon as the prism (*b c*, Fig. 1) is placed in the path of the sunbeam, so as to allow it to fall on one of its angles (*b*), the ray will be refracted,

or bent out of its course, so as to pass towards the back of the prism (as in the line *d*), and not in the same line (*a e*) that it would otherwise have done, had not the prism been interposed. There is another effect, however, takes place; for you observe that an elongated delicately-coloured image is formed upon the wall (*d e*); and if you stand at a short distance from the prism you will see that these colours are spread out into a triangular form, the base of which is on the wall, and the apex, or point of origin, at the back (*c*) of the prism. We will remove the prism, and observe what takes place. [Does so]. Now, you see that the splendid display of colours upon the wall has disappeared, and a round spot of white light (*e*) is seen below the place occupied by the solar spectrum.



Fig. 2.

11. The coloured image you saw upon the wall is called the *prismatic* or *solar spectrum*, which, according to Sir Isaac Newton, is composed of seven different colours (see Fig. 2). The colour at the lower portion of the image, or that nearest to the round white spot (*e*), which appeared on the wall when the prism was removed, is of a red colour, and the one at the other end is of a violet colour; the whole intermediate parts being occupied by five other colours, and the whole arranged thus:—

Top.
Violet.
Indigo.
Blue.
Green.
Yellow.
Orange.
Red.
Bottom.

The red ray is the least, and the violet the most refracted of this chromatic image.*

* Fraunhofer measured the length of each of these rays with great care; and has stated the following to be the result of his investigations:—

Violet	109
Indigo	47
Blue	45
Green	46
Yellow	27
Orange	27
Red	26

Total length 360

If the spectrum be divided into 360 equal parts, corresponding with the 360 degrees of a circle, the prismatic colours will be found to occupy the following number of parts:—

Violet	80 parts.
Indigo	40 "
Blue	60 "
Green	60 "
Yellow	48 "
Orange	27 "
Red	25 "
	<hr/>
	360

Since Newton's time various experiments have been instituted by many philosophers, who have detected other rays; for instance, a *crimson* or *extreme red ray* has been discovered below the red ray, by examining the solar spectrum through a deep blue glass; and Sir John Herschel observed a *lavender ray*, beyond the violet ray, by throwing the spectrum upon a piece of yellow paper. Mr. Stokes has proved the existence of an extra spectral ray far beyond the violet; but, as we have remarked before, our consideration of light does not extend beyond its practical use to photographers, and therefore we do not intend to discuss the science of optics in the full sense, but merely to become familiar with those facts that will prove serviceable to us in our future researches.

12. Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion that white light was composed of seven primary rays, each possessed of a certain degree of refrangibility, or capability of being turned out of its natural course; and he also considered that the colour of a ray indicated its angle of refraction. Sir David Brew-

ster has demonstrated that the seven *primary colours*, as Sir Isaac Newton called the rays of the solar spectrum, are not primary, but that only three of them are so—viz., blue, yellow, and red; the

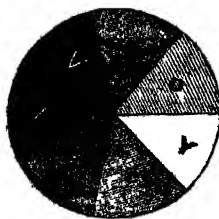


Fig. 3.

rest are compounds of the three primary colours, which form the spectrum by overlapping each other.

13. [Experiment 2] If we take a disc of cardboard (Fig. 3, and D D, Fig. 4), and divide it into seven parts, each of which is painted with one of the colours of the solar spectrum, and affix it to an axis (A, Fig. 4) which passes through a stand, and is caused to revolve very rapidly by pulling a string (S) wound around the axis, the colours will blend, so that the impression made upon the retina by one colour is not stronger than that made by any of the others. It was thought that white light was the result; but this may be proved to be an error by pasting a small strip of white paper across the indigo, blue, or any other dark-coloured segment, when it will be found that the colour caused by the revolution of the disc, contrasted with the white paper, is anything but white. Although somewhat out of place, we may remark, that if the electric light be employed to illuminate the disc during its rapid revolutions, the seven colours will be distinctly visible.



Fig. 4.

SELBORNE HALL.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH SOMETHING HAPPENS.

THE county in which Castleton Park was situated had never been remarkable for vivacious hospitality. To the interchange of state banquets at periodical intervals, between families of provincial notoriety, whatever festal proceedings there were had principally been confined. About this period, a marked change took place; and never within the memory of its oldest inhabitant did the neighbourhood wear so gay an aspect as now. The presence of the detachment of cavalry may have had some effect in producing this alteration. We

presume to offer no opinion—we merely state the fact; and indeed it was remarkable what favourites with the larger proportion of the softer sex these military heroes rapidly became. Nor was their popularity confined to the upper classes alone. Many a servant girl, formerly the pattern of industry and prudence, lost her situation in consequence of the too marked attentions of private Tomkins or corporal Brown. Rustic lovers grew outrageously jealous, of course, without the slightest cause, and uttered threats, the cruelty of which not unfrequently struck terror into the innocent hearts of the inconstant fair. The dragons cared little for all this. They went clanking about the streets; they drank malt liquor, smoked clay pipes, and made love, with an indifference apparently profound as to whether their heads were to be broken on the morrow or no. In short, there was a complete *déshonneur* of the whole social system. The beer-trade began to look up wonderfully; and Mr. Pigge, the grocer at D—, was heard to exclaim that he had sold more tobacco in the course of the last two months than he had done in the whole of the six preceding ones.

But among those whose domestic habits had undergone so marked an alteration, the Lord of Castleton stood forth conspicuous. He set a brilliant example to the whole country; throwing open his baronial halls, where balls and dinners, got up on a scale regardless of expense, came off at intervals of such frequent recurrence as to lend some semblance of reality to a rumour which got abroad, that a piece of good luck, in the shape of a legacy had befallen him. The knowing ones—with Mrs. Gray Flouncey at their head—looked sagacious, and asserted that the pace was too fast to continue; an opinion, however, which did not seem to interfere in the slightest degree on the part of those who held it, with their acceptance of the hospitality. The dinners at Castleton Park were eaten with a hearty appetite; and the rich old wines brought out of the dust and cobwebs, where they had so long rested, were imbibed with a relish which proved that, however the guests might be disposed to speculate on the future, they were perfectly ready and willing to enjoy the present.

But the knowing people who made these observations did not confine their attention

altogether to such speculations. They said that the heir of Castleton had of late become very marked in his attentions to the beauty of Selborne Manor, and that they would make an uncommonly handsome couple.

Matters were proceeding in this course—people were giving dinners—and others were eating them, talking that species of gossip in which the denizens of small communities love to indulge, and otherwise endeavouring to pass away the time, when the whole neighbourhood was thrown into wonderful commotion by an event of importance.

It was probably because nearly every other festive desire had been exhausted, that the notable project of giving a picnic—which was first broached at a large party given by the Smithson Smiths—was received with acclamation.

The Traceys were quite in raptures—so were the Middletons; but far more enthusiastic than any was Mrs. Guy Flouncy, for she had lately received a new morning dress from London.

"Oh! will it not be charming, major?" she said; throwing an expressive glance at that officer, who hovered near her.

"Charming indeed! But would it be safe?" replied the major.

"La! you ain't afraid of colds, or of sore throats, surely!"

"Not so far as I am personally concerned. I was thinking only of damp grass, thin shoes, and the probable results."

"How considerate! But what do you say, sir?" said the widow to Cornet Horsephiz, who stood near, fanning himself with a cambric handkerchief.

"I say the room is dreadfully hot. Mrs. Smithson Smith's rooms are always so hot," replied the Cornet, who was a bit of a coxcomb.

"Young gentlemen are often hot," replied the widow, somewhat tartly, with an exasperating accent upon the adjective.

"Yes," continued the unhappy Cornet, "it is so. I feel so much overcooled at present, that I have got quite a palpitation of the heart."

"A complaint fools are very subject to," the widow said, with a toss of her head; for the complete inattention of the young officer to her first remark had vexed Mrs. Guy Flouncy.

Now the Cornet, although voluble enough at the mess-table, and sufficiently audacious in his own realms of Cockayne, was no hand at this species of repartee. He felt put out; and the effort not to look as he felt, made him appear more disconcerted than was becoming in a dragoon. He felt his ears beginning to grow red; and in order to conceal his confusion, he rubbed his nose with his handkerchief; but, this failing to supply him with the needed inspiration, he withdrew from the circle in blushing confusion, leaving his senior officer in possession of the field.

"Were you not a little hard upon our young friend?" said the good-natured Major. "Boys will be boys."

"I prefer men," replied the widow, energetically, with an approving glance at the tall dragoon.

The Major stroked his moustaches, and glanced at his boots. He might have proposed in another moment, when, as if to save him, up came the curate.

"What do you say to our projected excursion, Mr. Waddinghead?" inquired the widow.

"If we can only calculate on fine weather, it will be delightful. But where is it to come off, and when?"

"Oh, in Castleton Park, of course; where else should it be?" said Mrs. Smithson Smith.

"I will undertake to secure you a hospitable reception," said Clarence Capel, who now joined the conclave.

"Ah! I knew you would," said Mrs. Guy Flouncy.

"And we can have a little dance in the oak hall, by way of winding up the evening—that is to say, if the ladies are not too much fatigued," added Mr. Capel.

"Had we not better ascertain what Lady Maitland's opinion may be on the subject? We can scarcely get on without Miss Clare," suggested the curate.

"I have already received her assent," replied Clarence.

"And I hear a *coté-à-coté* from my mother to accede to any arrangements that may be made," said Charles Maitland, as he joined the party.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mrs. Guy Flouncy, clapping her hands. "So the higher powers having assented, nothing now remains but to assign what each of us is to bring."

"Here, then, take this sheet of paper, Mrs. Guy Flouncy, and you shall draw up the bill of fare," said the curate.

"What shall we set you down for, Mr. Capel?" inquired the widow, taking out her great pencil-case.

"Wine!" said Mr. Waddinghead.

"Capital idea—no trouble but to open the cellar door."

"Wine," wrote the widow; "there you are, and plates and spoons, and all that sort of thing."

"What shall I put down for you, Mrs. Smithson Smith?"

"Say cold chickens, ham, and pies, &c."

"Very well. Who comes next on our list?"

"Lady Maitland will not be pleased, I am sure, if she is forgotten. Confectionery for her ladyship, eh?" said the widow.

"So be it," replied the Lieutenant; "I shall accept the responsibility."

"And the Traceys, what are they good for?"

"Corkscrews," suggested a bystander.

"La! I'll put them down for bottled porter," said Mrs. Guy Flouncy. "But Major Martingale—good gracious! I had nearly forgotten you. What will you bring—eh, Major?"

"I'll bring your friend, the Cornet," replied the Major.

"Nonsense—punch," said the widow. "I'll put you down for punch—cold iced punch."

"The very thing—we are famous hands at making it."

"Now, with your permission, let me see. There are several things we have forgotten. Give me the *carte* to examine," said Clarence Capel.

"I think our bill of fare is perfect," said the curate.

"If there is anything more I shall be sure to remember it," said Mrs. Guy Flouncy; "but, Major, be sure you don't forget the cold iced punch, and plenty of it."

"And speak to the Colonel to let us have the band."

"Waltzes in the evening, and the drum-head polka—how glorious!"

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Guy Flouncy, clapping her hands.

The day appointed for the famous pic-nic came round in due course. Whether it is for a marriage or a funeral—a dîner or a dinner party—the day and the hour will

come. Nor is it in the power of fate to prevent their advent. So the long-expected morning came, and a lovelier one never dawned. It was as bright and cheerful as if it had been bespoke to order. Castleton Park never looked to greater advantage, nor did its Lord ever appear in better spirits. We shall not trouble ourselves by describing a species of festivity in which there are few of our readers who have not mingled, at one time or other of their lives. We would, therefore, entreat them to draw upon their own experience. So far as the dinner was concerned, nothing could be more successful—the most picturesque spot in the demesne had been selected. The viands were abundant as well as various. The guests were hungry, and the champagne was well iced. The cold punch, in the opinion of Mrs. Guy Flouncy, was superior to anything of the kind she had ever tasted, and the bottled porter was as good as the punch. "All went merry as a marriage bell," bright eyes looked brighter, smiles kindled, cheeks glowed, speeches were made, healths were drunk.

The sunshine sparkled, and the green trees rustled to the music of the summer winds, until at length—for everything agreeable, even a pic-nic, must end—the banquet terminated, and the party breaking up, separated into groups of twos and threes, to beguile the time as best they might in wandering about the beautiful grounds until evening should be sufficiently advanced to warrant the possibility of effecting an entrance into the oaken hall, which had been prepared for dancing.

We shall, if the reader have no objection, follow a party which, having separated from the rest, is proceeding in the direction of a thickly-wooded glen, traversed by a sparkling stream, which has been fashioned by the hand of art into a series of picturesque waterfalls. The Lord of Castleton is justly proud of these cascades. They have been constructed at considerable expense, and are among the sights of his famous park. Clarence Capel has been deputed to afford Lady Maitland and her niece an opportunity of inspecting their beauties; and Colonel Trevylyan, whom every *rue* had failed to detach from the party, is acting as a species of supernumerary escort.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the three

visitors, as a sudden turn in the path brought them within sight of the picture they had come to examine.

"How I wish I had brought my sketch-book," said Miss Clare; "I should have had plenty of time."

"I did not know you were an artist," interrupted the Colonel.

"Nor am I. I know only sufficient to be able to amuse myself."

"And delight others?"

"That depends upon their taste; but I do think this view would make a most charming sketch."

"I think I could show you a finer one," said Clarence.

"Impossible, I should conceive."

"Do you see that little wooded height on the other side of the stream?"

"Yes, it is picturesque."

"Well, on the other side is a summer-house, which commands the finest prospect perhaps in England."

"Yes, but how are we to reach it?"

"Should you fear to venture over this somewhat frail bridge?"

"Fear!—oh, no. But what do you say, aunt?"

"I think I shall remain where I am; perhaps Colonel Trevelyman will be so kind as to take care of me," replied Lady Maitland.

The Colonel had no alternative but to express his ready consent, although his politeness was sorely put to the test; and he followed with a wistful eye the graceful movements of Violet as she passed over the bridge, and, escorted by her companion, disappeared among the trees which clothed the opposite bank.

"Well, it is worth coming such a zig-zag path to see such a prospect," said Violet, as they paused at last on the eminence.

"I am so delighted you think so."

"The old gray castle looks magnificent towering from among the trees."

"How should you like to dwell in the castle you so much admire?"

"Oh, not the least in the world."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Because I don't like castles; and I am—nay, do not laugh—I am a little bit afraid of ghosts!" said Violet Clare.

"I was not laughing—you have made me serious—and now must I speak, or never. You cannot know how inexpressi-

bly dear to me you have become. I live only in —"

"Stay," said Violet, turning her large dark eyes full upon the speaker, "this is what I did not expect—what I cannot hear. Let us return —"

"One word before you go. I have been, I fear, too abrupt,—that may have offended you. I know that it is impossible to express all I feel, or to say what I wish—give me only a gleam of hope—tell me that I am not indifferent to you."

"Certainly not: as a friend I shall never cease to regard you with interest; but —"

"Nothing more?"

"Impossible. If you would not distress me, let us return."

And thus was Mr. Clarence Capel, who deemed himself irresistible, refused; and Colonel Trevelyman, whose practised eye looked keenly on the party as they returned, knew that something had come to pass, and drew conclusions in his own favour, which an incident that occurred somewhat later in the course of the evening convinced him were altogether erroneous.

THE WEATHER.

YEARS WHICH WERE EXTREMELY HOT AND DRY.

At present it seems probable that we shall have a variable summer; hot days are, however, prognosticated, and the following account of remarkably hot summers may therefore possess some interest.

In 763 the summer was so hot that the springs dried up.

In 870 the heat was so intense, that near Worms the reapers dropped dead in the fields.

In 903 and again in 924, it was so hot that the corn and fruit were burnt up.

The year 1000 was so hot and dry that in Germany the pools of water disappeared, and the fish, being left to stink in the mud, bred a pestilence.

In 1122 the heat was so excessive, that both man and cattle were struck dead.

In 1130 the earth yawned with drought. Springs and rivers disappeared, and even the Rhine was dried up in Alsace.

In 1132 the earth opened, and the rivers and springs disappeared in Alace. The Rhine was dried up. In 1152 the heat was so great that eggs were cooked in the sand.

In 1159 not a drop of rain fell in Italy after May.

In 1160, at the battle of Bela, a great number of soldiers died from the heat.

The year 1171 was extremely hot in Germany.

In 1232 the heat was so great, especially in Germany, that it is said that eggs were roasted in the sands.

In 1260 many of the Hungarian soldiers died of excessive heat at the famous battle fought near Bela.

The consecutive years 1276 and 1277 were so hot and dry as to occasion a great scarcity of fodder in France.

The years 1293 and 1294 were extremely hot; and so were likewise 1303 and 1304. The Seine, the Loire, the Rhine, and the Danube having dried up, people passed over dry-footed.

In 1333 the corn-fields and vineyards were burnt up.

The years 1393 and 1394 were excessively hot and dry, so that great numbers of animals fell dead, and the crops were scorched.

In 1440 the heat was excessive.

In 1447 the summer was extremely hot in the successive years 1473 and 1474 the whole earth seemed on fire. In Hungary one might walk across the Danube.

The four consecutive years, 1538, 1539, 1540 and 1541, were excessively hot, and the rivers dried up.

In 1566 the drought was so great that the springs failed. In England wheat rose from 8s. to 85s. per quarter.

In 1615 and 1616 the heat was overwhelming in France, Italy, and the Netherlands. In 1646 there were 58 consecutive days of excessive heat.

In 1652 the warmth was very great, the summer being the driest ever known in Scotland; yet a total eclipse of the sun had happened that year, on Monday the 24th of March, which hence received the appellation of "Mirk Monday."

The summer of 1670 was remarkably hot. It is related that one of the monarchs of tyranny, who in that pernicious period harassed the poor Presbyterians in Scotland with captious questions, having asked a shepherd in Fife whether the killing of the notorious Sharp, archbishop of St. Andrews (which had happened in May), was murder, he replied that he could not tell, but there had been fine weather ever since.

In 1678 the heat was excessive.

The first year of the eighteenth century was excessively warm, and the two following years were of the same description.

It is a singular coincidence, that in 1718 the weather was extremely hot and dry all over Europe. The air felt so oppressive that all the theatres were shut in Paris. Scarcely any rain fell for the space of nine months, and the springs and rivers dried up. The following year was equally hot. The thermometer at Paris rose to 113 degrees by Fahrenheit's scale. The grass and corn were quite parched. In some places the fruit-trees blossomed two or three times.

Both the years 1723 and 1724 were dry and hot.

The year 1745 was remarkably warm and dry, but the following year was still hotter, inasmuch that the grass withered, and the leaves dropped from the trees. Neither rain nor dew fell for many months; and, on the continent, prayers were offered up in the churches to implore the bounty of refreshing showers.

In 1754 it was likewise extremely warm.

The years 1760 and 1761 were both of them remarkably hot; and so was the year 1769.

1774 was excessively hot and dry.

Both the years 1778 and 1779 were warm and very dry.

The year 1788 was also very hot and dry; and of the same character was 1811, famous for its excellent vintage, and distinguished by the appearance of a brilliant comet.

In 1818 the theatres remained closed for nearly a month, owing to the heat. The maximum heat was 35 degrees (95.75 Fahrenheit) in 1830, while fighting was going on, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, the thermometer marked 36 degrees centigrade (97.75 Fahrenheit). In 1832, in the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of June, at Paris the thermometer marked 35 degrees centigrade. In 1835 the Seine was almost dried up. In 1850, in the month of June, on the second appearance of the cholera, the thermometer marked 34 degrees centigrade. The highest temperature which man can support for a certain time varies from 40 to 45 degrees (104 to 113 of Fahrenheit). Frequent accidents, however, occur at a less elevated temperature.



COMMODOE, FROM WINDSOR CASTLE.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF CABINET
WORK AT GORE HOUSE.

[FOURTH ARTICLE.]

BED CHAMBER FURNITURE—MIRRORS,
CANDELABRA.

THE "Commode" from the Royal Palace at Windsor, which is represented in the above engraving, is a curious and interesting specimen of art. The style is French, and the date of its execution about 1780. The flowing lines and surfaces of these pieces indicate the full period of the "Rococo," and we here recognise a distinct *furniture style*, entirely distinct from the architectural treatment of an earlier period. The beautiful decorative pattern in japan work, with which the surface of the piece is diapered, is very novel, and has an excellent effect, whilst the execution is beyond all praise; indeed, nothing can exceed the spirit and

elegance of the small groups of flowers, scarcely any two of which will be found to be alike. The painter of these is said to be *Martin*, a famous japanner and painter of snuff-boxes of this period, known by the soubriquet of "*Vernis Martin*."

The Exhibition at Gore House contains several articles of furniture appertaining to the Bed Chamber, and belonging to various periods and styles. Very different are all of these from the scanty and rude apparatus made use of for courting the Broomy God during the early Plantagenets. Up to the time of Henry III., and perhaps somewhat later, a portion of the private, or domestic chamber, seems to have been partitioned off by wainscoting, or a lath and plaster wall, for the reception of the bed; the wall at the head and sides of the bed was usually wainscoted. Of the bed itself not much is known, except that the tester was certainly

in use in the twelfth century; as the name implies, it was provided with a canopy for the protection of the head; the substruction on which the mattress lay was probably little more than a bench. A chest, or coffer, was the chief appendage to the bed in the sleeping room. This served the place of a wardrobe, and held the cumbersome apparel and moveables of the owner. The mattresses of the twelfth century were often covered with rich stuffs and quilted. William Joyner, upholsterer to Henry III., was directed, on a certain occasion, to cover the King's mattresses with silk, velvet, and other costly and fitting materials. The pillows and bolsters were equally rich in character. But the "stuffing" of these articles did not correspond with their outside show. There is a genus of plants, scientifically called *galium*, but the popular name for which is *bed-straw*. Among the species forming the genus are the Great Hedge Bedstraw, or Wild Madder, and Goose-grass. These appear, before the introduction of more convenient and comfortable material, to have been used for stuffing mattresses for "dainty limbs" to repose upon, and also for strewing upon the floor.

In the fourteenth century, the bedsteads were hung, as we have already indicated, with curtains; the bed curtains were hung on wooden rails. It must be confessed, that the curtains often gave gorgeous testimony of the skill of the needlewoman. Philippa of Hainault had a bed on which sea-syrens were embroidered. The coverlet was also frequently very rich.

"The lady lay in hire bed,
With rich clothes bespiced,
Of gold and purple palle."

The bed furniture was sometimes trimmed with expensive furs.

If, however, from the palaces of royalty, or the dwellings of nobles and merchants, we were to descend to the hut of the farmer or labourer, we should find but the barest and rudest materials. For instance, the venerable Latimer informs us that, in his early days, a substantial yeoman was content with a billet of wood for his pillow. We believe that the meanest soldier would now execrate and turn with disgust from the offer of such a billet.

The will of Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, mentions several curious particu-

lars connected with the furniture of the mansions of the great during the fourteenth century. In regard to the furniture of the bed-chamber, "to his very dear wife, Philippa," he bequeaths the blue bed of tapestry, with the several arms of himself and her worked thereon; the bed of red and pale blue which was made for shipboard; a bed of black silk, with the furniture belonging to each of these three; and whatever other beds she had at the period of her marriage with him. To his son, Richard, he assigns his large bed, with all the furniture for the blue and white chamber; a red-standard (four post) bed, called "Clove;" the silk bed having a half canopy embroidered with the arms of Arundel and Waren, together with all the furniture for that and the preceding. To Thomas, his son, he leaves his standard bed of blue silk, embroidered with griffins, with a whole canopy; the bed of red and blue satin with a half canopy, and all the furniture belonging to it. To his daughter of Charleton, his bed of red silk, with a whole canopy, with all its furniture. To his daughter Mareschal (Elizabeth, wife of the Earl Marshal), his bed of arras, and all the tapestry of the same manufacture, which he possessed when the said bed was made for him. To his daughter Margaret, his blue bed, which was formerly in London, with all his furniture.

We will now give a specimen of the furniture of a sleeping-room in a nobleman's mansion towards the end of the sixteenth century. According to an inventory taken in the twenty-third of Elizabeth, we find that one of the principal bed-chambers in the Castle of Arundel was furnished as follows:—"Three pieces of hangings of oaks and white horses; one bedstead of walnut-tree, with tester of crimson velvet embroidered with cloth of gold, and fine crimson silk curtains, with one counterpoint of crimson taffeta lined with white fustian, to the same; one chair, and two long cushions of the same stuff, to the same bed; one feather-bed and bolster, one pillow, three rugs, and two fustian blankets thereto; one pallet-bed upon the floor, one bolster, one covering of venders, and one pallet-case of canvas; one old cupboard of wainscot; one carpet of green cloth for the cupboard; one pair of andirons of iron; one close-stool and thirteen chamber-pots."

There were several chambers furnished in a nearly similar manner.

The Exhibition is enriched by some bed-hanging, in Genoa velvet, in the Italian style, of the seventeenth century. It is the property of Earl Amherst, and is marked 100. Number 101 is a noticeable carved and gilt couch, with embroidered cushion and pillow.

We may now direct attention to the apparatus for the purpose of holding the candles, and other sources of artificial light in use among our forefathers. The Exhibition contains some very beautiful specimens. No. 35 is a pair of carved and gilt stands or candelabra. They are executed in the French style, and belong to the end of the seventeenth century. Articles of furniture of this kind were much in vogue in that and the following century. The various apartments of Hampton Court Palace contain a numerous selection of similar objects. We wish also to notice No. 63, which is a bronze group, with ornamental candelabra, in or-molu. It is in the French style of the middle of the eighteenth century. For finish and beautiful execution, it could not well be surpassed. It represents Venus, Cupid, and Vulcan.

It must not be supposed that such perfection was arrived at except through a long course of years. Although a "chandler" was generally attached to the residences of the king and the chief nobility, from the commencement of the twelfth century, the apparatus in which candles were fixed was usually of a very primitive and rude description. Even in churches, the wax-lights were sometimes stuck in a row on a wooden beam filled with prickets, also of wood. There are several writs of Henry III. directing iron branches to be attached to the piers of his halls at Oxford, Winchester, and other places; a candlestick for his private chamber cost no more than eightpence!

The use of silver candlesticks does not appear to have prevailed then to any extent, even in the royal apartments. They were, indeed, often made by the king's direction; but they were generally presented to churches. Seldom were such valuable ornaments used for secular purposes.

In after-times, candlesticks were sometimes made in the form of human figures, holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands. Mr. Douce had one of

these interesting relics in his possession. They are mentioned in "Vittoria Corombani" (1612):—"He showed like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting-staff in his hand, little bigger than a candle." Shakespeare also has a passage in the second scene of the fourth act of King Henry VIII., to the same effect—

"Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torchstaves in their hands."

Until about the middle of the thirteenth century, the ladies must have been satisfied with the reflection of their beautiful persons in mirrors made of iron, steel, and polished marble. Johannes Peckham, an English Franciscan monk, who taught at Oxford, Paris, and Rome, and who wrote, about the year 1279, a treatise on opticks speaks of glass mirrors, and says also that they were covered on the back with lead. The lead was poured over the glass plate while hot as it came from the furnace. But even so late as towards the middle of the sixteenth century, we find, in an inventory of the "goods and chattels" of Henry VIII., at St. James's Palace, mentioned is made of "steel" looking-glasses.

We have specimens of mirrors of the period of Charles II. in this exhibition. That marked 22, of the date 1660-70, is the property of Earl Amherst, one of the principal contributors. It is enriched with an acanthus roll of chased silver, showing many elegant motives, and therefore well worthy of attention. The mirror, in a carved and gilt wood frame (marked 34), is in the Venetian style, of the date 1690. The style of the period of Louis XIV. is seen, perhaps, to greater advantage in purely decorative objects, such as mirrors, candelabra, &c., than in strictly useful articles, where similar displays of florid ornament are too apt to induce structural inconsistencies. In the present instance the simple and well-contrasted mouldings that surround the glass give consistency and propriety to the whole composition, whilst the scroll and strap-work, and various ornamental motives, elegant and effective in detail, are judiciously connected with the framework of the glass, the various parts being well balanced and contrasted. Number 22, the property of Earl Amherst, dates about 1670. The group consists of a mirror, table, two candelabra, two sconces, and a small mirror.



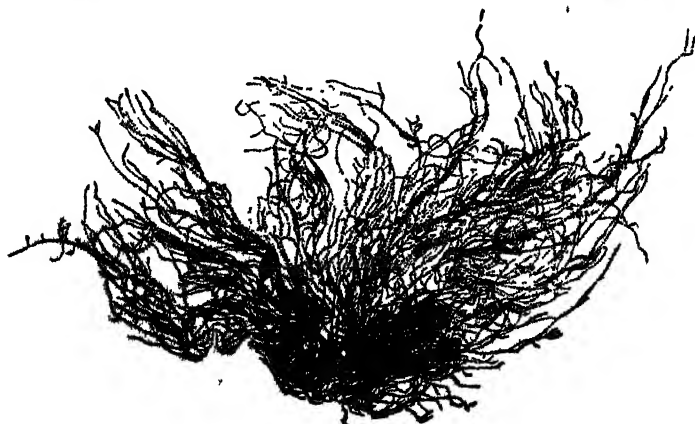
BATRACHOSPERMUM MONILIFORME.

FRESH-WATER ALGÆ

BATRACHOSPERMUM MONILIFORME.

This wonderfully beautiful little plant is found growing attached to stones in "gently-flowing streams of pure water, or in wells,

lift it out of the water; it runs out of the hand like something alive, and when floated it moves about upon the paper more in the manner of an animal than a vegetable substance. In Spring it appears like green down upon the stones. The branches are



BATRACHOSPERMUM STAGNALE.

or fountains." It is of an olive-green colour, and very bushy, growing in thick tufts, and so extensively slippery that it is difficult to

alternately, with little round tufts of filaments, the beautiful beading of which may be seen by the naked eye, but are much more strik-

ing when a lens is used. Then every separate little whorl is found to be a miracle of beauty. No one unacquainted with this



BATRACHOSPERMUM VAGUM.

little plant would imagine, on taking it from the water, that he had found a treasure; on the contrary, the mucilaginous masses are very unpleasant-looking; but it will well repay any trouble that may be taken in obtaining it. The Batrachospermums are fresh-water algae; the structure of these plants is such that they can only grow in water. When exposed to the air they wither and cease to grow. Vaucher's description of this tribe is so good, so true

to nature, that I will quote it. He says:—"Nothing would be wanting in the beauty of this species, if its ramifications were sufficiently large to be seen by the naked eye, and if its colour were more brilliant; it floats with much grace in little rivulets, where its movements are such as would lead one at the first glance to take it for an animated being. Its life lasts about a year, and as it increases every month it is met with in nearly all seasons." There are several varieties of Batrachospermum. B. Vagum is, as far as regards colour, the most beautiful of them all: it is of a lovely glaucous green, very pretty and graceful. This variety is much more rare than the B. Moniliforme, and seems to be an aspiring little thing,

affecting Alpine streams. It has been found on the summit of Snowden, also in Aberdeenshire, 2199 feet above the level of the sea. It has also been discovered in Galway; and a large supply was sent to me last year by a friend who found a profusion of it in that most lovely spot, the Isle of Arran, off the coast of Ayrshire, a place rich in the variety of its supplies for the naturalist. Shells, algae, both marine and fresh-water—rare plants and ferns—to say nothing of its geology, make it a most desirable place to tarry in; and then the beauty, the exceeding, the surpassing beauty! But I must check myself unwillingly almost, and return to the little plants. B. Atrium is another rather rare variety, of most

delicate texture—olive-green when young—full black, as its name denotes, when come to maturity.

The finest specimens I ever saw were from a well near the ruins of an old castle. B. Stagnatum, too, is a delicate and graceful variety, found in quiet wells or springs, clinging to grass, or to rushes. It is of a pale lilac and "yellowish-green" colour, and very minute: much less robust than the B. Moniliforme. It is not very easy



BATRACHOSPERMUM ATRUM.

without practice and experience to float these vivacious little plants; perhaps the method of doing it might be acceptable to some of my readers. A flat plate is the

best for the purpose. Take a portion of the plant you wish to dry, and having prepared a piece of good paper the size required, place it under the plant in the plate of water; then holding the paper with the left hand, place the plant as you wish it to be. A silver fruit-knife, or a camel's hair pencil, is the best for the purpose. Then draw it gradually out of the water, slanting it as little as possible, or it will run back into the plate, and you will have all to do again! Then lay it on a piece of blotting-paper, placed upon a board for the convenience of carrying it, and put it in a shady room, leaving it until perfectly dry; afterwards damp the back of the paper on which the specimens are, and subject them to heavy pressure. If these delicate plants were to be pressed before they were dry, they would adhere to the paper which was placed over them, and be quite spoiled.

The more we examine the works of God, and more especially these minute objects of creation, the more shall we feel disposed to say with the Psalmist: "In wisdom hast thou made them all." Well might the weary traveller, Mungo Park, have his fainting spirit refreshed by the beauty of a little moss, and his faith strengthened by observing that even this tiny thing had nutriment provided for its support.

"For wonderful indeed are all His works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight."

MILTON.

A CHAPTER ON CULINARY VEGETABLES.

ENGLAND was by no means abundantly supplied with vegetables until towards the termination of the sixteenth century. "It was not," says Hume, "till the end of the reign of Henry the Eighth that any salads, carrots, turnips, or other edible roots, were produced in England; the little of these vegetables that were used were imported from Holland and Flanders. Queen Katherine, when she wanted a salad, was obliged to despatch a messenger thither on purpose." Hume, however, is, in some degree, incorrect in this. Our ancestors, long before Henry the Eighth's time, had for salads the lettuce, rocket, mustard, water-cress, and hop-

Onions, garlic, and leeks appear to have been almost the only alliacaceous plants in use before the year 1400.

It is probable that some species of the *Campaea* was first introduced into this country by the Romans, since *kale* is mentioned among the oldest English records. The Saxon name for February is *spring-kale*, and that is the season when the sprouts from the old stalks begin to be fit for use.

The variety of cabbage which was first cultivated here cannot be ascertained, since our forefathers had no distinctive name for the different kinds. Numerous improvements have been made in the cultivation of this vegetable, and many new varieties introduced by different individuals at comparatively recent dates.

The close-hearted variety, which is now more peculiarly called cabbage, was for many years imported into England from Holland. Sir Anthony Ashley first introduced its cultivation here. This planter of cabbages likewise rendered his name known by other deeds less creditable to his character. It is related that he had a command at *Cales* (Cadiz), where he got much by rapine, especially from a lady who intrusted her jewels to his honour; whence the jest on him, that he got more by *Cales* than by *cals* and cabbage.* There is said to be a cabbage at his feet, sculptured on his monument, at Wimborne, St. Giles, in Dorsetshire.

Although Ashley introduced the cabbage, it does not appear to have become generally cultivated; for we continued to import the vegetable for many years. Ben Jonson, who wrote more than half a century afterwards, says, "He hath news from the Low Countries in cabbages."

The garden-culture of the Turnip was probably introduced also by the Romans; and that, though neglected, it was never altogether lost; and, if appearing to be so for a time, was restored by the monks—those constant guardians and fosterers of horticulture.

There is no doubt that this root was in cultivation in the sixteenth century. It is then mentioned by more than one writer.

* Most of our readers are probably familiar with the old ballad called "The Wandering of Cales," given by Percy in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

Osgan, in his "Haven of Health," published in 1597, says, that "although many men love to eat turnips, yet do swine abhor them." Gerard, who published in the same year, leads us to conclude that more than one variety was cultivated in the environs of London, at that time. "The small turnip," says he, "grown by a village near London, called Hackney, in a sandie ground, and brought to the Crosse in Cheap-side by the women of that village to be sold, are the best that I ever tasted."

Our ancestors appear to have applied the turnip to more extensive uses as an esculent than is done in the present day. It is recorded that, in the years 1629 and 1630, when there was a dearth in England, very good, white, lusting, and wholesome bread was made of boiled turnips, deprived of their moisture by pressure, and then kneaded with an equal quantity of wheat flour, the whole forming what was called *turnip-bread*. The scarcity of corn in 1693 obliged the poor people of Essex again to have recourse to this species of food. This bread could not, it is said, be distinguished by the eye from a wheaten loaf; neither did the smell much betray it, especially when cold.

The annual value of the turnips now grown is estimated at fourteen millions sterling!

Historical evidence would make it appear that both the *PEA* and the *BEAN* must not only have been introduced, but extensively cultivated, in some parts of Scotland, as well as in England, at a very early period. It is on record that, when the English forces were besieging a castle in Lothian, in the year 1298, their supply of provisions was exhausted, and their only resource was in the peas and beans of the surrounding fields. This circumstance would almost lead to a belief that the pea was then one of the staple articles of produce for human food.

The more delicate kinds, however, do not appear to have been cultivated in England until a much later period. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the pea would appear to be somewhat a rarity, as in the privy purse expenses of that king is an entry, "Paid to a man in reward for bringing peascods to the king's grace, 4s. 8d." From a song, however, called "London Lyckpenny," made in the time of Henry the

Sixth, peascods appear to have been commonly sold in London:—

"Then unto London I dyde me hys,
Of all the land it beareth the pryse:
'Gode peascods!' one began to cry,"

At Windsor, there is a street called "Peascod," mentioned by that name in old documents.

Fuller informs us that peas, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, were brought from Holland, and were "fit dainties for ladies—they came so far, and cost so dear."

The large variety of bean, called the "Windsor bean," is said to have been first cultivated in this neighbourhood by some of the Dutch gardeners who came over at the Revolution. There is a field near Eton still called "The Dutchman's Garden."

That species of bean called "the runner" was introduced from South America in 1633. It is supposed that the scarlet variety was first cultivated about that time by Tradescant, the celebrated gardener at Lambeth. It was then, we are told, in so great repute for its flowers, that they formed the leading ornament in the nosegays of the ladies; and it seems to have kept its place only as an ornamental plant for nearly a hundred years, as its legumes were seldom used as an edible substance until brought into notice by Miller, of Chelsea, in the eighteenth century.

The first notice of *SPINACH* being used as an edible in Europe occurs in the year 1351, in a list of the different vegetables consumed by the monks on fast-days. This plant found a place among culinary vegetables at rather an early period in England; for Turner, who wrote in 1568, mentions it as being at that time in common cultivation, and prepared for the table precisely in the same manner as it is at present.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the *ARTICHOKE* was first planted in our gardens. In the privy purse expenses of this king we find several entries regarding artichokes. Thus:—"Paid to a servant of Master Treasurer, in reward for bringing *artichokes* to the king's grace to Yorke Place, 4s. 4d." A treatise, written in the reign of Mary, on "the best settinge and keepynge of artichokes," is still preserved in the Harleian library.

THE *JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE* is a native of Brazil, and was first introduced in 1667

into this country, where it was much esteemed before potatoes were brought into general adoption. Its name is derived from the similarity of flavour observable between the roots of the common sunflower and the bottom of the artichoke. Its distinctive epithet is a corruption of the Italian word for sunflower, *girasole*, and bears no reference, as might be imagined, to the city of Jerusalem.

We are indebted for the introduction of the CARROT to the Flemings, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, sought refuge in England from the insupportable tyranny of their Spanish master, Philip the Second. Finding the soil about Sandwich, in Kent, very favourable for the culture of the carrot, the emigrants soon engaged in its production on that spot. The English, whose knowledge of horticulture was at that time extremely circumscribed, were well pleased to add another edible vegetable to the scanty list which was then under general cultivation. The carrot, consequently, grew rapidly into esteem; and, being made an object of careful culture, was very shortly naturalized throughout the island.

We are told by Parkinson, the famous botanist to James the First, that in his time the ladies adorned their head-dresses with carrot-leaves, the light feathery verdure of which caused them to be no contemptible substitute for the plumage of birds. Although the taste of the fair sex in the present day has discarded this ornament, the leaves of the carrot are even now sometimes used as house decorations. If in the winter a section be cut from the end or thick part of the root, and this be placed in a shallow vessel containing water, young and delicate leaves are developed, forming a "radiated tuft," the graceful and verdant appearance of which makes it a pleasing ornament for the mantel-piece, in that season when any semblance of vegetation is a welcome relief to the eye.

Although SEAL-KALE was sent from England to the Continent by L'Obel and Turner before the middle of the sixteenth century, yet no professional account of it appeared for nearly a century after that period; the earliest notice being that taken of it by Miller in 1731; and it was not until the year 1767 that it was first brought, by Dr. Lettson, into fashionable repute as a garden vegetable.

The SKIRRET was introduced from the East some three centuries back; being known in British horticulture so early as about the middle of the sixteenth century. It was formerly very highly prized. Worlidge, a writer in the latter end of the seventeenth century, described it as "the sweetest, whitest, and most wholesome of roots." The skirret is one of those plants which are now neglected, because we are become acquainted with others more pleasant to the taste and more profitable in their culture. Its peculiar sweetness—so delightful to the palates of our less-refined forefathers—to us appears nauseously sweet.

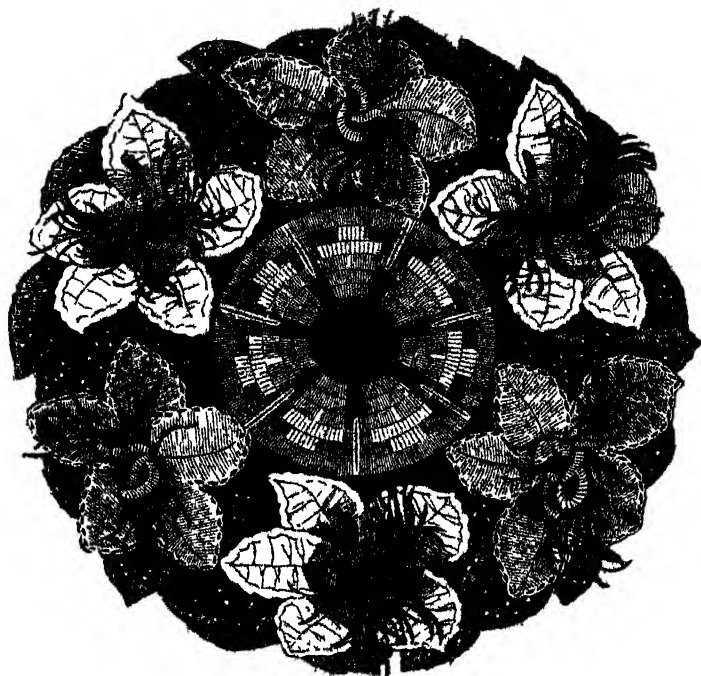
For some time after the cultivation of skirrets had become neglected in the gardens of the rich, they still continued to be an object of cultivation among the poor in a few remote parts of the country. But even in those situations they have, now very generally given way to the potato.

The CAULIFLOWER was first brought into England from the Island of Cyprus. The exact period of its introduction into our horticulture is not known; but it was certainly cultivated here at the beginning of the seventeenth century, although as a rarity which could only be produced at the tables of the most opulent. In the year 1619, two cauliflowers cost three shillings; the price of wheat being then thirty-five shillings and fourpence per quarter. It was not, however, until the latter end of the same century that this vegetable was brought to any degree of perfection; at least it was not raised in sufficient abundance to appear in our English markets until that period.

Dr. Johnson used to say of this vegetable, "Of all flowers I like the cauliflower the best."

Mr. Myatt, of Deptford, was the first who cultivated RHUBARB for the market. It is not more than forty years ago since he first sent five bunches of it to the Borough Market; of which he prevailed on some one to purchase three by way of experiment, and the other two he was compelled to bring back unsold.

In a future article, we shall offer a few observations on French culinary vegetables, which will not be without interest to our readers.



TIGER-LILY MAT PATTERN, BY MRS. PULLAN.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

TIGER-LILY LAMP MAT.

Materials.—3 yards of crochet-cord; 1 skein maize crochet-silk; a little of each of 3 shades of green crystal wool; 1 skein plain light green ditto; 5 shades of scarlet (4 skeins of each of the two lightest); 3 skeins white; a yard of scarlet and green chenille; and a little dark crystal cord. Also some green twilled calico, card-board, and a little wire.

With the darkest scarlet wool cover the end of the cord, and close it into a round. Work one round more.

2nd Round.—(Same scarlet, and green.) + 3 green, 3 scarlet, + 7 times in the round.

3rd Round.—(Same colours.) + 5 green on 3, 3 scarlet, + 7 times

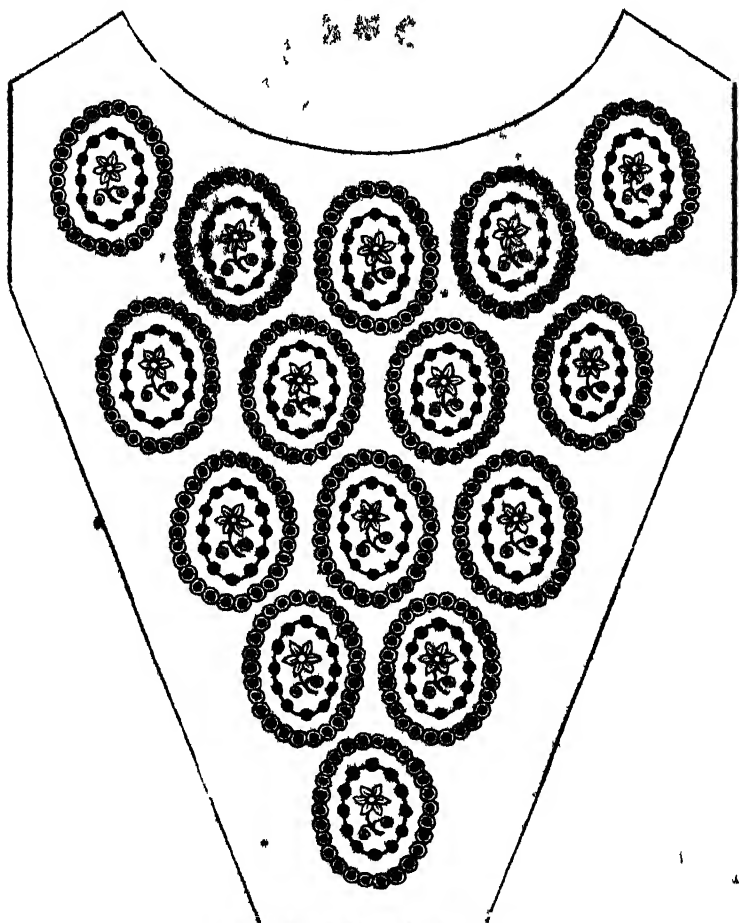
4th Round.—(Next scarlet, and green) + 7 green on 5, 3 scarlet on scarlet, + 7 times.

5th Round.—(Next scarlet, and silk.) + 4 silk, 1 long silk taken on centre of 5 green in third round, 4 more silk (all 9 on 7 green), 5 scarlet on 3, + 7 times.

6th Round.—(Next scarlet, and silk.) + 4 silk on centre of 3 of 9, and all the space between closely covered with scarlet. + 7 times.

7th Round.—(Lightest scarlet, and silk.) In this round a single long stitch is taken with the silk, on the centre of the 3 scarlet in the third round, and all the rest of the round is wool. Fasten off the cord.

With the darkest scarlet, and a coarse hook, do a round thus: + 1 Dc, 1 Ch, miss 1, +



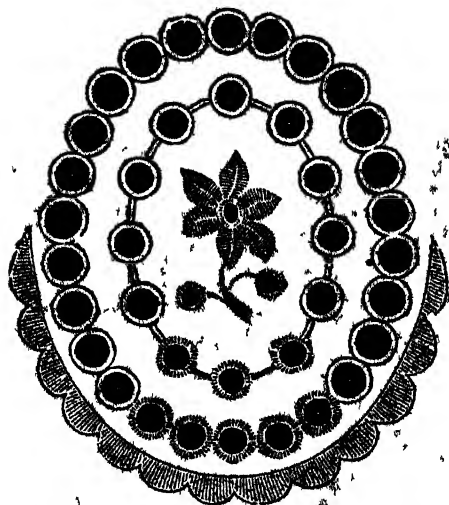
MEDALLION CHEMISSETTE, BY MRS. PULLAN.

2nd Round.—+ 1 Dc under chain, 1 chain all round.

Cut a round of card-board 3 inches in diameter larger than the mat. Cover it on both sides with the calico, run together at the edge, tack the wool-work down in the centre, so that there is a margin of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch

all round. On this margin the flowers are sewed.

The Flowers.—These are six in number, three white and three scarlet. All are made exactly alike. Make a chain of 16 stitches with the white wool. Cut a piece of wire four inches long. hold it in. and



MEDALLION 'DOLLAR' PATTERN, BY MRS. FULLER.

work on one side of the chain thus: miss 1, 1 slip, 1 Sc, 1 Sdc, 9 Dc, 1 Sdc, 1 Sc, 7 Sc; bend the wire down the other side of the chain—2 more Sc, in the same stitch, 1 Sc in the first on the other side of the chain, 1 Sdc, 9 Dc, 1 Sdc, 1 Sc, 1 slip. Twist the ends of the wire, with those of wool, together, and for each flower make 5 petals. For the scarlet, one side of the petal is done with the lightest shade, the other with the next to it. Some ends of the crystal cord, and four pieces of chenille, each an inch long, are fastened in the centre of each flower. The green chenille is put in the scarlet flowers, and scarlet in the white.

THE LEAVES.—18 are to be made, 6 in each shade of the crystal wool. Cut 18 pieces of wire, each five inches long. Make a chain of 18 stitches. Hold in the wire even with the chain, on which work (missing the first stitch) 1 slip, 1 Sc, 1 Sdc, 11 Dc, 1 Sdc, 1 Sc. In the stitch at the point do 4 Sc, bending the wire down the other side of the chain; do 1 Sc, 1 Sdc, 11 Dc, 1 Sdc, 1 Sc, 1 slip. Fasten off as for the petals.

Sew the flowers, each with three leaves,

at equal distances on the border of the mat, so as completely to conceal the calico.

MEDALLION, CHENILLE AND COLLAR.

Materials.—French muslin, with Messrs W. Evans and Co.'s royal embroidery cotton, Nos. 40 and 60.

We have selected the accompanying design for the readers of the *FAMILY FRIEND*, because being able to give one perfect pattern, from which the whole can be drawn, it will be found particularly useful to those of our correspondents who are too far from large towns to have many facilities for obtaining novelties.

The medallion style (of which this is a specimen) is just now extremely fashionable in Paris, and is worked in two ways, suitable either for the novice or the practised needlewoman. The medallion itself is always of rather a solid, heavy character, the spring within being in satin-stitch instead of broderie; but the spaces between the medallions, both in the chenille and the collar, are either left of the plain muslin, or worked in bars, with the muslin between them cut -

away. The former effect will be seen in our engraving. The latter has the appearance of Irish guipure, the ground looking like that of some of our specimens of point lace.

The present design can be worked in either manner.

In order to draw the pattern, first cut out the collar and front of the habit-shirt in muslin (leaving ample margins); then, in the latter, mark with a pencil the portion you wish worked. Cut out a piece of tracing-paper the size of the collar and of the embroidered part of the habit-shirt, and copy off the full-sized medallion, which we give, on a separate piece. Lay this under the tracing-paper, to draw the centre of the five medallions round the neck. When this is traced, shift the pattern for the neck, and so on till all are completed. The collar is to be drawn in the same way, beginning with the centre.

From the pattern thus prepared, any number of collars may be traced on the muslin with a taper brush or soft quill, dipped in a solution of indigo and gum water.

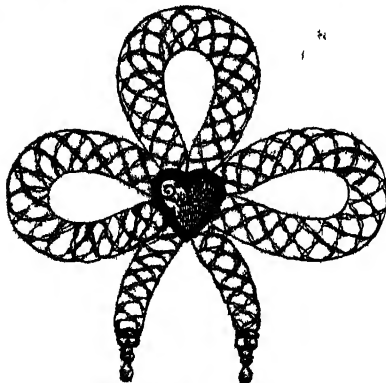
The outer circle of holes in the medallion is done in button-hole stitch, with No. 40 cotton; the inner ones are simply sewed over with the same. The petals and stem of the flower in satin stitch, with No. 60; the eyelet holes with the same cotton, overcast. The scallop is in graduated overcast stitch, with No. 40. Should the ground between the medallions be barred, the bars must be done in the irregular way seen in the *mousquetaire* collar, page 188, Vol. 3, New Series of the FAMILY FRIEND. They must be traced, closely covered with button-hole stitch, and then the spaces between them cut out.

To various correspondents who inquire respecting elementary instruction, we beg to suggest that Vol. 6, Old Series, FAMILY FRIEND, and Vols. 1 to 4, New Series, contain the clearest possible instructions in all kinds of fancy work, with diagrams, terms used, &c. We beg them, therefore, to obtain these back volumes at their earliest convenience, and to consult their pages in any difficulty that may arise, our space being too limited to permit us to repeat the first lessons in each branch of decorative work.

ON WEAVING AND PLAITING HAIR ORNAMENTS.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE pattern we are now about to give our readers is for a brooch. It is to be worked in



[PATTERN FOR A BROOCH]

five lengths, three of which—those for the bows—are to measure three inches each, and the other two (those for the ends) two inches each. Lighter weights must be used, and for this purpose leaden bullets of a quarter of an ounce each will do very nicely, if a groove be made round them to receive the twist.

Twenty-eight strands of six or nine hairs each, depending on the fineness of the hair, must be prepared according to the instructions already given at page 66. These strands are to be arranged in groups of four; each group being lettered *a b c d*, on the table, and a cross is to be made between two of the groups, to mark the place for commencing each round, as in cat of the table and strands in page 75.

1st Round.—Commence with the first group immediately on the right of the cross. Take strand *d* (or the fourth one) in the right hand, and strand *a* in the left hand, pass the former over the latter, and lay them down in each other's places. Take strand *a* in the left hand, and strand *b* in the right hand, and pass the former under the latter, moving strand *b* into the place of *a*, while the original strand *a*, instead of

being laid down on *b*, is carried over strand *c*, and takes its place, this latter passing under it, and becoming *b*. Proceed now to the second group, and weave it in the same way—viz., passing *d* over *c*, and bringing *a* under *b* and over *c*. Continue thus through each group, until the cross is reached. This round is worked to the right.

2nd Round.—Take two strands from the group on the right, and two from the one on the left of the cross, and arrange them into a group in the space which intervenes between the two lettered groups, and work them exactly as in the previous round, viz., passing the fourth, or right-hand strand, over the third, and the first, or left-hand strand, under the second and over the third; then raise up two strands in each hand, draw the woven plait gently up to the tube in the centre, and retrace the two strands in the right hand to their places on the *a* and *b* of the first group to the right of the cross, and the two in the left hand to the vacant *d* and *c* in the first group to the left of the cross, taking care not to twist or misplace them, but to see that they come straight from the centre.

Proceed now as follows:—Take strands *a* and *b* from the first group to the left of the cross, and strands *d* and *c* from the second group to the left, and arrange these four in the intervening space between the letters on either side, work them in the manner we have just directed, gently draw the knot or plait thus woven up to the tube, and replace the strands: continue to repeat this all round until the cross is reached. This round is worked towards the left.

These two rounds constitute the whole pattern, and are to be repeated alternately, first working towards the right and using the original groups, and then working towards the left, and compounding each group. Eight-inch hair will be long enough for weaving the brooch. The tube in the centre must not measure more than an inch in circumference.

When the requisite lengths have been worked, scalded, dried, and slid off the tubes, the bows must be cemented into their proper form, the two extremities being neatly brought together, and fastened off firmly and finely; the ends must then be cemented at either extremity, and with great neatness. The work is now ready for the jeweller. It should be borne in mind that

the great beauty of a hair-brooch consists in its transparency, evenness, and delicacy; hence every thing likely to mar these qualities must be carefully avoided.

A bracelet may likewise be made with this pattern by arranging thirty-two or forty strands in groups of four, and putting twice or thrice as many hairs in each strand. A tube of two inches or rather more in circumference, and hair eighteen or twenty inches in length will be requisite.

The above pattern may be worked in four-inch hair; it is made in two lengths or plaits each measuring an inch and a quarter. Eighteen hairs will be required for each strand, and a fine wire must be substituted for the central tube: the ordinary weights may be used. Draw on the table with white chalk sixteen lines radiating from the centre like the spokes of a wheel. Arrange these lines in pairs, so that each pair shall be equidistant, and exactly parallel with, or opposite to another pair. Letter that pair of lines exactly at the centre of the bottom of the table, or the part close to us, and their opposites, or those exactly at the centre of the top of the table, *a*. Letter the pairs immediately in the centres of the right and the left-hand sides of the table *b*; letter the pair between the bottom *a* and the right-hand *b* and those opposite *c*; letter the pair between the bottom *a* and the left-hand *b* and those opposite *d*.

Having carefully prepared the strands in the proper way, and attached the balance weights, lay a strand on each of the sixteen lines, and commence as follows:—

Take up the two strands or the pair at bottom lettered *a*, and turn them over into the places of the pair at top lettered *a*, laying them down just inside those already there, and lifting those from the top back to fill the vacant lines at bottom; take up the pair from the *b* on the right-hand side, and lay them down inside the pair lettered *b* on the left-hand side, bringing these latter back to fill the vacant lines on the right: now take the pair from the bottom *c*, and transfer them to the position occupied by their opposites, bringing the



HAIR-RING

others back to the empty lines: lastly, work those from the bottom *d* over into the places of the pair opposite to them, and bring those from the upper *d* back: recommence with the bottom *a*, and repeat the pattern until the length is completed, always taking care to lay down the pair of strands carried over inside those we are going to take back. They can be shifted on to the lines with a slight touch of the fingers as we remove the others.

It will be best to stand to work this pattern, as its beauty depends so much upon the strands being lifted clearly and smoothly over, without being pulled, jerked, or twisted, or got at all out of order or place. It will also be advisable to designate the lower *a* in some way, so that we may, by knowing it, work the pairs in their regular order. A capital *A* can be substituted for the small *a*; otherwise, should we be called away while working, and the table be accidentally moved, we may on our return inadvertently reverse the pattern by commencing from the top *a*, and so entirely spoil it.

When done, the plait must be scalded on the wire, dried, slid off, and cemented at either end as neatly as possible. The gold caps and wire for the ear, as well as the drop and slide at the bottom, are of coarse jewellers' work.

The ear-ring may be worked in a single length of two inches and a half when eight or nine-inch hair can be commanded for the purpose. The ornament at the bottom can then be dispensed with.

Filigree gold-work is, in our opinion, best suited to hair ornaments, as harmonizing most with their lightness of fabric and appearance. But of course these things are matters of taste.

A nice watch-guard may be made from this pattern by using a finer wire, and putting only ten or twelve hairs in each strand. It can be worked with any length of hair, not under five or six inches, as a guard can always be made in separate pieces, and joined together by gold slides. Eight or ten-inch hair is the best for a guard; the great objection to short hair being the expense a number of gold slides entail.

It may at first sight appear that the altering, and twisting, and weaving about of the strands, in order to form a pattern,

be a very tedious and complicated affair; but it is astonishing how soon the fingers habituate themselves to their work, and twine the strands in and out as easily as they propel a crochet-hook through the mazes of some intricate pattern. Nevertheless, we should not advise beginners too rashly to peril the safety of some precious, treasured lock of hair. If our readers will be guided by us, they will take a hat-box or snuff-box, and set it on a small round table, and pin to the centre of it, with a strong corking-pin, as many yard-lengths of smooth fine twine as there are strands in the pattern they select to practise on; they will then weight each length as if it were a strand, put a tube or a pencil in the centre, and practise away until a certain degree of proficiency is acquired—for, as in all other things, it is "practice makes perfect."

When the learner begins to feel some little confidence in her skill, let her purchase a small tress of hair at any hair-dresser's, and go through the whole process of cleansing it, forming it into strands, arranging the strands on the table, and weaving a pattern with them. Then let her scald the work, suffer it to dry, slide it off the tube, cement it at each end, and she will be enabled to perceive what progress she has actually made, and to judge for herself whether or not she dare venture to trust her skill with the manufacture of the particular tress which she is desirous of weaving into an ornament destined for her own wear, or to be presented to some friend or relative. We do not expect to become at once skilful in embroidery, or learned in the mysteries of crochet; neither can we hope to attain to a proficiency in hair-work without attention and practice. Few things worth knowing, or worth having, are accomplished by a *coup de main*.

PATTERN FOR A WATCH-GUARD

Draw ten equidistant lines on the table, radiating from the centre; let them be arranged so that five are exactly parallel with the other five, crossing the table in a direct manner.

Make ten strands of eighteen hairs each, and arrange them on the ten lines; put a fine wire in the centre. Letter the lines thus: the central top and bottom lines are

POETRY.

both to be *a* (marking the bottom one by a capital *A*); the line immediately to the left of the bottom *A* is to be called *c*; the second to the left is to be *e*; the third to the left *b*; and the fourth to the left *d*: their opposites each receive a similar letter. Thus, commencing from the centre at the bottom, and going round the table towards the left, we find *A, c, e, b, d*; then comes the central top line *a*, and after it *c, e, b, d*. Stand up, and work towards the left, always moving the strands round the table, and never lifting them across.

Move strand *A* half round the table to the place of strand *a* at the top, which latter strand is to traverse the remainder of the circle in order to reach the vacant *A*. Move strand *b* from the right side round to the place of *b* on the left, bringing this latter round the upper half of the circle to the vacant *b*. Proceed then to the top or right-hand *c*, and work that down to the lower *c*, moving the latter upwards, over the other half the circle, on to the vacant line; then take the *d*'s, and then the *e*'s, and move them round from right to left; recommence with the *A* *a*, and repeat until the length is completed, always taking the strands in alphabetical order.

Hair of any length, not less than five inches, will work this pattern, because, as we have before observed, there may be as many joins or slides in a guard as we choose.

There are many matters in the weaving and plaiting of hair ornaments which we must leave to the ingenuity and fancy of our fair pupils. The instructions we are giving, and which are the result of considerable experience in the art, will enable those who are interested in the subject to become proficient in the workmanship. Many are the details which will present themselves in the course of practice, which from want of space, we cannot notice in these pages; skill and patience being the chief requisites in their adaptation.

THE BRIDGE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the old church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling,
And sinking into the sea.
And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleam'd redder than the moon.
Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seem'd to lift and bear them away;
As sweeping and eddying through them
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight
The seaweed floated wide.
And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me
That fill'd my eyes with tears.
How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!
How often, oh, how often,
I had wish'd that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!
For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seem'd greater than I could bear.
But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow o'er me.
Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean,
Comes the thought of other years.
And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumber'd men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow
Have crossed the bridge since then.
I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro;
The young heart, hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow.
And for ever, and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;
The moon, and its broken reflection,
And its shadows, shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS

CUSTARDS, CREAMS, JELLIES, AND BLANC MANGE

[FOURTH ARTICLE]

Cream "au Naturel"—Take some thin cream, mild and let it be fresh, and put it in a bowl on ice to cool, add to it powdered sugar, and serve it

Cream, to Keep—Cream already skimmed may be kept twenty four hours if scalded without sugar, and by adding to it as much powdered lump sugar as will make it sweet, it will keep good two days in a cool place.

Curd and Cream—With about half a table spoonful of rennet, turn two quarts of milk just from the cow, drain off the whey, and fill a mould with the curd, when it has stood an hour or two, turn it out. Strew coloured comfits over it, sweeten some cream, mix grated nutmeg with it, and pour it round the curd.

Curd and Cream, as in Scotland—Put two quarts of new milk into the dish in which it is to be served, and turn it with a teaspoonful of rennet, when the curd has come, serve it with the cream in a separate dish.

Naples Curd—Put into a quart of new milk 1 stick of cinnamon, boil it a few minutes, take out the cinnamon, and stir in eight well-beaten eggs and a tablespoonful of white wine, when it boils again, strain it through a sieve, beat the curd in a basin, together with about half an ounce of butter, two tablespoonfuls of orange-flower water, and pounded sugar sufficient to sweeten it. Put it into a mould for two hours before it is sent to table. White wine, sugar, and cream may be mixed together and poured round the curd, or it may be served in a sauce tureen.

Devonshire Junket—Put warm milk into a bowl, turn it with rennet then put some scalded cream, sugar, and nutmeg on the top without breaking the curd.

Kerry Butter-Milk—Put six quarts of butter-milk into a cheese-cloth, hang it in a cool place, and let the whey drip from it for two or three days, when it is rather thick put it into a basin, sweeten it with pounded loaf sugar, and add a glass of brandy, or of sweet wine, and as much raspberry jam, or syrup, as will colour and give it an agreeable flavour. Whisk it well together, and serve it in a glass dish.

Whip Syllabub—Whip cream, as directed above, mix a glass of brandy and half a pint of white wine with a pint of the cream, which sweeten with sifted loaf sugar, and grate in lemon-peel and nutmeg. serve in glasses, and set over the whip on each.

Snow Balls—Beat the whites of six eggs to a froth, sweeten them to your taste, and flavour

them with rose-water. Drop them into a pot of boiling water, in tablespoonfuls, for a minute or two, to harden them. Make a cream of milk, eggs, and sugar to float them in.

A Floating Island—Take a pint of thick cream, sweeten with fine sugar, grate in the peel of one lemon, and add a gill of sweet white wine; whisk it well till you have raised a good froth then pour a pint of thick cream into a china dish take one French roll, slice it thin, and lay it over the cream as lightly as possible, then a layer of clear calves' feet jelly, or currant jelly, then whip up your cream and lay on the froth as high as you can, and what remains pour into the bottom of the dish. Garnish the rim with sweet-meats.

Floating Island—another way—Beat together the whites of three eggs and as many tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam or red currant jelly, when the whole will stand in rocky forms, pile it upon apple jelly, or cream, beaten up with wine, sugar, and a little grated lemon-peel.

To Whip Cream—Sweeten a bowl of cream with loaf sugar and flavour it with orange flower water, any juicy fruit or lemon or orange, by rubbing sugar on the peel set another bowl near the above, with a sieve over it, then whip the cream with a whisk, and, as it rises in a froth, take it off with a skimmer, and put it into the sieve to drain, whip also the cream which drains off, and, when done, ornament with lemon-raspings. This cream may be used before it is set upon custard, trifle, or syllabub.

A Trifle—Whip cream, as directed above, adding a little brandy and sweet wine, then lay in a glass dish sponge cakes, ratafia cakes, and macarons, and pour upon them as much brandy and sweet wine as they will soak up, next, a rich custard about two inches deep, with a little grated nutmeg and lemon-peel, then a layer of red currant jelly or raspberry jam, and upon the whole a very high whip. A trifle is best made the day before it is wanted.

Cake Trifle—Cut out a rice or diet-bread cake about two inches from the edge, fill it with a rich custard, with a few blanched and split almonds, and pieces of raspberry jam, and put on the whole a high whip.

Gooseberry or Apple Trifle—Soak a sufficient quantity of fruit, and pulp it through a sieve, add sugar agreeable to your taste, make a thick layer of this at the bottom of your dish, mix a pint of milk, a pint of cream, and the yolks of two eggs, scald it over the fire, observing to stir it, add a small quantity of sugar, and let it get cold. Then lay it over the apples or gooseberries with a spoon, and put on the whole a whip made the day before.

ENIGMA.

The old Enigma of the Sphinx is well known to most of our readers; and those who do not happen to be acquainted with it should inquire of those who are. The following enigma and its history, which is given in "Bir's Ceylon," deserves to be more generally known, as it was composed by one of the native Ceylonese kings, Kumara Dhas, a prince of great learning, who reigned A.D. 517; and it illustrates the peculiar style of the time. Both riddle and answer are looked upon as master-pieces, as the number and position of the letters in the original, in both enigma and reply, strictly agree, the latter being written by Kalidhas, the celebrated poet and friend of the monarch. Naturally in translation the peculiar beauty is lost, but we give it as a curious and interesting poetical specimen.

The riddle of Kumara Dhas is:—

'By beauty's grasp, in turmoil uncomposed,
He kept a prisoner, but with eyes unclosed.'

The elucidation by the poet Kalidhas is:—

'Although closed at night the lotus keeps the bee,
The dawn will see him gay, unhurt, and free.'

The circumstance which occasioned these lines is thus recorded in the native annals:—The King was in the habit of visiting a female, celebrated alike for her wit, beauty, and captivating manners; and one evening, whilst in her company, remarked a bee alight on a pink lotus, which closed upon and imprisoned the insect. The monarch immediately wrote the two lines on the wall, intending to compare his own situation with that of the captive bee, as he was enthralled by the woman's wiles; stating that whoever would complete the stanza should have any request granted which they might choose to prefer. Shortly after the monarch quitted the female's abode, Kalidhas, who was also in the habit of visiting the house, entered, and seeing the writing on the wall, immediately concluded the verse in the same style. The wretched woman, to obtain the promised reward, murdered the poet, and buried him under the floor. But when the monarch saw the reply, he immediately recognised the style and writing of his favourite, Kalidhas. The murder was discovered, the corpse disinterred, and, by order of the king, a most magnificent pile was prepared, whereon the body was to be burned with all the rites and ceremonies which belonged solely to royalty. When the funeral pyre was kindled, the grief and mental agony of Kumara Dhas, at the loss of his friend, overcame all other feelings, and he rushed into the flames, and was consumed with the body of the poet Kalidhas. History also recorded that the five queens of Kumara Dhas voluntarily immolated themselves on the same spot shortly afterwards; and we believe this to be the only record of royal widows in Ceylon sacrificing themselves at the tomb of their spouses.

RIDDLES.

1.

What is it that women usually work on and men at—the woman for amusement, the man for interest—the woman's often a flowery way, the man's as often a thorny one?

2.

If you and he place three bees near together, and lengthen them by an ell, why will your work be mere froth?

3.

My days were spent in merriment,
When I was a careless boy;
'Twas a daffy treat my first to eat,
And my last was a special joy.
Now I've my whole, a merry soul
By all my guests I'm reckoned;
With girl and boy I still enjoy
My first and lively second.

4.

No one likes to be me; some like to hold me;
yet, till they give me up, they cannot get what they want. If plural, they may hold me if I cannot get out.

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME.

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RIDDLES—1. Because he's always Mr. (has always misused her). 2. The person who asks questions is the querist (quereest). 3. Fair—air.

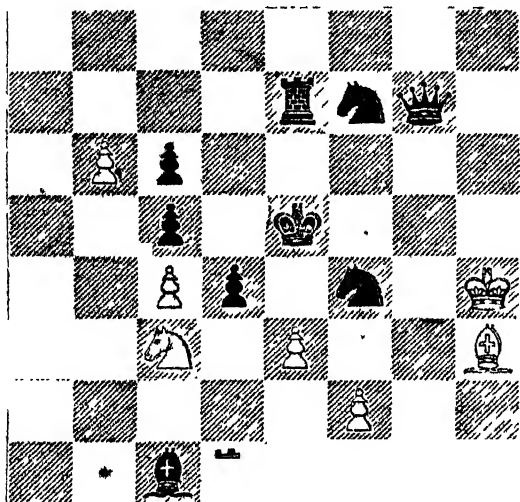
ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS—1. It will be found by analysis that the father's property was £36000; that there were 6 children, and that the share of each was £6000. Thus, if the first takes £1000, the remainder of the property will be £35000, the 7th part of which, £5000, together with £1000, makes £6000. The remainder, after deducting the first child's portion, is £30000, from which if the second takes £2000, the remainder will be £28000, but the 7th part of this sum is £4000, which if added to the above £2000 will make £6000, and so on.—2. There were 28 beggars, and the gentlemen had in his pocket 12 shillings; for if 28 be multiplied by 6, the product will be 168, from which if 2 shillings or 24 pence be subtracted, as he wanted 24 pence to be able to give each sixpence, the remainder will be 144 pence = 12 shillings; but by giving each of the beggars 4 pence, he had occasion only for 112 pence, or 4 times 28; consequently he had 32 pence, or 2s. 8d., remaining.

GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITIONS—Wight; White (Sailly); Staffa, Mull (Hebrides); Westray, Hoy (Orkneys); Hydra, Nio (Greek); Vauau (Norwegian); and Gothland (Swedish).—Wight, White, Fera (English); Swina (called also Swanny), Hoy (Orkneys); Fladdhuna (called also Fladdhuna—Hebrides); Anholt, Syit (Danish); Dago (Russian); and Thersmia (Greek).

EDITED BY HERR HARRWITZ.

PROBLEM No. XXIV.—By Mr. M'COMBE.—White to move, and mate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAME No. XXIV.—Played at Glasgow some months since between the Rev. JOHN DONALDSON and Mr. M'COMBE.

White—Mr. Donaldson. Black—Mr. M'Combe.

- | | | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. K. P. 2 | 1. K. P. 2. | 22. K. to K. 3. | 22. Q. to R. 6. |
| 2. K. B. P. 2. | 2. P. takes P. | 23. K. P. 1 (ch.) | 23. B. takes P. |
| 3. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 3. K. Kt. P. 2. | 24. B. takes B. (ch.) | 24. Q. takes B. (ch.) |
| 4. K. R. P. 2. | 4. K. Kt. P. 1. | 25. K. takes Kt. | 25. Kt. to R. 3. |
| 5. Kt. to K. 6. | 5. K. B. P. 2. | 26. Kt. to K. 4. | 26. Q. to R. 6 (ch.) (c) |
| 6. B. to Q. B. 4. | 6. K. Kt. to R. 3. | 27. K. to K. 2. | 27. Q. R. to K. |
| 7. Q. P. 2. | 7. Q. P. 1. | 28. K. to Q. 2. | 28. Kt. to Kt. 5. |
| 8. Kt. to Q. 3. | 8. P. to B. 6. | 29. Q. to K. B. 5 (ch.) | 29. K. to B. 3. |
| 9. P. takes P. | 9. B. to K. 2. | 30. Kt. to Q. Kt. 4 (ch.) | 30. K. to Kt. 3. |
| 10. Q. B. to K. B. 4. | 10. B. takes P. (ch.) | 31. Kt. to Q. 5 (ch.) | 31. K. to B. 3. |
| 11. K. to Q. 2. | 11. P. takes P. | 32. Kt. to Q. Kt. 4 (ch.) | 32. K. to Kt. 3. |
| 12. Q. takes P. | 12. B. to K. Kt. 5. | | Drawn Game. |
| 13. Q. to K. 3. | 13. Q. Kt. to B. 3. | | |
| 14. Q. Kt. to B. 3 (a) | 14. Kt. to K. Kt. | | |
| 15. Q. R. to K. B. | 15. Q. to K. 2. | | |
| 16. R. takes B. (b) | 16. Q. takes B. | | |
| 17. B. takes P. (ch.) | 17. K. to Q. 2. | | |
| 18. B. to K. Kt. 5. | 18. Q. to B. 6. | | |
| 19. Q. to K. B. 4. | 19. Kt. takes P. | | |
| 20. K. P. 1. | 20. Q. to Kt. 7 (ch.) | | |
| 21. R. to B. 2. | 21. K. to B. 6 (ch.) | | |

NOTES TO GAME XXIV.

- (a) If B. takes Kt. 1, it takes B., and if Q. takes R., Black plays K. B. to Kt. 4 (ch.), winning Q.
 (b) Well played, as it prevents Black's castling.
 (c) We should have preferred forcing an exchange of Queens by Q. to K. Kt. 6 (ch.), and retake with Kt.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXIII.

WHITE.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Kt. to K. Kt. 6. | 1. Anything, if K. ta. Kt. |
| 2. Kt. to K. 5 (ch.) | 2. K. to R. 4. |
| 3. B. to Kt. 6 (ch.) | 3. K. to B. 5. |
| 4. K. to Kt. 2—Checkmate. | |

BLACK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Fleurs-de-Lis. CAROLINE H.—The *fleurs-de-lis* of France were removed from our national escutcheon in 1801.

Life Boats. T. WILLIAMS.—The first life-boat used in England was invented by Henry Greathead, boat-builder, of South Shields, in 1789.

Botany. S. WARTON.—“Hooker’s British Flora,” or “Withering’s Botanical Arrangement,” will greatly assist your studies.

Green-flies on Roses. S. B.—An excellent remedy for this annoyance is effected by moistening the plant, and then dusting it over with equal portions of sulphur and tobacco dust.

Honiton Lace. M. LEE.—The district in which Honiton lace is made extends about thirty miles along the coast of Devonshire, and about twelve miles inland. Between 7000 to 8000 persons are now employed in producing it.

Brass Pans in Cooking. M.—No danger can result from the use of brass pans in the preparation of confectionary, provided they are kept perfectly clean and bright; but the syrup, or other preparation, ought never to be allowed to cool in them.

Aesthetic. J. PALMER.—This word is derived from the Greek, and denotes an acquaintance with, or power of conveying ideas of the beautiful. It is likewise used to designate those properties of matter which are adapted to interest the feelings, and operate upon taste.

Calculating Machines. S.—Besides the Calculating Machine of Babbage, there is one invented by a Russian, Staffel, which performs accurately and readily the simple calculations of the first six rules of arithmetic, as well as the extraction of the square root, though less readily. Little inferior to this is one by a Frenchman, Thomas de Colmar. These were in the Great Exhibition.

Studying after Meals. CHARLES HEWLETT.—It is a great error to study immediately after eating. The almost inevitable result is dyspepsia; and it will be found, that those who are in the habit of strongly employing the mental faculties, shortly after taking food, are more or less subjected to this affection.

Climbing Roses. H. JOHNSON.—A pyramid of climbing roses is a beautiful object in a garden. Iron or wooden stakes, twelve feet in height, gradually approaching each other till they meet at the top, with climbing roses trained up their sides, is a pleasing and easily constructed ornament. Fancy and taste may range at will in inventing forms to ornament the parterre with roses. Beds of roses, raised pyramidally, have a splendid effect. When the flowers die away in the autumn, the mass may be clipped into form, with the garden shears, as you would clip a laurel hedge.

Food of Macaws. JANET.—These birds will eat all kinds of fruit, but it is best to feed them upon rolls steeped in milk. Biscuit also is not hurtful; but meat, and all kinds of pastry and sweetmeats, render them unhealthy, and even if they survive upon this for several years, they become sickly, and their plumage gets disordered. They drink but little, being always supplied with succulent food.

The Flores-tristes, or Melancholy Flowers of Linnaeus. E. G.—This was a term applied by the great Swedish naturalist to plants which grow both in the garden and hothouse, the natives of other climates, though growing in England, which are scentless during the day, but breathe their sweetness off the dews of night. They are likewise generally of a brown and dismal colour.

Albert Durer. STRIMOUS.—The original wood blocks of the *Passio Christi*, cut by Albert Durer in 1510, are in the British Museum. Casts of these curious productions were taken in 1844. The term *engraving* is misapplied as to the works of Durer and his contemporaries, for it was not the *grader*, but the *knife*; that was used to produce the blocks from which impressions were then taken, after the manner of block cutting for calico printers of the present day.

Rules for Eating. T. S. C.—Appetite, while in health, is a guide for the quantity, and taste for the quality and variety of food required by the system. There is no need of rising from the table until satisfied, though care must be taken not to satiate. A writer wittily remarked, that the natural language of satiety is “enough,” and of satiated “too much.” Cheerful conversation while at meals promotes digestion, by removing all care and restraint from the mind, and causing the body to assume an easy, comfortable position.

Strawberry Wine. SARAH J.—The following receipt has been sent to us from a friend, and will perhaps satisfy your inquiry:—Bruise the fruit and press out the juice; then pour over several gallons of water, infuse for twelve hours, and press out the liquor; add this liquor to the juice, and mix with some gallons of cider; dissolve in the mixture sufficient sugar, and three ounces powdered red tartar, and then set it to ferment in the usual way; pare the rinds of two lemons and two oranges, and, together with the juice, throw them into the fermenting tub, and take out the rinds when the fermentation is over; some brandy may be added.

Classes of Flowers. ANNE T.—Flowers are commonly classed as bulbs, tubers, herbaceous perennials, biennials, and annuals. The first are chiefly, as well as a few of the tubers, spring flowers, and of course require to be planted in prepared beds, boxes, or pots, in the autumn, sooner or later, according to the place or purpose for which the flowers are wanted. Tulips, hyacinths, polyanthus-narcissus, are the principal

bulbs, together with crown-impatiens, gladiolus, crocuses, snow-drops, scillas, &c., are all planted in autumn sooner or later according to the option or judgment of the manager. Of tubers, the anemone and ranunculus are the chief of the bed flowers, and when a succession of these are wished for the tubers may be put into the ground at the end of every two months, which will bring their blossoms at corresponding intervals.

Duty to Parents (CHARLES ROYCE).—The question you propose is needless, for surely every human being should be aware of the duties of filial affection. It is plainly the duty of every young man, whose parents are poor and compelled to labour beyond their strength, to aid them to the extent of his ability. They have borne the burden for him through many years. From their toil and self-denial he now has the means of rising higher in the world than they had the ability ever to rise, but he is unjust and ungrateful, if, in his eager efforts to advance too rapidly, he forgets and neglects them. Nothing can excuse conduct so unnatural, so cruel.

General Manners. A "YOUTH"—Any studied rules of behaviour are useless, unless your mind is supplied with a true sense of dignity and propriety. We can but offer a few hints. Especially avoid affectation. It is always detected, and it always disgusts. Unhappily, the vice is often encountered in those who consider themselves people of fashion.

'Wants of all kinds are made to form a plea,
One learns to *deign*, another not to *see*.'

A man of sense will always resolve to present himself to the world in his real character: to do nothing that is not genuine, and say nothing save in a natural manner.

Home Leave J W M.—We should recommend a conciliatory manner in your behaviour to the person in question. It has been well observed that whenever we find our temper ruffled towards a parent, a wife, a sister, or a brother we should pause, and think that in a few months or years they will be in the spirit-land, watching over us, or, perchance, we shall be there watching over them left behind. The intercourse of life between dear ones should be like that between guardian angels. As Hunt sings

"How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful blustering sight,
An angel came to us, and we could hear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His eyes divine, and bring us from his bowers
News of our dear friends, and children who
Have never
Been dead, indeed—as we shall know for ever
Alas we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings."

Gratuities to Servants G F.—We quite agree with you that the system of gratuities to servants should be abolished, and the only way in which this can be done is for visitors generally to discontinue the practice. Foreign nations are in advance of us in this respect, as the following extract from a recent visitor to Germany will show—"I have seen now many classes of the Germans, from the Handwerksbursch (apprentice) on his travels and the soldier in the camps, to the highest literary people, and I find through all, this 'humanity' as the Latins used to call it, this open-hearted, pleasant, human way, as if men were really, without any poetry, members of the same family." Men in the lower classes do kindnesses for you and neither claim nor accept the 'everlasting shilling' as in England. In a rail-car or public conveyance, people talk of their own private matters as if it were a thing of course that other persons would take an interest in them."

Cottage Hives A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—There are various descriptions of hives in general use. Without recommending any particular kind we give a representation of one which is simple and effective. This is capped with a bell-glass, the



small hive used as a cover for which is raised, and has part of the side cut away to show the bell-glass. The dome shape is preferable to a square or cylinder, as affording more perfect ventilation, and as being more in accordance with the clustering position of the bees themselves, either in winter or during swarming. For other particulars refer to "Richardson's Hive and Honey Bee."



THE CHATEAU DE BARCY

SCENES OF THE AFFECTIONS BY THE COUNTESS D'ARDOUILLAN

THE VILLAGI DOCTOR.

"Guacots! who have we got here?" exclaimed at the same time a number of persons, standing together at the windows of the dining-room of the Chateau de Barcy.

The Countess de Moncan had just informed, by the death of a relative very far removed, and very little regretted, an old chateau, of which she had no knowledge, though distant scarcely fifteen leagues from the estate where she habitually passed the summer season. Madam de Moncan, one of the most elegant, and almost one of the prettiest women in Paris, had no great affection for the country. She would leave Paris at the end of June, and return at the commencement of October, taking with

her in her train to Moncan a party of the companions of her winter gaieties, with some of the young gentlemen who had been her most attentive admirers in the dance. The husband of Madam de Moncan was much older than herself, and did not always gratify her with his presence. Without too greatly abusing this great freedom from restraint, she amused herself with a graceful coquetry,—in elegant manner, and sought her happiness in some trifling compliment, an amiable speech, the triumph of an hour. She liked a ball for the pleasure of looking pretty, and enjoyed the love she inspired, with the same feeling that she would like to see a flower picked up that had dropped from her bouquet; and when certain grandmothers and grandfathers offered any of their wise remonstrances, she would answer them with—"Ah, let me laugh and take life gaily! Surely it is less dangerous

then to be in solitude, and have one's heart always beating. As far as I can tell, I hardly know if I have a heart!" The fact is, that the Countess de Moncan was by no means certain in this respect; and as it was important for her that this point should remain doubtful all her life, she thought it prudent not to give herself too much time for reflection upon it.

One bright morning, then, on a fine September day, she and her guests, started for this unknown chateau, with the intention of passing the day there. A cross-road, reported possible, was to reduce their journey to twelve leagues. The cross-road was terrible; they lost themselves in the woods; one of the carriages broke down; and it ended in the arrival of the travellers towards the middle of the day, fatigued, and by no means captivated with the picturesque beauties of their route, at the Chateau de Berry, the view of which went very little way towards recompensing them for the wearisomeness of the journey to it.

It was a great mass of building, with dingy walls. In front of the main entrance, a kitchen garden, at that time out of cultivation, went down terrace by terrace, for the chateau had been built up on the sides of a wooded hill, and had not a flat space near it; the mountains that hemmed it in on all sides were rocky, and the sombre verdure of the trees that sprang up amongst them gave an air of sadness to the scene. Neglect had exaggerated its natural wildness into savageness, and Madam de Moncan stood, disconcerted, on the threshold of the old chateau.

"Well, this hardly resembles a party of pleasure," said she; "and I am almost inclined to cry at the lugubrious aspect of the place. However, here are fine trees, grand walks, and a resounding torrent. No doubt there is a certain kind of beauty here, but it is of too grave a cast for my taste," she observed with a smile. "Let us enter, and view the interior."

"Yes," rejoined the hungry guests, "let us see whether the cook, who started yesterday as our advanced guard, has made a more fortunate arrival than we have."

They soon attained the pleasurable certainty that an abundant dinner would be promptly served, and occupied themselves meanwhile in running through the chateau. The smallest fire-place, crowded with old

damask—the arm-chairs with only—the rickety tables—the discordant sounds uttered by a piano forgotten for twenty years, furnished a thousand subjects for observation. All were again gay; and in place of making an evil of the inconvenience of this uncomfortable day, they determined to laugh at everything. Besides, to these young and idle fashionables, a day like this was an event, almost a perilous campaign, and the novelty began to appeal to their imaginations. A fire was lighted in the huge chimney of the *salon*; but the puffs of smoke that were emitted on all sides drove them into the garden. Here the aspect was stranger; the stone benches were covered with moss; the walls of the terraces had in many places bulged out, and made way for the growth of numerous wild shrubs between their disfigured stones, some rising up straight and tall, others falling towards the ground with all the flexibility of creeping plants; the walks had disappeared under the green sward; the *parterres* reserved for cultivated flowers, were invaded by others of a wilder race, such as spring up on every spot that heaven permits a drop of water or a ray of sunshine to fall upon; the white bearbine twined round and choked the "rose of the four seasons;" the rude blackberry intermingled with the red fruit of the currant-trees; the fern, the perfumed mint, the thistles, with their heads bristling with darts, grew side by side with the unnoticed lilies. Besides, when the travellers entered the enclosure, numbers of small animals, alarmed at the unaccustomed sounds, took to flight along the grass, and the birds left their nests, fluttering from branch to branch. Silence, that had reigned for years in this tranquil spot, gave place to the sound of voices and the joyous bursts of laughter. None of them could comprehend this solitude: none retired within themselves at it. They disturbed, they irreverently profaned it. They talked over numberless episodes of their pleasant parties in the winter, chatting as they went, with a mixture of amiable allusions, expressive looks, covert compliments, and such numerous nothings as make up the conversation of those whose chief aim it is to please, inasmuch as they have not the right to be serious.

The *maître d'hôtel*, after vainly repeat-

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

ing along the walls of the chateau in search of a bell whose sound would be heard at any distance, made up his mind at last, to shout out from the top of the entrance-steps, that the *dinner* was served. The half-smile with which he accompanied these words, showed that he, like his mistress, had resigned himself to play the part on this day, of doing without his usual habits of etiquette and propriety. The guests went gaily to table, and soon forgot the antiquated chateau, its deserted situation, and the sadness around. There was a general buzz of conversation, and they drank to the health of the lady of the castle, or rather to the fairy, whose presence alone had converted this old ruin into an enchanted palace. All at once the eyes of the whole party turned to the windows of the dining-room.

"And what have we here?" they exclaimed.

A diminutive cabriolet of green wicker-work, with great wheels as high as the carriage itself, was seen to pass before the windows of the chateau, and stop; it was drawn by a short-legged grey horse, whose eyes seemed in danger of the shafts, that pointed to the sky. The hood was drawn down, and no more could be seen than two arms, covered with the sleeves of a blue blouse, and a whip that kept flapping the ears of the grey horse.

"Ah, ladies," cried Madam de Moncan, "I had forgotten to acquaint you that I was absolutely compelled to invite to our *dinner* the village Doctor, an old gentleman who was formerly of some service to the family of my uncle, and whom I have only seen once or twice. Do not alarm yourselves about this guest—he is remarkably taciturn. After a few words of civility, it will be all the same as if he were not present. Besides, I fancy the old gentleman's visit will not be a very long one."

At this moment the door of the dining-room opened, and Dr. Barnaby entered. He was an aged man, feeble and insignificant in appearance, with a gentle and calm countenance. His white hairs were tied behind in a queue, according to the ancient fashion. His temples were powdered as well as his wrinkled forehead. He wore a black coat and breeches with steel buckles, and carried on one of his arms a wadded riding coat of green-coloured taffets;

the other hand held a huge cane, and his hat. The *tout-ensemble* of the village Doctor's toilette showed that he had this day taken great pains in "getting himself up;" but the black stockings and coat of the Doctor were spotted with large patches of mud, as if the poor old man had tumbled into some ditch. He paused at the threshold of the door, astonished at finding himself in so numerous a company. A slight flush of embarrassment showed itself for an instant on his countenance; but he recovered himself, and bowed without speaking. At so strange an entrance, the guests felt a strong inclination to laugh, which they were more or less successful in restraining. Madam de Moncan, who, as the mistress of the house, could not fail in politeness, alone preserved her gravity.

"Good Heavens! Doctor, have you had an overturn?" she inquired.

Doctor Barnaby, before replying, glanced at all the young people around him, and, however simple and artless was his physiognomy, he nevertheless observed the hilarity caused by his coming. He answered quietly—

"I have not been overturned. A poor carter had fallen under the wheels of his vehicle; I was passing, and I helped him up again."

Then the Doctor turned to one of the vacant chairs at the table, took up a napkin, passed one of the ends through a button-hole of his coat, and spread out the rest over his waistcoat and knees.

At such a commencement, numerous smiles rippled the lips of the guests, and some slight explosion of merriment broke the silence. This time the Doctor did not raise his eyes—perhaps he saw nothing.

"Are there many sick in the village?" inquired Madam de Moncan, whilst they were helping the new arrival.

"Yes, Madam, a great many."

"The place, then, is unhealthy?"

"No, Madam."

"How, then, do you account for the illness?"

"The great heat in harvest time—the cold and damp of winter."

One of the guests here joined in the conversation with an affectionate seriousness.

the people are ill all the year round?

The Doctor raised his little gray eyes to the speaker, looked at him, hesitated, and seemed either to restrain himself, or to be seeking for some reply. Madam de Moncan good-naturedly came to the rescue.

"I well know," said she, "that here you are a kind providence to all who are suffering."

"Oh, you are too good!" replied the old man; and then seemed deeply occupied in eating the pasty to which he had just been helped.

Then they left Dr. Barnaby to himself, and the conversation resumed its former course.

If their attention by chance was drawn to the quiet old gentleman, it was to launch at him some light sarcasm, such as, intermingled with their other discourse, might, they thought, pass unperceived by him who was its object. Not but what these young ladies and young gentlemen were habitually polite, and had also susceptible hearts; but, on this day, the journey, the style in which the *déjeuner* had been opened, the very fact of being together, the merriment originated by what had happened on the road,—all combined, brought on a thoughtless gaiety, a sympathetic spirit of jeering, that made them merciless towards the victim who had fallen in their way. The Doctor appeared to go on eating quietly, without raising his eyes, or turning his ears, or putting in a word. They set him down as a deaf and dumb man; and the *déjeuner* passed off without his being any restraint upon them.

When they rose from the table, Dr. Barnaby made a few steps backward, leaving every gentleman to select any lady he wished to conduct to the drawing-room. One of the maids of Madam de Moncan remained alone; the village Doctor advanced timidly, and offered her, not his arm, but his hand. The fingers of the young lady were scarcely touched by those of the Doctor, who, slightly bending his body, in token of respect, stepped forward, with measured pace, towards the drawing-room.

This entrance was hailed with fresh smiles, but not a shadow showed itself on the unruddied front of the old man, who was now pronounced to be blind, as well as deaf and dumb.

When he had separated himself from his companion, Dr. Barnaby sought out the

smallest and plainest chair in the room, pushed it into a corner, sat down, placed his cane between his knees, crossed his hands on the head of his cane, and rested his chin upon his hands. In this position, so fitted for meditation, he remained silent, and, from time to time, shut his eyes, as if some gentle slumber, which he neither invited nor rejected, were taking possession of him.

"Madam de Moncan," cried one of the travellers, "I cannot suppose you entertain any notion of living in these ruins and this desert?"

"No, truly; I have no such purpose; but as there are fine trees, and good covers in these woods, M. de Moncan may, perhaps, feel tempted, in the shooting season, to pass here a few of the autumnal months."

"Then you will have to pull down, rebuild, clear away, and cut down."

"Let us make a plan," exclaimed the young Countess, "and mark out and trace the future garden of my domain."

It had been decreed that this party of pleasure should turn out badly. At this moment a heavy cloud broke, and rain fell small and dense. It was impossible to quit the drawing-room.

"What shall we do?" said Madam de Moncan. "The horses require an hour or two more rest. It is plain that the rain will last for some time. This grass, which grows over everything, is so thoroughly soaked, that no one could go a step from here for the next eight days; all the strings of the piano are broken; there is not a book for ten leagues round; this room is icy cold, and dull enough to kill one;—what is to be done?"

In fact, the party, lately so joyous, was insensibly losing its gaiety. The laughs and sly whisperings were giving way to silence. They drew near the windows, and looked up at the sky; but the sky remained dark and heavy with clouds. All hope of a promenade was therefore impossible; so they sat down, as well as they could, on the old chairs and sofas. An attempt was made to reanimate the conversation; but there are some feelings, like flowers, that require a little sunshine, and die off when the sky is dark. All these young people seemed to give way, dejected by the storm, like the poplars in the garden, which, with an idle glance, they saw waving at the will of

the wind. Thus an hour rolled painfully on.

The lady of the castle, somewhat discouraged by the non-success of her party of pleasure, leant languidly on the sill of a window, gazing eagerly on the prospect that met her eye.

"See there, below," said she, "on that little hill is a small white house that I must have pulled down, it spoils the view."

"The white house!" exclaimed the Doctor. For more than an hour Dr. Barnaby had sat motionless and silent in his chair. Enjoyment, weariness, sunshine, rain, had all succeeded each other without his offering a word. His presence had been completely forgotten; so that the eyes of all were instantly turned towards him, as soon as he uttered the words—"pull down the white house!"

"What interest do you take in that house, Doctor?" inquired the Countess.

"Heavens! madam, forget that I spoke of it. It will be pulled down, beyond all doubt, since that is your good pleasure."

"But why do you regret this old tumble-down place?"

"It is—oh, heavens!—it is because those I loved have dwelt there; and —"

"And they reckon on returning there, Doctor?"

"They have been long dead, madam; they died when I was young."

And the old man gazed mournfully on the white house, which stood out in the centre of the woods, on the opposite side of the mountain like a dairy on a lawn.

There was silence for some moments.

"Madam," whispered one of the travellers in Madam de Moncan's ear, "there is some mystery here. Look how sombre our Esculapius has become. Some touching drama has been acted down there—a first love, perhaps. Ask the Doctor to favour us with a recital of it."

"Yes, yes," was the murmur on all sides, "the tale! a story! a story! And if it fail in interest, at any rate we shall be amused with the eloquence of the narrator."

"By no means, gentlemen," responded Madam de Moncan, in a low voice; "if I should request Dr. Barnaby to recount the story of the white house, it would be on the condition that we shall not laugh at him."

Every one promised to be grave and

polite, so Madam de Moncan approached Dr. Barnaby.

"Doctor," she said, taking a seat near him, "I can see that to this house there is attached some memory of the past, dear to you. Will you tell it to us? I should be sorry to subject you to one painful thought, which it may be in my power to spare you; and I will allow that house to remain, if you will tell me why you have an affection for it."

Doctor Barnaby looked astonished, and remained in silence. The Countess drew still nearer to him.

"My dear Doctor," she said, "you see what a wretched day it is; how dismal everything is. You are the oldest among us—tell us a story! Make us forget the rain, the mist, and the cold."

Dr. Barnaby regarded the Countess in great astonishment.

"There is no story to tell," said he; "what passed in that white house is very simple, and of no interest to any one but me, who loved the young people: strangers would not call that a story. Moreover, I neither know how to tell a tale, nor even to speak at any length when any one is listening to me. Besides, what I should have to say is melancholy, and you came here to amuse yourselves."

The Doctor, once more, rested his chin upon his cane.

"My dear Doctor," replied the Countess, "the white house shall remain where it is; do but tell us why you have such a regard for it."

The old man seemed slightly moved; he crossed and uncrossed his legs, took out his snuff-box, put it back in his pocket without opening it, and, looking at the Countess:

"Then, you will not have it pulled down?" he said, as he pointed with a meagre and trembling hand to the dwelling now just visible in the horizon.

"I promise you I will not."

"Well, well, I shall have done that at least for them; I shall have saved the house where they were so happy."

"Ladies," the old man went on to say, "I am little skilled in speaking, but I believe that even the uninstructed can make themselves understood when they are telling what they have seen. I must forewarn you, however, that this story is

not one of joy. 'When you wish to dance and sing, you send for a musician; but the doctor!—his presence is only for the suffering, or those who are near to death.'

A circle was formed round Doctor Barnaby, as, with his hands still crossed on the head of his cane, he went on with his story in his usual quiet manner, in the presence of an auditory, who had beforehand plotted to make some jest out of what he told them.

"It happened a long time ago—it was when I was young, for I, too, have been young. Youth is a fortune—whereof all of us have a share, the poor as well as the rich, but it abides not in our hands. I had just passed my examination, and taken my degree in medicine, when, in the full persuasion that, thanks to me, men would no longer have death to fear, I returned to my native village to put my talents into practice.

"My native village is not far from this spot. From the window of my humble chamber I can see that white house, on the opposite side to that you now look upon. In your eyes my village might not, perhaps, be very beautiful. To me it was superb. I was born there, and I loved it. What we love we see after our own fashion, and make our minds to love it. The goodness of God permits us sometimes to be blind, for he well knows that to be always clear-sighted in this world below, would not be to our advantage. This country, then, appeared to me smiling and cheerful, and I felt that even to live was a joy. The white house alone, as I rose up each morning and opened my shutters, gave me a disagreeable impression, for it was ever closed—in silence, and dismal, like some abandoned object. I never saw its windows opened or shut, or its door ajar, or its garden-gate opened to admit any one whatsoever. Your uncle, therefore, having no use for a cottage so close to his chateau, endeavoured to let it, but the rent was rather too high; nor was there any one amongst us rich enough to come and dwell there. It remained, therefore, tenantless, while not a window in the hamlet but had two or three joyous children's faces peeping aside the branches of wallflowers to peep out on the road, when any noise set the dogs barking. But one morning when I got up, I saw with surprise a great ladder placed against its walls; a painter

was busied in painting the window-shutter, a servant rubbing the windows, and a gardener hoeing in the garden.

"So much the better," thought I; 'when a good roof like that shelters no one, it is just so much good lost.'

"From this day I saw the house put on a different appearance; the nakedness of the walls was concealed by vases of flowers, a parterre was laid out in front of the entrance; the walks were cleared of weeds, and fresh gravelled; and muslin curtains, white as snow, sparkled in the sun as it darted its rays through the windows. At last, one day a carriage, with post-horses, rattled through the village and stopped in the enclosure of the cottage. Who could these strangers be? Nobody knew them, but every one was desirous of knowing. For a long time, nothing came out of what was going on in that dwelling; all we could see was that the roses were in flower and the grass in full verdure. What commentaries were made on this mysteriousness! They must be adventurers, come there to conceal themselves, or some young votary of pleasure; in fine, everything was guessed, except the truth. The truth is so simple, that no one ever dreams of it; the mind once set in motion, goes searching about to the right and left, but never thinks of looking at what is right before it. As for me I gave myself little care about them. 'It is of no consequence who may be there,' I thought; 'they must be human, and for that reason cannot be long without illness, and then they will send for me, so I waited patiently.'

"In fact, one morning a message came that Mr. William Meredith would be obliged if I would call on him. I put on my best coat immediately, and tasking myself to assume an air of gravity becoming my position, I walked along the village, not without feeling a little proud of my importance. What anxious feelings did I that day excite. People came to their doors to see me as I passed. 'He is going to the White House!' they said, as I, without hurrying—for I disdained the appearance of vulgar curiosity—walked gently along, bowing to my peasant neighbours, and saying to them, 'Good-by, my friends; I shall be with you again, by-and-by; I have some business to attend to this morning;' and so I reached the top of the hill.

THE WANING MOON.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

I've watch'd too late; the morn is near;
One look at God's broad silent day!
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die!
Here while your glow is on your cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The head grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.

See where upon the horizon's rim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars;
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue:
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wane'st, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, night's dethroned and crownless queen:
Well may thy end, expiring ray

Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine, thou form that once was bright,
For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But flatter now on stammering lips.

In thy decaying beams there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shalt cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre, late, was quenched in thine.

Yet soon, a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden, till it shines through night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

TO THE WINDS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Talk to my heart, O Winds!
Talk to my heart to-night;
My spirit always finds

With you a new delight,—
Finds always new delight
In your silver talk at night.

Give me your soft embrace,
As you used to long ago
In your shadowy trysting place,
When you seem'd to love me so—
When you meekly kiss'd me so—
On the green hills, long ago.

EVENING.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

Look out, my beautiful, upon the night
Evening puts on her jewels. Look! she sets,
Venus upon her brow. I never gaze
Upon the evening but a tide of awe
And love, and wonder, flows the infinite,
Swells sweet within me, as the running tides
Grows in the creeks and channels of distress,
Till it threatens its banks.

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

In Christian world Mary the guileless queen!
Beloved sweetest on a Hebrew ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light-bear by amorous Simon sworn.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Beaumont throws round!
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthas and of Abigails few lines
Have brag'd in verse. Of coarsest household
stuff

Should homely Jonn be fashioned. But see
You Barbara revisit, or Marian?
And is not Clara for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in amblers, I profess,
These all than Helen Bith please mades.

LIFE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long,
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind,
As fit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen, rather than distinguish'd. Ah! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark,
By swiftly running waters hurried on
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks,
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands, and pleasant homes, and flowery nooks,
And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each, but the devoted skiff
Hurts by so swiftly that their images
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.
Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And the fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
And kind affections, reverence of thy God
And for thy brethren; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou mayest not bring
A mind unfurnish'd, and a wither'd heart.



CABINET IN BUHL, FROM WINDSOR CASTLE.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF CABINET WORK AT GORE HOUSE.

[FIFTH ARTICLE.]

CABINETS AND MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS.

THE above cut represents a Cabinet, in buhl, belonging to the Queen. The date of its workmanship is about 1700. It is considered a fine specimen of the original style of "Buhl" ornament, and in this piece a distinctive manner may be observed characteristic of the peculiar manufacture.

The most ancient piece in the collection at Gore House, is a carved oak buffet, or "armoire," of the date 1480.* Cabinets of this kind were intended for the preservation of the sacramental plate, or the more costly articles of the table; the lower part serving as a stand for the large brazen, or stone-ware flaggons for water, wine, &c.

* Marked No. 1 in the Exhibition.

No. 3 is an octagonal buffet, in carved oak, in the Flemish style. On the whole, it is a very harmonious and beautiful work, although there are some discordant characteristics about it.

No. 7 is a carved oak Cabinet, in the Italian style, dating from 1520, to 1550. It is profusely adorned with some beautiful arabesque of the finest "six cento" period; but the ornament is too crowded and uniformly distributed, so that the general effect is greatly deteriorated. The escutcheons of arms on the inner panels of the doors would make it appear to have been executed for some one of the once powerful Roman family of the Orsini.

No. 10 is another carved oak Cabinet, or buffet, in the Flemish style. The beautiful carving of this piece resembles that of the celebrated door-screen of the Hôtel-de-Ville at Oudenarde, in Belgium. From

this circumstance, it is supposed to have been the work of Paul Van Schelden.

The carved ebony Cabinet, marked 15, is one of the most elaborate specimens extant of ornamental carving in ebony. It is in the Spanish style, of about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The figure subjects scattered with such profusion over the work, which are essentially pictorial in treatment, are taken from the Old Testament, and are of various degrees of merit—the inequality and marked difference of style observable in them clearly indicating that several different artists were employed.

The carved Cabinet, in Walnut Tree, marked 20, is supposed to have belonged originally to the celebrated Diana of Poitiers, the mistress of Henry II. Considerable resemblance is said to be traceable in the ornamental motives of this cabinet to the internal decorations of the older parts of the Louvre, in Paris.

A beautiful specimen of Buhl work is exhibited in No. 31. Four figures, in alto relievo, which ornament the centre of the panels, and each end, are allegorical impersonations of the four seasons. It is the property of Earl Granville; and the date is about 1740.

But the most magnificent Cabinet in the whole collection is that marked 38. It is the property of the Duke of Northumberland.

This truly regal piece, as is evident from the royal cypher and crown, was doubtless executed for Louis XIV. The magnificent mosaics with which it is inlaid are Florentine, but it is probable that the piece itself was executed in France, the carved and gilded basement being of French workmanship. The general design, somewhat influenced by the materials employed, is unusually good for the epoch, and may be regarded as one of the purest and least charged specimen of the Louis XIV. style.

The species of inlaying in precious stones, of which this cabinet affords such a magnificent illustration, is peculiar to Florence, and is termed "Pietre Commesse." It appears to have been first introduced at the beginning of the 17th century, and very probably attained the rank of a recognised style during the progress of the Chapel of the Medici attached to St. Lorenzo, the walls of which, not yet entirely completed,

are coated with this precious material. A royal manufactory of the work is still kept up at Florence, the finest productions of which are chiefly devoted to the completion of the decorations of the chapel already named, and to serve as presents to crowned heads and other distinguished persons. This



CANDELABRUM FROM WINDSOR CASTLE.

species of mosaic, which probably corresponds to the "opus tectile" of the Romans, is entirely different to the modern Roman mosaic, which is composed of minute regular squares of coloured glass called "amalto." In the Florentine work the materials are exclusively natural stones, agates, jaspers, lapis lazuli, &c., the natural colours of which are made to serve the purposes intended. The stones are cut into

thin veneers, and the various pieces are sawn into shape by means of a fine wire stretched to a bow, aided by emery powder, and afterwards more exactly fitted at the lapidary's wheel.

The Cabinet, numbered 67, is a most costly and gorgeous piece of furniture. Sir A. Rothschild, Bart., is the possessor. The inlays are of Venetian glass paste, in imitation of lapis lazuli, &c.

The Queen has sent a Cabinet (marked 71) in mahogany and or-moulu, of a very magnificent character. It is the work of the famous French cabinet-maker, Gontier. It is, perhaps, one of the most perfect examples of finished workmanship ever executed. But it is in the chased or-moulu ornaments that the chief merit of the work is displayed; every part of them is a study; they are the perfection of execution in metal chasing. The armorial bearings, being the escutcheons of the royal houses of France and Sardinia, indicate this piece to have been made either for the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.) or the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.), both of these princes having about the same time (1771, 1775) married princesses of Sardinia.

With the reader's permission, we will now advert to another class of furniture-work—articles devoted to the transmission of artificial light.

Torch lamps were the means used by the ancient Greeks and Romans for the purpose of obtaining artificial light. The either suspended from the ceilings of their rooms, with chains, or placed upon small moveable tables. The candelabra were originally made of cane, with one plate fixed above, and another underneath, or with feet for supporters. The Grecian artists produced, in emanating these lamp-stands, the richest forms, which always, however, had reference to the original cane, and were encircled with an infinite variety of beautiful ornaments. Sometimes they were shafts in the shape of columns, which could be shortened or drawn out—something in what we now call the telescope fashion; sometimes the luxuriant acanthus, with its leaves turned over; there were also represented trunks of trees entwined with ivy and flowers, and terminated by vases or bell-flowers at the top, for the reception of the lamps. Candelabra

of yet more delicate forms of bronze, inlaid with silver and other metals, have been found at various times and at different places.

We could scarcely select a better mode of contrasting the appliances of modern comfort, compared with the so much boasted refinements of antiquity, than by selecting one of the numerous kinds of lamps to be purchased in almost every street in London, and the elegant hand lamps, or candelabra of Greece and Rome. The first would produce a clear and pure flame, whilst the other would only supply a murky light, poisonous to the atmosphere and destructive to the furniture of the apartments.

Even with the articles connected with artificial light, exhibited at Gore House, there is an enormous difference, in regard to comfort, with those of ancient Greece and Rome. Of course, the difference is greatly in favour of the modern productions.

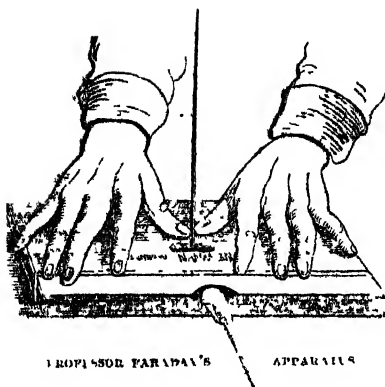
No. 35 is a pair of carved and gilt Stands or Candelabra, in the French style, of about 1600. Articles of furniture of this kind were much in vogue in the 17th and 18th centuries. That repository of curious old furniture—Hampton Court Palace—contains a numerous selection of objects of this kind.

No. 63 is a Bronze Group, with ornamental candelabra, in or-moulu, in the French style. Date 1750-60. The group, which is of the most finished and beautiful execution, represents Venus, Cupid, and Vulcan. The engraving in page 137 of the present number is a faithful representation of this beautiful work of art.

No. 76 is a singular circular lantern Chandelier.

Among the several objects marked 92, are two Candelabra, worthy of a passing notice. They belong to Earl Amherst. They are in the English style, of about 1670.

The French have obtained great credit for the exquisite taste they have displayed in the ornamentation of candelabra, and several beautiful specimens shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851 excited universal attention. Objects like these afford a wide scope for the ingenious fancy of the artist; and the candelabra in the present collection may serve as choice models. We have necessarily been obliged to abridge our description of them.



THE MYSTERY OF THE DAY EXPLAINED

In the last number of the *Family Friend* we introduced to our readers a few observations on the very popular subject of table-turning; and the number of letters we received from persons who are curious to solve the mysterious problem, have induced us to return again to the topic, more particularly since that world-renowned philosopher, Michael Faraday, has been investigating the singular phenomenon. His remarks thereon have been perused no doubt by our readers; but we think the subject merits some commentary of our own. Before doing so we have a few preliminary admonitions to give, and we beg our readers to ponder well over them.

In the first place it is necessary for us to be agreed, that the subject of table-moving is one competent to be investigated; we must be agreed that it is a subject competent to be studied inductively. We must be agreed to study this phenomenon, as we should any branch of natural philosophy—by experiment; and having decided on such a course of experiments as may be considered convincing, we must be agreed to accept the issue of such experiments whatever that issue may be. It is absolutely necessary to be thus precise in starting. If we would apply our investigating faculties to any useful purpose,

whether in discovering the table-moving phenomena or any other. Nothing can be more reasonable than these preliminary stipulations, and nothing more just; their propriety we are sure will be conceded by every reader; yet we know the characteristics of the human mind too well, to expect that practically, our stipulations will be acted up to by all who read these remarks. The real truth is, that a severe, logical, unbiassed mind is far more rare, and a tendency to adopt the supernatural, is far more widely diffused than people suppose. For one who will patiently test the validity of a proposition in natural philosophy, some thousands will prefer adopting it on faith; and thus between those who sneer at a fallacy because it seems ridiculous, and those who interpret the sneer as inability to disprove it, error is perpetuated.

To be short with our preliminaries, the table-moving phenomena either do, or do not exist. If the former, they are either due to the exercise of some natural force or forces, or they are supernatural miracles, and as such not only beyond our sphere of comprehension, but of such a kind as to lie totally beyond the province of experiment.

It is necessary then that the readers should at once choose his ground. He must either accept the table-moving phenomena as a manifestation of supernaturalism, or a manifestation of natural forces. If he takes the latter ground, he may read these pages to some advantage; if the former, he had better shut the book, for what avail arguments against an adopted faith? What avail experiments directed to the interpretation of the laws of nature, in a matter which the class of readers we now address consider as altogether beyond the pale of nature?

Now, reviewing the history of the table-moving we shall find its exact character has never been properly understood. It has come to us a sort of hybrid thing, half religious, half philosophical; and whilst the populace have on the one hand associated it with supernaturalism; on the other hand, they have been submitting it to the test of rough inductive experiments. Let it clearly be understood, once for all, that this kind of half-position is untenable; either the table-moving phenomena are natural, or supernatural. Those who as-

sume the latter, are of course insensible to argument; those who assume the former may follow our remarks.

It is universally agreed that if tables, hats, &c., be manipulated according to prescribed directions, they move; that invariably the motion is circular or rotatory, occasionally rectilinear; and it is asserted that such motion is totally independent of all physical force exercised in the necessary direction. We should say, that if, for instance, the body moved be a table and the motion be circular, it is asserted that no one person forming the chain, exerted the least degree of lateral pressure. This, then, is a very narrow issue to be tried. The impartial investigator has to prove to himself, or to have proved to him, that he does, or does not, exercise lateral pressure. Professor Faraday has accomplished this demonstration in a manner so unexceptionable, that we should have thought all persons would accept its indications, as demonstrative of their error, did we not know that certain minds are so constituted, that supernatural explanations will always take precedence of inductive reasoning. Professor Faraday's apparatus, of which we prefix a sketch, was devised for the purpose of showing how persons, the most desirous of impartiality, may deceive themselves. It consists of a lever, the fulcrum of which is the table, and the short arm of which rests on a card—at least, this is the simplest form of the apparatus. Now, from the disposition of parts it follows, that, the hands being placed on the card, if the table, *card and all*, rotates, the long arm of the lever will continue to point to the same spot; but if the card slips on the table, proving lateral pressure to have been exercised, then the long arm of the lever will indicate the exercise of such pressure. This simple apparatus has been the means of startling many an unconditional believer in the sole exercise of downward pressure. People operating with this apparatus have been not a little surprised to find how thoroughly they had deceived themselves. When the lever was hidden from them, or when they turned away their heads from it, then, although each operator imagined he was acting honourable with himself all the while, he was exerting lateral, instead of mere downward pressure. The card slid on the table, and the index was deflected. Had the sliding

card not been present, the table would not have moved. Why should it not, when several persons were forcing it round at the same time?

Nothing can be more perfect than the apparatus, finally had recourse to, by Professor Faraday, for demonstrating the existence of lateral motion; but a more simple contrivance will suffice for the conviction of many. Thus it has been demonstrated frequently, that a card, or a thin piece of paper rendered smooth on one side by means of oil or black-lead, and the smooth surface, placed next the table, altogether prevents the result, when the hands are caused to touch the material interposed, instead of the naked table—the interposed body, in this case, slipping laterally, in obedience to the pressure unwittingly given, a pressure which otherwise would have been communicated to the table.

Professor Faraday, before finally having recourse to the instrument which we have been describing, ingeniously demonstrated the exercise of lateral pressure in the following manner:—Several paper or card discs, gradually decreasing in size, were lightly stuck together by soft cement, and the exact line of demarcation, at which the edge of each card corresponded with the surface of the next, was marked with a pencil. The cards were now laid flat on a table, the smallest card undermost, slightly attached to the table by means of soft cement. In this manner, the larger card being uppermost, all the others were hidden from view; and a slight consideration of the disposition of parts will show, that if the operator should exert lateral motion, unconsciously to himself, the cards would slide on each other card, and the amount of sliding would be indicated by the pencil marks deviating from their original correspondence.

Two views are prevalent relative to the systematic experiments by Professor Faraday on the subject of table-moving. The *myotics*, as we will take the liberty of calling them—those who, repudiating their own reasoning faculties, insist on referring the table-moving phenomena to supernatural causes—those, we say, condemn the experiments of Professor Faraday as they would condemn all experiments whatever. On the other hand, the philosophers, the lovers of wisdom, the *investigators*, marvel that Professor Faraday should have seriously

applied himself to the demonstration of a fallacy, so palpably evident to reasoning impartial minds.

We differ from both these views. The table-moving phenomena had so forcibly taken possession of the public mind, and had become associated with error in so many forms, that it was necessary truth should be vindicated. Persecution and contempt are no less favourable to the extension of popular fallacies, than of religious dogmas. If the existence of error be recognized, it should be demonstrated, not scoffed. A mind, perfectly unbiassed and honest to itself, is comparatively rare. All of us are too apt to make idols of cherished points of belief, and to feel even anger for those who prove us in error. To disabuse a mind of error is always a difficult task, requiring much gentleness and delicacy of treatment. Were the proposition doubted, it might be proved by the case now under consideration. So wedded have many become to their preconceived opinions, who professed to derive their opinions from evidence, that they write and talk angrily concerning Professor Faraday's demonstrations. What can be more foolish, more unfair, more unphilosophical than this? Faraday's experiment had reference to the demonstration of one specific issue,—whether lateral motion took place, or whether it did not; and the experiment

tried, demonstrated the question affirmatively. Almost simultaneously with this demonstration in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, the subject has been discussed by the French Academy of Sciences—in both cases with a similar result, and proving the motion to be referable to unconscious mechanical impulses by the experimenters.

While alluding to the discussion on this subject in the French Academy of Sciences, we cannot forbear mentioning a very curious illustration of the power of long continued mechanical impulses of small individual and initial force, mentioned on that occasion by M. Arago. He remarked, that by some persons a doubt had been mooted, whether the small amount of lateral pressure, assumed by those who referred table-moving to this cause, were sufficient, pre-suming its occurrence, to account for the result. M. Arago thereupon related a curious circumstance mentioned by Ellicott, a celebrated English clock-maker. He

placed two clocks, each in a separate cupboard fixed against a wall, the cupboards being some feet apart. One clock was then set in motion—the other remaining at rest—but judge the clock-maker's surprise, when on opening the cupboards to examine his clocks after the lapse of some hours, he discovered the clock which he left going, to be now still, and the other clock going! The result, as our readers will concede, was very extraordinary. Had Ellicott been a mystic, instead of a reasoning philosopher, he might have invoked a supernatural agency. He would have had better cause for doing so than the table-movers. Fortunately, he was a sound-headed, intelligent man, and at once attributed the phenomenon to its true cause—slight motive vibrations, propagated from one cupboard to the other—or rather from one clock to the other, through the intermediation of the cupboards along the wall. Thus, gradually, the whole of the original motion had been transfused, so to speak, by small amounts, from one pendulum to the other. It would be amusing, no less than instructive, to review the popular fallacies which have been, at different times, received by the world as evidences of supernaturalism, but which at subsequent periods have been referred to natural agencies. History teems with such.

Their occurrence is limited to no race—to no epoch—and, what is most extraordinary, the gradual diffusion of knowledge does not seem to prevent, in any degree, the tendency of human nature to fall into such hallucinations. The table-moving discussion, we trust, will not be without its fruition. Occurring, as it does, at an epoch when people are agitating the question, whether experimental philosophy should not form an integral portion of the education of youth, we trust it will have the effect of hastening that consummation so greatly to be desired. The credulous multitude may contemplate with advantage the significant fact, that the phenomenon of table-moving has not deceived any individual, who is recognised as a leading character in the ranks of natural philosophy.

Those remarks are presented with diffidence, but with a firm conviction that they will operate favourably on the minds of many who may be still swayed by doubt.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS IN THE
ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT AND ITS PROPERTIES.

COLOUR AND OTHER PECULIARITIES OF BODIES DUE TO LIGHT—DECOMPOSITION OF A SUNBEAM—FRAUNHOFER'S SPECTRAL LINES—ANTICIPATED RESULTS FROM EMPLOYING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AS A PHOTOGRAPHIC AGENT—REFLECTION OF LIGHT FROM PLANE, CONVEX, AND CONCAVE SURFACES.

14. We have now to consider some of the properties of light, and therefore shall pass in review its leading characteristics.

15. Light is transmitted in all directions in straight lines (as in Fig. 5), and traverses about 192 500 miles in a second of time.

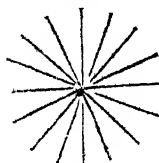


Fig. 5.

16. When a beam of white light (§ 9, 10) falls upon the surface of any body, effects are produced varying with the body upon which it falls. Thus it may be absorbed, and disappear entirely; or be nearly all reflected or thrown back; or it may pass through the body, and it is then said to be transmitted; and, lastly, it may be partially absorbed, partially reflected, and partially transmitted. There are other effects produced by light; but as photographers do not require to know them, we must leave their consideration to those who wish to make the delightful science of Optics their study.

17. The colour of bodies is due to the absorption of light. A body that absorbs all the rays will appear black, while one that reflects them, will seem white; but some substances absorb some of the rays and reflect the others. A yellow surface reflects the yellow rays, and absorbs the others; a blue surface reflects the blue; a scarlet surface absorbs all the rays except the red. Light is the cause of colour in animals, plants, and minerals; but what becomes of the light that is absorbed by bodies is unknown: it may possibly be

latent or hidden, the same as caloric or heat, and enter into combination with them, for it is evident that light may be extricated from some bodies without any change being produced, as in pyrophori or substances which absorb light, and emit it again when carried back into a dark place. The taste, odour, and combustibility of plants is due to the absorption of light; for a plant reared in the dark is nearly colourless, insipid, inodorous, and possesses very little combustible matter, because plants exhale the carbon in the form of carbonic acid when in the dark, while they absorb carbon when in the light, and exhale oxygen gas.*

18. From what has been adduced before (§ 16), it is evident that light is decomposed by absorption, for when a beam of light falls upon a blue glass, the blue ray is separated from the rest of the rays of the spectrum and reflected, while the other rays are absorbed. Sir David Brewster instituted a very interesting series of experiments upon the conditions of the spectrum and its rays, but although willing to communicate his views, we are unable on account of other matters of more importance to photographers.

19. One of the most curious effects of the absorption of light is that which is discovered by examining the solar spectrum with a telescope. If this is done, numerous dark bands or lines (a representation of some of the larger of which is given in Fig. 6), are observed to be crossing the coloured rays. These bands, or lines, which are nearly 600 in number, are generally called Fraunhofer's dark lines, which have been demonstrated by Dr. Miller, the Professor of Chemistry in King's College, London,† to vary continually with the alteration of the atmospheric conditions. This fact, which should be remembered, is of importance to the photographer, as will be explained hereafter. These lines are not found in the spectra of ordinary artificial lights, although



Fig. 6.

* See Grandfather's Enigma, in Vol. VII. of the Old Series of the "Family Friend," pp. 81, 86, and 90.

† Philosophical Magazine, Vol. XXV.

they are discovered in those of the sun and the planets. In the electric spectrum, the dark lines are replaced by brilliant ones, and the light is much clearer, so that we anticipate the day when the electric light will be used instead of the sun's light, with greater certainty, and perhaps more power. Electricity and photography are in their infancy. Therefore, who can foresee the benefits that will result to society, nay, to the universe, from the daily improvements in both sciences? Even now we are following out a series of experiments with the electric light in connection with Photography, that bid fair to cause a change in the art; and we hope before the present series is completed to lay the result before our readers.

20. If the same sunbeam that we admitted into the room a short time before, and allowed to fall upon the prism (§ 10) had been permitted to fall upon a polished metallic surface, the rays would have been reflected or turned into another direction, so that the angle of incidence would have been exactly equal to the angle of reflection. The angle of incidence means the angle formed by the line in which the light moves in a straight line perpendicular to

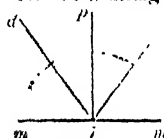


FIG. 7.

the plane. For example, if the direction of the incident beam (i in Fig. 7) be oblique to the plane ($m i m$), or surface of the reflecting body, then the beam will be reflected in such a direction (r in Fig. 7) that supposing a perpendicular imaginary line (p in Fig. 7) to be drawn between the incident beam and its reflection, the angle of reflection ($d i p$) is equal to the angle of incidence ($p r$); consequently it follows, that the beam makes the same angle with the perpendicular, both before and after its reflection.

* At a late conversation of the Pharmaceutical Society of London, Dr. Edwards, of Liverpool, who has recently been making some novel experiments with the electric light, as applied to the purposes of the daguerreotype, exhibited some very interesting results of his labours. In his hands it will, in all likelihood, become a valuable aid to success in the production of microscopic pictures. Several of the specimens exhibited, were much admired for the wonderful minuteness of their detail.

21. If we employ a convex surface to reflect from, instead of a plain one, the image will be reduced in size, and the outline be defective, because the imaginary, or virtual focus of reflection varies for different parts of the same figure, while the central portion alone is correct. This fact is most important, as we shall learn hereafter.

22. If a concave reflecting surface is employed, the image becomes inverted, or turned upside down.

BEARDED CIVILIZATION.

It may not be generally known that beards are singularly connected in history with the progress of civilization. The early Greeks and Romans did not shave. The Greeks began to use the razor about the time of Alexander, who commanded all his soldiers to shave, lest their beards should afford a handle for their enemies. This was little more than three hundred years before the Christian era; and thirty years after Alexander, Ticius introduced the habit of shaving amongst the Romans. The Gothic invaders of the Western empire revived the habit of wearing the beard. The Anglo-Saxons were a bearded race when William the Conqueror invaded England, and therefore the Conqueror and his Normans ever after wore the chin smooth, in order to distinguish them from the vanquished; and thus, even in the Norman invasion, the shaven chin became the emblem of an advanced civilization. In like manner, amidst all the long controversies between the Eastern and Western Churches, the Western Church has invariably espoused the cause of the razor, whilst the Greek or Eastern Church as resolutely defends the cause of the beard. Civilization has marched in the west, and remained stationary in the east, in the land of beards. When Peter the Great determined to civilize his Russian subjects, one of the means which he considered indispensable was the use of the razor; he therefore commanded his soldiers to shave every layman who refused to do it himself, and rare sport they had with the stubborn old patriarchs, who persisted in retaining their much-cherished emblems of age and wisdom. France has adopted the beard, very generally, but we much question with advantage to personal appearance.



JEWELLED DISSERT MAT, BY MRS. PUTMAN.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

JEWELLED DESSERT MAT.

Materials.—Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s white of ingrain pink bear's-head crochet cotton, No. 10, 2 reels; and 1 oz. emerald beads, No. 2.

Begin by threading all the beads on the cotton. Make a chain of four stitches, and close it into a round.

1st Round.—+ 1 Ch, 1 Sc on one of 4 Ch, 1 Ch + 4 times.

2nd Round.—+ 1 Ch, 3 Sc, coming on 1 Sc, and a chain at each side, 1 Ch + 4 times.

On referring to the engraving, two diagonal lines, crossing in the centre of the mat, and dividing it into 4 parts, will be seen. All the increasing is done by making two chains at each of these corners, in every round of the mat, thus increasing 8 stitches in the entire round. For the sake of making the directions clear, we give these chains at the beginning and end of every quarter. The pattern is formed entirely of beads.

3rd Round.—+ 1 Ch, 5 Sc, 1 Ch + 4 times.

4th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 7 Sc, 1 Ch + 4 times.

5th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 9 Sc, 1 Ch + 4 times.

6th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 11 Sc, 1 Ch + 4 times.

7th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, 1 bead, 3 cottons, 1 bead, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, 1 Ch + 4 times.

8th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 2 cotton, 5 beads, 1 cotton, 5 beads, 2 cotton, 1 Ch + 4 times.

9th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 4 cotton, 1 bead, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton, 1 Ch + 4 times.

10th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 4 cotton, 3 beads, 1 cotton, 3 beads, 1 cotton, 3 beads, 4 cotton, 1 Ch + 4 times.

11th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 6 cotton, 4 beads, 1 c, 4 beads, 6 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

12th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 9 c, 1 b, 3 c, 1 b, 1 c, 1 b, 9 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

13th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 8 c, 4 b, 1 c, 4 b, 8 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

14th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 8 c, 2 b, 1 c, 3 b, 1 c, 3 b, 8 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

15th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 10 c, 1 b, 1 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 1 c, 1 b, 10 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

16th Round.—+ 1 ch, 10 c, 5 b, 1 c, 5 b, 10 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

17th Round.—+ 1 ch, 11 c, 2 b, 1 c, 1 b, 3 c, 1 b, 1 c, 2 b, 11 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

18th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 35 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

19th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 1 b, 2 c, 1 b, 13 c, 1 b, 4 c, 1 b, 13 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

20th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 2 b, 1 c, 3 b, 10 c, 1 b, 1 c, 2 b, 1 c, 4 b, 14 c, 1 bead on a chain stitch + 4 times.

21st Round.—+ 1 Ch, 6 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 1 b, 4 c, 2 b, 1 c, 6 b, 1 c, 2 b, 2 c, 1 b, 4 c, 2 b, 1 Ch + 4 times.

22nd Round.—+ 1 bead on chain, 3 b, 2 c, 1 b, 2 c, 1 b, 2 c, 1 b, 3 c, 1 b, 1 c, 5 b, 2 c, 1 b, 5 c, 1 b, 2 c, 2 b, 5 c, 2 b, 1 c, 1 bead on chain + 4 times.

23rd Round.—+ 1 Ch, 1 c, 1 b, 2 c, 4 b, 1 c, 1 b, 5 c, 4 b, 1 c, 1 b, 2 c, 4 b, 4 c, 1 b, 7 c, 4 b, 2 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

24th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 4 c, 4 b, 3 c, 1 b, 2 c, 1 b, 1 c, 4 b, 3 c, 4 b, 6 c, 1 b, 8 c, 5 b, 1 Ch + 4 times.

25th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 2 c, 5 b, 4 c, 2 b, 2 c, 4 b, 1 c, 1 b, 1 c, 4 b, 8 c, 3 b, 5 c, 4 b, 2 c, 1 b, 1 Ch + 4 times.

26th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 4 c, 4 b, 2 c, 2 b, 4 c, 2 b, 1 c, 1 b, 4 c, 4 b, 4 c, 3 b, 8 c, 2 b, 1 c, 1 b, 4 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

27th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 2 c, 6 b, 2 c, 1 b, 5 c, 3 b, 3 c, 6 b, 4 c, 1 b, 12 c, 3 b, 5 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

28th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 1 c, 5 b, 3 c, 6 b, 3 c, 2 b, 1 c, 5 b, 3 c, 6 b, 13 c, 3 b, 4 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

29th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 4 c, 4 b, 1 c, 1 b, 4 c, 4 b, 4 c, 4 b, 2 c, 1 b, 4 c, 5 b, 11 c, 1 b, 5 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

30th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 5 b, 5 c, 2 b, 1 c, 5 b, 3 c, 6 b, 4 c, 2 b, 2 c, 5 b, 13 c, 6 b, 1 Ch + 4 times.

31st Round.—+ 1 Ch, 3 c, 1 b, 6 c, 3 b, 3 c, 6 b, 2 c, 1 b, 6 c, 3 b, 4 c, 7 b, 11 c, 1 b, 4 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

32nd Round.—+ 1 Ch, 2 c, 2 b, 8 c, 2 b, 1 c, 1 b, 4 c, 4 b, 2 c, 2 b, 5 c, 2 b, 1 c, 5 b, 5 c, 2 b, 8 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

33rd Round.—+ 1 Ch, 1 c, 2 b, 10 c, 4 b, 1 c, 1 b, 1 c, 4 b, 5 c, 2 b, 3 c, 4 b,

1 c, 1 b, 2 c, 5 b, 7 c, 2 b, 9 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

34th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 2 c, 1 b, 19 c, 1 b, 2 c, 4 b, 3 c, 1 b, 4 c, 1 b, 1 c, 2 b, 3 c, 5 b, 9 c, 1 b, 10 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

35th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 5 c, 2 b, 10 c, 4 b, 1 c, 1 b, 3 c, 4 b, 1 c, 1 b, 3 c, 5 b, 8 c, 2 b, 9 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

36th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 7 c, 2 b, 2 c, 3 b, 4 c, 1 b, 1 c, 4 b, 3 c, 2 b, 2 c, 3 b, 2 c, 2 b, 4 c, 1 b, 1 c, 2 b, 5 c, 1 b, 2 c, 2 b, 5 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

37th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 9 c, 3 b, 3 c, 1 b, 7 c, 2 b, 1 c, 6 b, 2 c, 2 b, 2 c, 1 b, 5 c, 2 b, 1 c, 7 b, 9 c, 2 b, 3 c, 1 b, 5 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

38th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 15 c, 1 b, 8 c, 1 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 4 b, 5 c, 1 b, 6 c, 1 b, 1 c, 2 b, 1 c, 5 b, 13 c, 1 b, 6 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

39th Round.—+ 1 Ch, 14 c, 2 b, 12 c, 1 b, 4 c, 1 b, 4 c, 1 b, 10 c, 1 b, 5 c, 1 b, 11 c, 2 b, 8 c, 1 Ch + 4 times.

40th Round.—All cotton, increasing usual at the corners.

41st Round.—A band on every stitch. BORDER, in which a band is dropped in every stitch, whether Ch, Sc, or Dc.

1st Round.—+ 1 s, 5 Ch, miss 4 + all round, except at corners, when miss 2.

2nd Round.—5 Dc on centre of 5 Ch, + 4 Ch, 1 Sc on centre of next 5 Ch, 4 Ch, 5 Dc on centre of next 5 Ch + all round.

LADY'S NIGHT-CAP, IN CROCHET

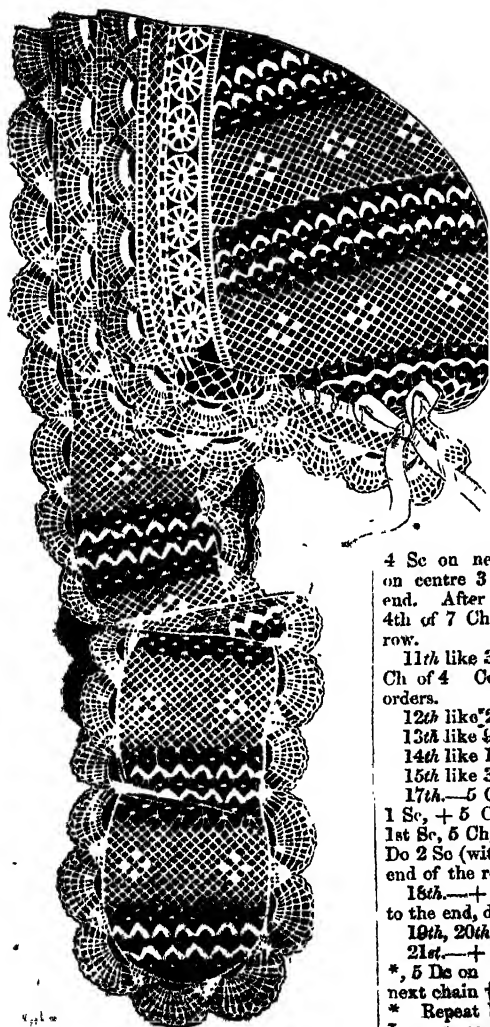
Materials.—6 balls of MESSRS. W. EVANS and Co.'s Board's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 24.

The wish expressed by many of our subscribers that we should furnish them with a pretty pattern for a night-cap in crochet, has induced us to give them one which we think they will find to be equally comfortable and becoming.

THE CROWN.—Make a chain of 73 stitches.

1st Row.—Miss 1, 2 Sc, + 4 Ch, miss 3, 1 Dc, 4 Ch, miss 3, 3 Sc, + 6 times. The seventh time end with 1 Sc, 1 Dc, 1 Tc. Turn the work.

2nd Row.—3 Ch, Dc on the Dc, 4 Ch, + 2 Sc, under the first chain of 4, 1 Sc on 1 Dc, 2 Sc, under the next chain of 4, 7 Ch, + 7 times. Dc on the 1st chain of previous



LADY'S NIGHT-CAP IN CROCHET, BY MRS. FULLAN.

row, 4 Ch, Tc on the missed stitch at the beginning of first row. The work after

the + is merely to increase gradually the width of the crown.

3rd Row.—Turn the work. 3 Ch, Dc on the Tc; 4 Ch, 2 Sc under Ch, 1 Sc on Dc, 2 Sc under Ch, + 6 Ch, Dc on centre of 5 Sc, 4 Ch, 3 Sc under chain of 7 + to the end, at which increase a little.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows twice more, increasing a little at the end of every row, and then do the 2nd row only, still increasing. Observe the Tc stitches always come exactly over each other.

Next Row (9th).—7 Ch, 5 Dc under the 4 Ch, 3 Sc over Sc, + 10 Dc under chain, 3 Sc on centre of 5 + to the end. Finish to correspond with the beginning.

10th Row.—Turn the work. 3 Ch, miss none, 4 Sc on nearest 4 Dc, + 6 Ch, 3 Sc on centre 3 of 10 Dc +. Repeat to the end. After the last 3 Sc, 4 Ch, Sc on 4th of 7 Ch at the beginning of the last row.

11th like 3rd, but begin with 3 Sc under Ch of 4. Continue increasing till further orders.

12th like 2nd.

13th like 9th.

14th like 10th.

15th like 3rd. 16th like 2nd.

17th.—5 Ch, Sc under Ch, 5 Ch, miss 3, 1 Sc, + 5 Ch, Sc under Ch, 5 Ch, Sc on 1st Sc, 5 Ch, Sc on last Sc, + to the end. Do 2 Sc (with a chain of 5 between) at the end of the row.

18th.—+ 5 Ch, Sc under Ch + repeat to the end, doing it twice in the last stitch.

19th, 20th, like 18th.

21st.—+ 5 Ch, Sc under chain + 4 times, * 5 Dc on Sc of last row, Sc under the next chain + 5 Ch, Sc under Ch + 7 times. * Repeat between the stars to the end. Increase as usual.

22nd like 18th. When you come to the 5 Dc, do a Sc under the centre one, instead of under the chain as in the other parts.

23rd like *21st*, with this difference, 5 Dc are done on the Sc *before* that worked on the centre of 5, then Sc under chain, 5 Ch, Sc under centre of next chain, and 5 more Dc on the next Sc. 2 spots are thus made, with an interval of 5 Ch and 2 Sc between them.

24th like *22nd*.

25th—The spot here occurs exactly over that in the *21st* row. As each row is increased at the end, there will therefore be more than 4 repetitions of the chain before the first spot occurs. The spots in rows *21*, *23*, and *25* now form a diamond.

Do five rows more like *18th*.

31st like *3rd*, *32nd* like *2nd*. Cease increasing. *33rd* like *3rd*, *34th* like *2nd*.

Repeat from the *9th* to the *34th* rows again, decreasing at the end of every row after the repetition of the *16th*. Do again as far as the *14th*, having gradually lessened the size till you end with nearly the same number of stitches you began with. This completes the crown.

THE LAPPETS.—These are begun like the crown, in a chain 2 inches long. In the course of the first 14 rows they are increased in width to 4 inches. About a quarter of a yard is done of this width, after which there is a gradual decrease to the width of 3 inches. When a length of nearly half a yard is done, add an inch extra by making a chain of that length at *one edge of the lappet*, and do 12 rows more, gradually increasing another inch on the same side.

Observe that in the two lappets the increase must take place on opposite sides.

NECK-PIECE.—Make a chain of 85 stitches, miss 4, 1 Dc, + 3 Ch, miss 4, 1 Dc +, repeat to the end.

2nd and 6 following rows, + 5 Ch, Sc under Ch +, repeat to the end.

Sew the two ends of this piece with the foundation chain at the top to the two lappets.

FRONT.—45 Ch, miss 1 Sc on *2nd* + 5 Ch, miss 3, Sc on *4th* + to the end. *2nd* and following rows + 5 Ch, Sc under chain of last row +, repeat to the end. Do a piece long enough to go from ear to ear, the quantity depending on whether, or not, the wearer likes the cap to come low over the ears or not. A piece 12 inches in length will probably suit most people. Now sew this to the lappets from the straight edge about two inches. The

lappets and head-piece row form the front. At the other edge do on the last worked piece thus: Fasten the thread on the nearest loop of the lappet, and do 4 Dc on it. Then the same on every loop of that edge of the head-piece, and on the nearest loop of the other lappet.

THE WHEELS.—8 Ch, form it into a round, under which do 24 Dc.

2nd round.—+ 2 Dc under one stitch, 2 Ch, miss one stitch + 12 times.

3rd.—Sc in every stitch.

Do as many of these as will go from one end to the other of the last row, to which they must be sewed, close enough to touch. They must also be sewed together.

On the opposite edge of the wheels, fasten on to the lappet 5 Ch, 7 Sc on a wheel + 5 Ch, 7 Sc on next wheel + to the end. Finish with 5 chains, and fasten on to the other lappet. Do a Dc stitch on every stitch of this row.

THE BORDER.—To be worked in one continuous line round the front, lappets, and neck. Dc on every stitch, all round.

1st Row.—+ 11 Sc, ~~17 Ch~~, miss 11, + all round, except at the ends of the lappets, when miss 7 only.

2nd Row.—+ 9 Sc over centre 9 of 11, 5 Ch, 11 Dc on centre 11 of 17 Ch, 5 Ch, + all round.

3rd Row.—+ 7 Sc over centre 7 of 9, 5 Ch, Dc after 1st Dc, * 1 Ch, Dc after next Dc, * 8 times, 5 Ch, + repeat all round.

4th Row.—+ 5 Sc on centre 5 of 7, 5 Ch, Dc on every Dc of last round, with two chain between, 5 Ch.

5th Row.—+ 3 Sc on centre 3 of 5, 5 Ch, Dc on every Dc, with 3 chain between, 5 Ch, + all round.

6th Row.—+ Sc on centre of 3 Sc, * 5 Ch, Sc under Ch, * 10 times, 5 Ch, * repeat all round.

Two other frills which trim the front are done in precisely the same manner, but on a foundation made of a chain of the requisite length, on which is worked one row of open square crochet. These two frills are sewed on with the ~~same~~ ^{same} as seen in the engraving, they are ~~sewn~~ ^{sewn} round the ears. Bows of ribbon may be added if desired. The neck is drawn in with narrow white sargenet ribbon.

PAINTING ON VELVET.

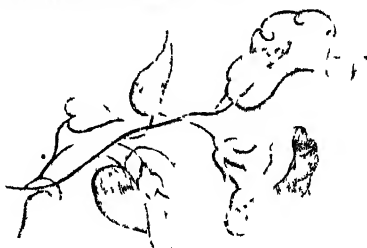
NUMEROUS inquiries have been addressed to us for some instructions in the elegant art of painting on velvet, and we have at length prepared an article on the subject, which, we think, will satisfy our readers. Papers on ornamental work are exceedingly useful, when, by the aid of practical experience, they convey simple and precise directions which can easily be learned.

Among the various accomplishments of the present day, no fancy work is perhaps more elegant, produces a better effect, and is, at the same time, more easily and quickly performed, than painting on velvet. Possessing all the beauty of colour of a piece of wool-work, it is in every way superior, as the tint used in this style of painting does not fade; and an article, which it would take a month, at least, to manufacture with the needle, may be completed, in four or six hours, on white velvet with the softest and most finished effect imaginable. Another recommendation greatly in favour of this sort of work is, that it does not require the knowledge of drawing on the part of the pupil, being done with formulas, somewhat in the manner of the old Poonah paintings, except that in this case the colours are moist. If these formulas be kept steady, a failure is next to impossible. The colours, of which there are twelve, together with a mordant for diluting them in case they become dry, may be procured at 65, York Place, Edinburgh, or of Miss Shapley, Abbey Road, Torquay.

The first thing necessary to be done, after obtaining the colours and the velvet (which should be cotton, or more properly velveteen, as most common cotton velvets are not sufficiently thick, and silk velvet, besides the expense, is not found to answer), is to prepare the formula for the group intended to be painted. Get a piece of tracing or silver paper the size of the cushion, mat, or screen you wish to paint, then lay it carefully upon the group you wish to copy and trace through. Should the paper slip, the formula will be incorrect; it will be therefore well to use weights to keep all flat. Having traced your flowers, remove the thin paper, and laying it on a piece of cartridge paper the same size, go over the pencil marks by pricking them out with a fine needle, in-

serted in a cedar stick. Now that you have your whole pattern pricked out clearly upon a stiff paper, take eight or nine more pieces of cartridge paper, of the same size as the first, and laying them, one by one, in turn, under the pricked pattern, shake a little powdered indigo over, and then rub with a roll of lute or any soft material. The indigo, falling through the punctures, will leave the pattern in blue spots on the sheet of paper beneath; then proceed in like manner with the remaining formulas until you have the self-same pattern, neatly traced, in blue dots, on them all. Next, with a sharp pen-knife, you must cut out the leaves, petals, and calices of the group, taking care to cut only a few on each formula, and those not too near together, lest there should not be sufficient room to rub between the spaces, and that, for instance, the green tint intended for the leaf should intrude on the azure or crimson of the nearest convolvulus; for it must be kept in mind that in this sort of work error is impossible.

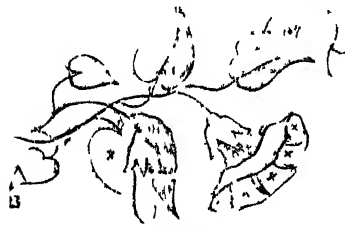
The following diagram will show how the formulas should be cut, so as to leave proper spaces, as above-mentioned. The shading denotes the parts cut out.



Formula 1

Some leaves may be cut out in two halves, as the large ones in the pattern; others all in one, as the small leaf: but it is chiefly a matter of taste. The large leaves should, however, generally be divided. In each formula there should be two guides—one on the top of the left hand side, the other at the bottom of the right hand corner—to enable the formulas always to be placed on the same spot in the velvet. For instance, as in Formula 2, A and B are the two guides, and are parts cut out, in Formula 2, of leaves.

the whole of which were cut out in No. 1; and therefore, after No. 1 is painted, and No. 2 applied, the ends of the painted leaves will show through, if No. 2 be put on straight; if, when once right, the formula is kept down with weights at the corners, it cannot fail to match at all points. Care should, however, be taken never to put paint on the guides, as it would necessarily leave an abrupt line in the centre of the leaf. While cutting out the formula, it is a good plan to mark with a cross or dot the leaves which you have already cut out on the formulas preceding, so that there



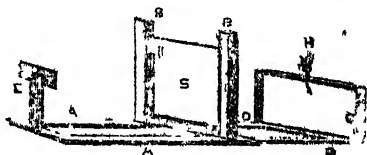
Formula 2

will be no confusion. When your formulas are all cut, wash them over with a preparation made in this manner: put into a wide-mouthed bottle some resin and shell-lac—about two ounces of each are sufficient; on this pour enough spirits of wine or naphtha to cover it, and let it stand to dissolve, shaking it every now and then; if it is not quite dissolved as you wish it, add rather more spirits of wine; then wash the formulas all over on both sides with the preparation, and let them dry. Now taking Formula No. 1, lay it on the white velvet, and place weights on each corner to keep it steady; now pour into a little saucer a small quantity of the colour called Saxton green, shaking the bottle first, as there is apt to be a sediment; then take the smallest quantity possible on your brush (for if too much be taken, it runs, and flattens the pile of the velvet; the brush should have thick, short bristles, not camel-hair, and there ought to be a separate brush for each tint: they are sold with the colours). Now begin on the darkest part of the leaf, and work lightly round and round in a circular motion, taking care to hold the brush upright, and to work more as it were on the formula

than on the velvet; should you find the velvet getting crushed down and rough, from having the brush too damp, continue to work lightly till it is drier, then brush the pile the right way of it, and it will be as smooth as before. Do all the greens in each formula in the same manner, unless there be any blue-greens, when they should be grounded instead, with the tint called grass green.

Next, if any of the leaves are to be tinted red, brown, or yellow, as Autumn leaves, add the colour over the Saxton green, before you shade with *fall green*, which will be the next thing to be done; blue-green leaves to be shaded also with *fall green*. Now, while the green is yet damp, with a small camel-hair pencil vein the leaves with ultramarine. The tendrils and stalks are also to be done with the small brush. You can now begin the flowers: take, for instance, the convolvulus in the pattern. It should be grounded with *rose*, and shaded with ultramarine (which colour, wherever used, should always be mixed with water, and rubbed on a palette with a knife); the stripes in it are rose-colour, and should be tinted from the rose saucer. White roses and camellias, lilies, &c., are only lightly shaded with white shading; and if surrounded by dark flowers and leaves so as to stand out well, will have a very good effect.

Flowers can easily be taken from nature in the following manner:—A A, D D, is a



frame of deal, made light, and about two feet long, and eight or ten inches in width. The part D D is made to slide in a groove in A A, so that the frame may be lengthened or shortened at pleasure. A vertical frame, C, is fixed to the part D, and two grooved upright pieces, B B, fixed to the other part. These uprights should be about nine inches high, and C half that height. There is also a piece of wood at the end A of the frame, marked E, with a small hole

for the eye, and there is a hole in the top C opposite to it. S is a piece of glass, sliding in the grooves in B B. In the hole H is placed the flower or flowers to be copied. If a group is wished, more holes should be made, and the flowers carefully arranged. The eye being directed to this through the hole in E, it can be sketched on the glass by means of a pencil of lithographic chalk. It is afterwards copied through by slipping the glass out, laying it on a table, and placing over it a piece of tracing-paper. When traced on the paper, proceed as before to make the formulas.

Of course, so delicate a thing as white velvet will be found at length to soil. When this is the case, it can be dyed without in any way injuring the painting. For this a dye is prepared by England, the manufacturer of the colours, and can be procured with them.

Dye in this manner:—Get an old slate-frame, or make a wire frame; add to it a handle, thus; then tie over it a net-work of pack-thread; next cut a piece of cardboard the exact size of your group, so as completely to cover it, the edges of the cardboard being cut into all the ins and outs of the outer line of the group; then placing it carefully over the painting, so as to fit exactly, lay a weight on it to keep it in place.



Then dip a large brush into the dye, hold the frame over the velvet (which should be stretched out flat—to nail the corners to a drawing-board is best), and by brushing across the net-work, a rain of dye will fall on the velvet beneath. Do not let the frame touch the velvet; it should be held some little way up. Then just brush the velvet itself with the brush of dye, to make all smooth, and leave the velvet nailed to the board till it is dry. Groups, whether freshly done, or dyed, are greatly improved, when perfectly dry, by being brushed all over with a clean and rather soft hat-brush, as it renders any little roughness, caused by putting on the paint too wet, completely smooth and even as before. Music-stools, the front of pianos, ottomans, banner-screens, pole-screens, and borders for table-cloths look very handsome done in this

ELEMENTARY LESSONS ON CHESS.

BY HERB HAREWITZ.

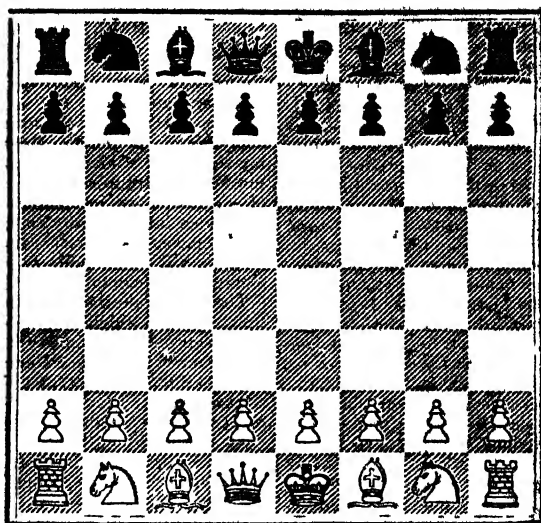
[FIRST ARTICLE.]

CHESS has been correctly described as "highly beneficial to the mind. Nothing in it is governed by chance; judgment is everything. A player, therefore, cannot lay the blame of his losing on fortune, but must ascribe his miscarriages to deficiency of judgment or inattention." With the assistance afforded to beginners in this noble game, by the celebrated Herr Harwitz, it will be possible to become proficient, or at least to play with reflection.

The game of chess is played by two persons upon a board which is square, divided into sixty-four smaller squares. One-half of these sixty-four squares is coloured white, the other half black. The two players sit opposite each other, with the board between them; and care must be taken that a white corner square be at the right hand of each player. When the board is thus placed, the horizontal straight lines, running from right to left, are termed *ranks*; the perpendicular ones running from one player to the other are called *files*; the oblique ranges, of which the two principal ones run from one corner of the board to the opposite one,—one on white, the others on black squares,—and the other adjoining, are named *diagonals*.

Each player has a small army of sixteen men at his command, of which eight are pieces, and the other eight pawns. To distinguish the two armies opposed to each other, they are of different colour, generally black and white.

The names of the eight pieces are as follows:—King, Queen, two Rooks, or Castles, two Bishops, and two Knights. These are placed in the first rank of each player's side of the board, the pawns being placed before them in the second rank. The pieces are arranged in the following manner:—In each corner square stands a Rook, or Castle, next to these a Knight, a Bishop, and the two middle or centre squares are occupied by King and Queen, so that the white King always stands on a black square, and the black King on a white square, the Queen standing on a square of her own colour, *regina servat colorem*. The following diagram represents the board and men, neither side having made a move yet.



MOVEMENT OF THE PIECES AND PAWNS.

The King can move in any direction, but only to a square adjacent to the one he occupies. He can also capture any adverse man that comes near him unprotected by any other piece or pawn; but he cannot



KING.

place himself on any square which is attacked by an adverse man, for the King is the only piece that is never taken; he is the soul of the game, and a player may have all his men, and being checked (the meaning of which will be explained hereafter), without being able to remove the attacking or checking man, he is checkmated, that is to say, the game is lost. Though the King can only move one square at a time there is one exception to this rule, which is only permitted once in a game—that is the act of castling. For this a player has two choices; he may castle to the right or to the left. This is done by moving the King two squares in either direction towards the Rook with which he castles, and placing the Rook on the other

side of the King on the square next to him. For instance, supposing white to have his two Rooks in each corner, and the King on his original square, the King can castle on the left, which is called his Queen's side; or on the right, termed the King's side. In the former case he would be placed on the square originally occupied by a Bishop, and his Queen's Rook would have to stand on his Queen's square; in the latter he would be moved to a square where his Knight stood, and his Rook would occupy the square of his Bishop. There are, however, certain conditions attached to the privilege of castling. 1. You cannot castle after having moved your King, or the Rook, with which you wish to castle. 2. There must be no piece between the King and the Rook, whether your own or your adversary's. 3. You cannot castle while in check, nor to a square where the King would be in check; nor can the King castle if, in doing so, he passes a square, which is attacked by an adverse piece or pawn. The two Kings cannot, of course, come close to each other, but must have at least one square between them.

The Queen is by far the most powerful of all pieces, combining the action of the Rook and the Bishop. It moves



QUEEN.

in a straight line, rank or file, backwards and forwards, and also diagonally, but only over empty squares, like all other pieces, except one. Place a Queen on the empty board, on the fourth square, counting from the King's square upwards, and thus placed in the centre of the board, she will be found to bear upon twenty-seven squares, exclusive of the one she occupies. Placed in one of the four corners, where her action is most limited, she will still command twenty-one squares besides the one she stands on.

The Rook, also called Castle, is next in importance to the Queen. It moves in a



ROOK.

straight line, backwards or forwards, or sideways, always over empty squares. It is a peculiarity of this piece, that whether it is placed in the middle of the board, or in a corner, it always commands the same number of squares, fourteen, besides the one it stands on.

The Bishop moves diagonally backwards and forward, as far as the squares are empty. It never can



BISHOP.

change its colour, and its each player has two, they are placed, one on a black square, and the other on a white one, the former called the Black Bishop, the latter the white bishop.

The move of the Knight is very peculiar, and difficult to describe. The Knight is the only piece that has the privilege to leap over another piece. It moves one



KNIGHT.

square in a straight line, and one obliquely. Thus, for instance, the white Knight, which at the beginning of a game stands to the right of the white King (see diagram), can at once be moved to the third square of the Bishop, or to the third square of the Rook, thus springing over the intervening pawns. This movement, being of a complicated nature, should be practised carefully by the student.

The Pawn moves only in a straightforward direction, one square at a time; but, unlike the pieces, which take an adverse

man in the same way they move, the Pawn captures diagonally. It never moves nor takes backwards.

Any Pawn can, on starting from its original place, which, as the diagram shows, is the second rank, make two steps, but in doing so cannot capture an adverse man, but is liable to be taken in passing the intermediate square by an adverse pawn, but not by any piece or officer. For example: your opponent, playing the black, has a Pawn of his on the fourth square, counting upwards from your Queen. You advance your Pawn in front of your King two squares; he has the option of either allowing it to pass or to take it with his Pawn, as if you had moved it only one square, and in thus capturing your Pawn in passing, he must place his own on the fourth square from your King—and on the fourth



PAWN.

ON TAKING AN ADVERSE MAN.

The art of capturing an adverse man is by removing it from the board and placing your man on the square which the captured piece or Pawn occupied. All the eight men standing in the first rank of the board take in the same direction in which they move; not so the Pawn, which, as stated above, captures diagonally. Any of your men can be captured by an adverse one, except the King: he is never taken, but checkmated. The King being, as before mentioned, the soul of the game, each player directs his efforts towards attacking the adverse King, and carefully surrounding his own by his officers and Pawns. Any piece or Pawn attacking the adverse King, this is called giving check or checking, and such an attack must be notified by saying, *check*, whereupon your opponent must attend to this immediately, by either capturing the man that thus attacks or checks him, or by interposing some of his men between the checking piece and his King, or lastly by removing his king to another square. But should you be unable to get out of check by either of the above ways, then your King is checkmated,—that is, you have lost the game. Capturing is optional in all cases save one—when your King is in check, and you incapable to move out of check, except by taking the Pawn or piece that checks, you are obliged to do so.



THE AZTEC CHILDREN, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN IN AMERICA.

CENTRAL AMERICA, AND THE
AZTEC CHILDREN.

Among the animated curiosities which are occasionally exposed to the gaze of the wonder-loving public, we may prominently notice the AZTEC CHILDREN—two singular Lilliputians who are now exhibiting in the metropolis. Makimo and Bartolo (for by these names the two Aztec children have been baptized) are by some medical men supposed to be of the respective ages of seventeen and eleven. Professor Owen, however, states them to be ten or twelve, and seven or nine. The height of the boy (the older) is about three feet, and the girl does not reach quite two feet six inches. Their limbs, though slender, are proportionate and well formed, and the general development of their figures is remarkably graceful. The cranium is peculiar, being narrower than that of other races of beings known to the world; and though the face is somewhat prominent, the features are regular and the countenances agreeable, and, after a short acquaintance, highly interest-

ing. Each has a beautiful head of jet black hair, which flows gracefully in curls. They are lively and intelligent, showing considerable aptitude for mental training, and have already learned to give utterance to several expressions which can be readily understood by visitors.

Since the arrival of these prodigies in June last, from the United States, they have been the objects of curious ethnological speculation. Dr. Latham does not consider them as a new species of the *genus homo*. Professor Owen regards them as instances of impeded development, and Dr. Conolly was struck with their resemblance to idiots.

Central America has been, and is, comparatively, a *terra incognita*. The explorations of Mr. Stevens in these regions, and the publication of his work on Central America, have thrown some light upon the subject, and excited the wonder and imagination of all classes of readers, owing to the glowing descriptions, and extraordinary details, he gives of a country, its relics and its people, of which, and whom, we had pre-

viously no authentic knowledge; yet he failed in penetrating beyond a certain range, and, although his enthusiasm was excited to the highest pitch of excitement by the rumours, traditions, and reports which reached him of great undiscovered cities and nations beyond the mountain fastnesses, he gave up the attempt of endeavouring to test the truth of these traditional rumours, owing to the apparent hopelessness and impracticability of the task.

In his narrative Mr. Stephens speaks of the conversations he held at various times with an intelligent and hospitable priest of Santa Cruz-del-Quiche, and concerning the information he received from him of immense and marvellous antiquities. The Padre told of vast ruins, in a deserted and desolate region four leagues from Vera Paz, more extensive than any which the traveller had so ably figured and described, and of another ruined city, on the other side of the magnificent range of the Cordilleras, of which no account had been hitherto given. But the most exciting fact of all, was the existence of a large and populous city, occupied by Indians of the same character, and most probably in the same state, as the aboriginal inhabitants of South America, before the discovery of that vast continent by the Spaniards, and the desolating conquests of its invaders.

The Padre averred that, in his younger days, he had climbed to the topmost ridge of a high mountain, and beheld from thence an immense plain, extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and that in the remote distance he beheld a vast city, with towers, white and glittering in the sun. Reports, he said, had reached him from intelligent Indians, yet such as were calculated to repress the desire to explore that wondrous region; they told that the inhabitants, aware of fearful deeds having been perpetrated in past ages by a race of white strangers, put every white man to death who attempted to penetrate their territory.

Stephens speaks of the intense desire that was awakened in his mind to visit the unknown city, where, said he, "dwelt living men, who can solve the mystery that hangs over the ruined cities of America, who could perhaps be prevailed upon to go to Coscan and read the inscriptions on its monuments." To attempt such an en-

terprise was, however, utterly impossible on the part of the American traveller.

At length two intrepid young men, excited probably by the enthusiastic feelings of the traveller, resolved to undertake the romantic enterprise. One was a Mr. Huertis of Baltimore, an American, of Spanish parents from Cuba, possessing an ample fortune, and who had already travelled much in Egypt, Persia, and Syria, for the inspection of ancient monuments; the other, a Mr. Hammond, a Canadian civil-engineer, who had been engaged to survey lands in the United States.

No time was lost in making preparations, and joyfully did the enterprising travellers set forth from New Orleans. Wild and broken, and heavily wooded was the route they had to follow, for nearly 150 miles on the Gulf of Amatique, till they at length reached Coban on the morning of Christmas Day. At this place, and while halting to procure further information and guides, they became acquainted with Senor Pedro Velasquez, of San Salvador, a man of family and education, who traded largely in indigo. This gentleman had performed extensive journeys, and while traversing a large portion of Central America, he had often surveyed, with the dearest interest, remains of temples, pyramids, and stately mansions, though hopeless of gaining even traditional information respecting their origin and history. When, therefore, he heard from the young travellers that they were bent on exploring the city of aboriginal Indians, reported to have been seen from the lofty summit of a mountain, his enthusiasm knew no bounds—he not only kindly proffered them his superior knowledge of the country, but with more precipitancy than prudence, in a man of his maturer years and important business pursuits, he resolved to accompany them.

The narrative, preserved in Spanish by this gentleman, presents a detail of extreme hardships and privations; it embraces the history of a people hitherto unknown, and, we doubt not, will prove deeply interesting to our readers. Some doubt has been thrown over the narrative, but it seems in many respects deserving of notice; and, with this caution, we leave our readers to form their own conclusions of its veracity.

Senor Velasquez told his travelling com-

panions that he readily identified the accuracy of engravings in the First Volume of "Stephens's Central America." He recognised many of them as old acquaintances, and spoke of having joined a party of several foreigners and natives, in exploring an ancient city of prodigious grandeur and extent, in the province of Vera Paz, about 150 miles eastward of Guatemala. He also stated that these remains far surpassed in magnificence every other ruin, hitherto discovered, either in Central America or Mexico. They were overgrown with huge timber in the midst of a dense forest, far remote from all haunts of men, and near the crater of a long extinct volcano, on whose natural walls, of stupendous height, were paintings of warlike and idolatrous processions, dances, and ceremonies, exhibiting a state of advancement in the arts that evidently appertained to a considerable degree of civilization.

Onward went the three companions with their attendants, till they reached Guequetenango, where they obtained guides and provisions, and set forth in high spirits, on the 5th of May, journeying onward until the ninth, at which time Senor Velasquez thus writes: "Our altitude, by barometer, this morning, is more than 6,000 feet above the valley which we crossed three days since; the view was sublimely beautiful, yet singularly grotesque, and when shone upon by the glorious beams of the setting sun, it was almost oppressively gorgeous. The guides inform us that we have only three thousand feet more to ascend, and they point to a gigantic pinnacle, at the apparent distance of seven or eight leagues; they tell us, however, that before attaining its base, we shall have to descend and ascend an immense ravine nearly a thousand feet deep from our present level, and fraught with so many difficulties, that it will cost us several days. The side of the mountain towards the north-west is smooth and perpendicular for nearly half its entire height, as if severed by a gigantic sword. So far the old Padre was correct, and hitherto we have no reason to mistrust his accuracy. The average breadth of the plain on this side the ridge, on which we encamped for the night, is nearly half a mile, and exhibits before us a fine rolling tract, far as the eye can reach. Neither birds, nor beasts, nor insects. I would

there were no such deep ravine. On the brink of the abyss, the heaviest crags that can be rolled down, return no sound from the bottom.

"All are too exhausted to think of leaving this, our first encampment, since we descended from the stupendous elevation. At least three thousand feet of immense rock are yet to be climbed. On the summit we find an inclined plane of herbless rocks, about fifteen acres. Elevation 2,500 feet; completely in the clouds, and all beneath invisible. A bright and auspicious morning dawned at length; for during the night, whilst others slept, we watched the stars, and found the latitude 15 degrees and 48 minutes north, the mean result of three observations of different stars. The wind is brisk, and rolls away a billowy ocean of mist towards, I suppose, the Bay of Honduras; lower mountains become more and more visible every moment, and we begin to fancy that a faint yellow plain in the far distance is really the Pacific. Huertis, looking through his glass, sees whole lines and groups of pyramids. Hammond reports the longitude 92 degrees 15 minutes west. Brave Huertis is in an ecstasy, but will not part with his glass for a moment; no doubt it is the city of which the Padre speaks, for it is precisely in the same direction. For my own part, I can just discern a white straight line, like a ledge of limestone rock, on an elevated plain at least twenty leagues distant, in the midst of a vast amphitheatre of hill-north-eastward of our position, and toward the State of Yucatan.

"Two o'clock p.m. All doubt is at an end. We have seen it through the glass, distinctly as though it were but a few leagues distant, clear and bright to the unassisted eye. Unquestionably it is a city of vast dimensions, with lofty parapetted walls; it is evidently three or four miles square, and its interior domes and turrets have an oriental aspect. Doubtless it is a Pagan stronghold that escaped the conquest of the Spaniards by its remote position and natural bulwarks."

When the perils of the terrible ravine were surmounted, and our travellers bivouacked for a brief space, it was agreed that Huertis and Hammond, with one of the guides, Antonio, should follow the bed of the ravine in its north-east course, and then

halt at a considerable village on the banks of the river Lagartos, while Velasquez was to retrace their late route to Gnezakenango, where all the surplus arms and ammunition had been deposited, and recruit a strong party of Indians. Meanwhile, the faithful guide who accompanied Huertis and Hammond was also to return to the last-mentioned place, there to await the convenience of Velasquez, and then to conduct them over the mountains to the village on the plain, where Messrs. Huertis and Hammond were to await their coming.

The travellers at length arrived with in the circuit of the alpine district in which Iximay, the great city of which they came in search, was situated. It seemed to repose in massive grandeur in the centre of a perfectly level plain, about five leagues in diameter, and about two from the spot where they lurked. A belt of verdant extending nearly a mile upon the plain, and reaching far up the sides of the mountains, girded it around; this belt consisted of colossal trees and flowering shrubs, and verged upon large tracts of fields fenced with palisades, and presenting a monotonous appearance both in size and form. In the forest glades were seen large herds of deer, of cattle and horses; such also were dispersed over the wide plain, and seemed perfectly at ease among the hamlets and low flat-roofed stone dwellings with which it was studded. Groups of noble trees, bordered with gigantic palms, richly diversified the landscape, and were reflected in the bright clear streams and lakes.

Suddenly two horsemen, in bright blue and yellow tunics, and wearing turbans decorated with three large plumes, dashed from out the recesses of the forest; they were mounted on superb horses, and after them rode a gallant band of athletic Indians, equally well mounted, clothed in brilliant red tunics, with coronets of gay feathers closely arranged within a band of blue cloth. Each horseman was armed with a long spear pointed with polished metal, and each held in a leathery brace of powerful blood-hounds. The leaders of the troop, men of commanding air and stature, suddenly wheeled their horses and galloped upon the intruders with expressions of amazement. Their followers seemed equally surprised; they drew up in good

military array, while the blood-hounds leaped and raged in their throng.

Happily Velasquez had made himself acquainted with the Maya language; and while it seemed as if the Indian chiefs were silently considering the policy of an immediate attack, one of the Maya Indians, who had accompanied the travellers as an escort, stepped forward, and informed them that the armed band was a detachment of rural guards which had subsisted from time immemorial, and who had been appointed to hunt down and capture all strangers of a foreign race, that should be feared within a circle of twelve leagues of the city; to which the Indian added, that no white man had ever eluded their vigilance, or left their city alive. There was a tradition, he said, moreover, that many of the pioneers of Alvarado's army had been cut off, and that their skulls and weapons are to this day suspended round the altars of the Pagan gods. He added, finally, that if we wished to escape, now was our only chance; that as we numbered forty-five men, all armed with repeating rifles, we might easily destroy the present detachment, which amounted to only fifty, and then secure our retreat by the way we came. "Let us, however," said he, "first shoot the dogs," which all our Indians regarded with the utmost dread and horror.

Velasquez felt the force of this advice, as also Hammond; but Huertis, whom, as leader of the expedition, every one was solemnly pledged to obey, utterly rejected the proposition. "He had come," he said, "to see the city; and see it he would whether as a captive or not, even at the peril of never leaving it alive; that the fine troop whom we had encountered was evidently not a gang of savages, but civilized men and good soldiers; and as to the dogs, they were noble animals, of the finest blood he ever saw. If, however," he added with a sarcastic smile, "you are afraid of being eaten, and are really alarmed at the bugbear legends of the Indians, before any demonstration of hostility has been made, you had best take two-thirds of the men and mules, and return homewards."

"I could not but admire the constant intrepidity of our leader," wrote Velasquez. "though I doubted its discretion; and I assured him that I was ready to follow his example and share his fate."

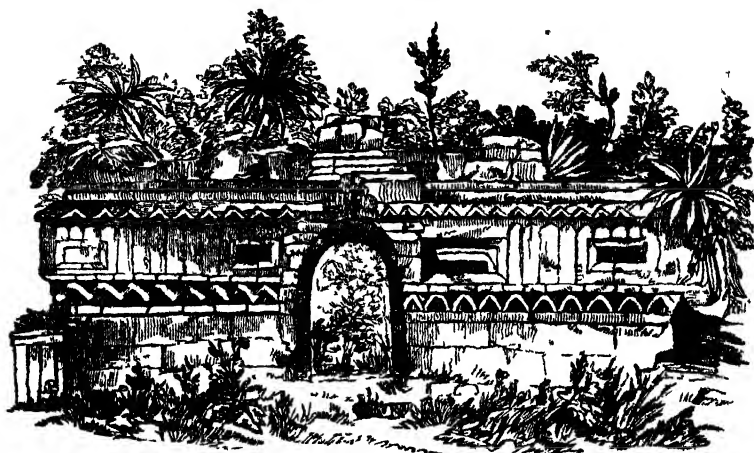
"While this conversation was passing," continued the narrator, "the Indian commanders held a conference apparently as grave and important. But just as Huertis and myself advanced towards them for a parley, they separated without deigning the least reply; the eldest and most highly decorated galloped off towards the city with a ~~small escort~~; while the other briskly crossed our front at the head of his band, and re-entered the forest near our only point of escape. A few minutes more, and a single ~~harrow~~ was seen crossing the narrow opening in the hills, and presently, a gallant company of mounted Indians swept across the glade; and thus it became evident that a plan had been effectually arranged to cut off our retreat. Escape, therefore, was impossible.

"The mountains by which the vast area of the plain was surrounded rose to the gigantic elevation of at least one thousand feet. They were perpendicular for three-fourths of their altitude, and from many parts of their wild and stupendous crags, threatened destruction to the forest at their base. Not the smallest chasm or declivity was discernible by which we could make our exit, excepting the one that was thus, formidably intercepted.

"To retire into the forest, and water our thirst at a copious stream which rushed from its recesses, and to recruit our exhausted strength with food and rest, was a necessary expedient, and we accordingly turned our weary steps toward the nearest point. Antonio, our chief guide, in tracing the current for a convenient watering-place, discovered that it issued from a cavern. The cavern had nothing externally to recommend it, but within, the dimensions were magnificent; and with burning lips did we slake our thirst from a flaming basin, into which the waters rushed with headlong impetuosity, and then hurried, both to the clear bright sunbeams. Our first sensations were those of freedom and independence; and a feeling of security lulled us to a momentary forgetfulness of our perilous condition. It was long since we had rested beneath a rock of any kind, and some of our company rejoiced in the thought that we could defend ourselves against the assault of the sunbeams. All this, so far, was well; but

to my mind it was fearfully evident that a few Indians could easily prevent our egress, and reduce us to starvation. Our security was that of a prison, and our freedom was restricted within its walls. Happily, however, this reflection did not seem to trouble any other mind, and our attention was soon excited by the objects of wonder and of veneration that everywhere presented themselves. Gigantic statues of ancient warriors, with round shields, arched helmets, and square breastplates, curiously luted and adorned, stood sculptured in high relief; their faces were grave, their limbs massive, and in the regular order of columns they were arranged round the walls of this stupendous and cathedral-like cavern. By this time the sun was setting, and as the space before the cavern was occupied only with single trees, his gorgeous beams shone full into a portion of the cavern, tinting many of the warrior forms with a golden hue, whilst others remained in deep gloom, and produced an effect of equal mystery and splendor. The place was evidently one of recent resort, both for men and horses; plentiful supplies of fresh fodder were heaped in various recesses, while the ashes of extinguished fires, mingled with discarded moccasins and broken pipes and pottery, attested the visitations of men. Sleeping couches of fine cane-work, with seats of the same description, became visible in the interior of the cave; and in a spacious recess, near the entrance, the sunbeams revealed a large collection of bones, both of the ox and deer, with hides suspended from pegs in the walls. These evidences of a late repast were far more interesting to our hungry Indians than specimens of ancient art; they snatched forth, intent on making a good supper; and while we lay extended on the ground in our first sleep, they brought four fine deer. We thought that they had been carefully guarding the entrance to our cavern—no such thing; and we were too much rejoiced by the hope of a plentiful repast to be displeased with their neglect of duty.

"While journeying in quest of the city, near which we had encamped for the night, we occasionally fell in with groups of Maya Indians, and from them we learned that they had never seen men of similar complexions with ourselves; but that a stranger of the same bright florid complexion as



Hammond, the Canadian engineer, with light hair and red whiskers, had been sacrificed and eaten by the priests of Iximaya, the great city among the hills, about thirty moons since. Hammond remembered this, and resolved to stain his face with a chemical mixture which he had obtained before leaving the United States. It occurred to him even then that his fair and ruddy complexion might subject him to some annoyances among a swarthy race; and scarcely had we finished inspecting the cave, before Antonio set to work, and a rapid metamorphosis was effected; his red whiskers were shaven off, his light hair was dyed jet black, his skin was rendered dusky from head to foot; and so perfect was the disguise, that none of our company who had gone out foraging for venison recognised him on their return; they even marvelled whence such a singular stranger could have come.

Scarcely, however, had day begun to dawn, when the hideous yells of a pack of bloodhounds rang through the cavern, and scarcely could the men seize their rifles before many of the dogs, from whom the frightened Indians on guard had rushed for protection, were springing at their

throats. Huertis, however, with that presence of mind which never forsook him, told the men to reserve their fire-arms, and to dispatch the hounds with their long knives. This was done accordingly, and the Indians began to exult in the hope of security; but it presently became evident that the ferocious animals were in advance of a formidable pack, or perhaps merely a few that had been unleashed as scouts. Meanwhile, however, Huertis collected his whole party into that obscure recess which contained the bones and ashes, and ordered them to sling their rifles at their backs, while each one stood ready with his knife in hand. No sooner was this done, than ten natives, in scarlet tunics, and armed with spears, appeared at the entrance of the cavern in single file; but on seeing their dogs lying dead, and no enemy in sight, they rushed back again; yet only for a brief period, for they presently returned with a considerable reinforcement, headed by the younger of the two distinguished personages whom the travellers had encountered the day before. Huertis allowed them to enter the cavern, and while eagerly engaged in looking at the weary males which occupied the furthest end, he and his party marched

quietly out, and seized their horses. Immediately in front, a troop of mounted Indians were drawn up in good order, and these, Huertis determined instantly to charge. Ordering, therefore, his men to mount the noble animals, whom they had captured, but to reserve their fire till the word of command was given, he, with Velasquez and Hammond, drew their short sabres, and led to the attack. The natives, awe-struck, and imagining, without doubt, that all their comrades were slain, fled in the utmost confusion, till the approach of a considerable force reassured them, and the whole company, which consisted of at least one hundred and fifty, charged upon the little brotherhood of isolated men, at a rapid pace. Huertis gave the word of command to halt, and form in line, two deep, with presented arms; but feeling that, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, Indians possessing only spears and side hatchets had little chance of victory when brought in contact with old campaigners in the sanguinary expeditions of the terrible Carreras, and armed to the teeth, commanded them to aim at the horses. Meanwhile most of the Indians darted their spears from so great a distance, that nearly all fell short of the mark; but two, unhappily, took effect. The unfortunate Mr. Hammond was pierced through the right breast, and another of the party was killed on the spot. At this moment came the word of command to fire, and at the next, several of the Indians were rolling upon the sod, amid their plunging horses. A second rapid volley brought down as many more, while the rest, in attitudes of frantic wonder, unconsciously dropped their weapons, and fled like affrighted birds from the sudden swoop of the kite; and not the men only, but their horses, seemed alike preternaturally incited. The roll of musketry had never before been heard by them, nor yet the lightning flash of fire-arms; and though antique Spanish muskets and pistols were found in their scanty collection of foreign curiosities, yet not even the most learned of their priests had the slightest traditional idea of the uses for which they were designed.

While this was going on, the Indians within the cavern emerged from its portal in time to witness the fiery explosion of the rifles; to see also their horses mounted by uncouthly attired strangers, whom they had

vainly sought for in the cavern, and to hear the shouts of laughter that resounded on all sides. It seemed as if the Indians were overcome with dread, for the greater number prostrated themselves upon their faces, whilst others, who had more self-possession, dropped upon the bended knee, and with drooping heads, and hands crossed behind them, tendered themselves as captives. Their gallant and gaily-accounted young chief, though equally astonished and dismayed, merely surrendered his javelin, as an officer would his sword. But Huertis, with admirable tact, declined to retain it, and with the most profound and deferential cordiality of manner, restored it to the Indian, with an assurance, through Velasquez, that, though strangers, himself and his companions came not as enemies, but friendly visitors, who desired the temporary hospitality of his countrymen in their magnificent city.

The young chief replied, with evident discomposure and concern, that his countrymen showed no hospitality to strangers, it being interdicted by their laws, and punishable with death; that the inhabitants of their city held intercourse only with the population of the surrounding plain, who were restricted alike by law and by patriotism from ever leaving its confines; he, and his fellow soldiers, alone being privileged to visit the neighbouring regions for the purpose of arresting intruders, and escorting certain kinds of merchandise, which they exchanged with a people of their own race in an adjoining district. He added, with much natural eloquence, that the independence and peace of his nation, who were a peaceful and happy people, depended upon these severe restrictions, which, indeed, had been the only means of preserving it, while all the country besides, from sea to sea, had bowed to a foreign yoke, and seen their ancient cities, once the capitals of mighty empires, overgrown with trees.

He further added, in a subdued but significant tone, that in the course of many generations, some few strangers, it was true, had been captured, and confined within the city walls; but that none had been permitted to betray its existence and locality to the cruel rapacity of a foreign race; and concluded by earnestly entreating that they would not only enter Iximaya in a friendly manner, but regard it as their

future residence. He promised them, further, advantageous alliances and homes and honours, telling them, at the same time, that all attempts to retreat would be in vain; that thousands of men, mounted on fleet horses, would overpower them by their numbers, and subject them to a very different fate.

Huertis rejoined, that he could destroy any number of armed men, though mounted on the swiftest steeds, and that this was no idle threat, as the chief had already witnessed. "I can enforce my exit from the city," he further added, "whenever it best pleases me; and, therefore, I shall enter it either as a friend or enemy, according to the reception I meet with. There are no sanguinary conquerors to whom Iximaya can be betrayed, even if I was so inclined; and the surrounding country is at peace, and men of all races dwell harmoniously together. Why, therefore, those unsocial and sanguinary laws which exclude your people from intercourse with their fellow men?"

Thus saying, and without any further delay, the American ordered his men to relinquish the horses to their rightful owners, and march with the train of mules toward the city; he further restored to the young chief his richly caparisoned steed, retaining, however, for himself and Velasquez the horses they had first seized; and placing themselves on either side of the Iximayan commander, they cursed their wounded friend to be borne immediately behind them on one of the cane couches of the cavern; the red troopers brought up the rear, followed by a number of blood-hounds leashed in couples.

Thus went on the cavalcade, and the sight which they presented must have been equally novel and picturesque. Velasquez wore the brilliant uniform and plumes of a military company to which he belonged at San Salvador, Huertis that of an American naval commander, with gold epaulettes; his E.lemen and Muleteers were generally clothed in blue cotton; and grass hats, while the native Cavalry displayed their brilliant tunics and feathered coronals. Had poor Hammond been able to ride on horseback his appearance would have been equally imposing with that of the Indian horseman. Wishing to produce an effect on men who fully appreciated brilliant colours, he had dressed himself in the scarlet regi-

mental coat of a British officer of rank. across his breast were several blazing stars consisting of glass jewels; and on his head was a white Panama hat, surmounted with ostrich feathers dyed blue at the edges.

The recent conflict had been more severe than Huertis either intended or expected. Nine horses and some men were killed; and while the travellers lingered to lay their comrade in a grave hastily dug with spears, the Iximayans laid their dead and wounded upon horses, to be conveyed to the nearest village. Emotions of extreme sensibility were shown by the native soldiers when looking upon the dead, as if they had been totally unaccustomed to scenes of violent death; and Velasquez remarks, that the strongest emotion was testified by the young chief when he heard the word Iximaya from his lips. He seemed to be smitten and subdued, as if he felt that his beloved city and its location were known to the world.

The distance from the cavern to the city was about six miles, and on either side of the road, and far as the eye could reach was a profuse and varied vegetation, the evident result of assiduous and careful culture. Indigo, corn, and oats, a curious five-eared wheat, gourds, and pine-apples, excellent roots, pulse, flax, and hemp, the white as well as crimson cotton, with orchards and vineyards, grow luxuriantly within regularly divided enclosures; and at the time described by Velasquez, were ripe for the harvest. Large and populous villages succeeded one the other. The houses were mostly flat-roofed, with broad, overhanging eaves, supported by heavy columns and tiled over with spiral flutings, that generally terminated in foliated capitals of the same character. None of the habitations evinced poverty,—many even were superb; and at intervals were mosque-like buildings of a grand and imposing character, evidently designed for purposes of idol worship. It was curious to witness the surprise and exultation that prevailed among the thronging people, who regarded the travellers as prisoners in the custody of the rural guard, while the bodies of the slain involved a mystery which they could not solve. The prominent costume of both sexes was a pale blue tunic, gathered in at the breast, and descending to the knee with articulated buskins formed of red cord, and covering the calf of the leg

CHAPTER II.

In the preceding chapter we conducted our readers to the entrance of the metropolis of Iximaya. At every step scenes of great interest unfolded themselves, and increased the desire of Huerti's and his companions to enter the city whose fame had so greatly excited their curiosity. From the slow pace at which they journeyed, they were able to quietly survey the various objects surrounding them. It is impossible to describe the emotions awakened by the sight of a place long supposed to have existed in the imagination alone, and which presented, from its appearance, all the indications of civilization and opulence.

The women, with few exceptions, were finely formed, and possessed the highest order of Indian beauty, with an extraordinary profusion of black hair, tastefully arranged and decorated with plumes and flowers.

The walls of the metropolis appeared to be about sixty feet in height, sloping inward from the foundations, and surmounted by a parapet which overhung the base, and rested on a plain moulding. They evidently pertained to a remote period; for although constructed of large blocks of granite stone, white and glittering in the sun, long years had corroded rough crevices between the layers, and the once perfect cornices were considerably indented. The sculptured annals of the city assigned to them an antiquity of four thousand years. They formed a parallelogram four miles long and three in width, and enclosed an area of nearly twelve square miles, breasting the cardinal points of the horizon with a single gate midway on every side. Their foundations were laid in a deep foss or moat, apparently one hundred feet wide, nearly full to the brink, and abounding with water-fowl. The moat was replenished from the mountains, and discharged its surplus waters into the lakes of the plain; and the only mode of access through the eastern gate, to which the travellers approached, was over a drawbridge that hung suspended above the gate. As the cavalcade drew near, the crowd increased, and the parapets were thronged with persons anxious to behold the entrance of so large a number of persons for whom there was no return.

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A signal from the young chief presently caused the drawbridge to be lowered, and the cavalcade passed over, yet not immediately into the city; for full in front uprose a pair of folding gates, composed of blocks of stone curiously dovetailed together, and which revolved upon hinges of the same material, by means of an ingenious kind of ball and socket contrivance. A small oval orifice only was seen, and the ear of one who stood within the gates was applied there to catch an expected word or whisper. Gradually did the ponderous gates unfold, and magnificent was the vista of colossal trees and statues, interminable in perspective, and extending the whole length of the city to its western gate. Velasquez reports that each and all of the colossal statues rivalled the height of the city walls, and that no two of them were precisely alike in countenance, and very few in their costume. They stood sixty feet apart, with a smaller effigy of some mythological animal between each, and were said to number one hundred and fifteen on either side of the superb avenue, which measured one hundred and twenty feet in width. A similar but shorter avenue crossed the city from north to south, having a proportional number of such statues through its entire extent; moreover, these two avenues ran through wide areas of green sward richly grouped with lofty trees.

It seemed as if the whole population of the place had assembled to behold a spectacle so unprecedented and mysterious; but the utmost silence prevailed, and scarcely a whisper reached the ear. The fearful intelligence that their military guardians had been routed by a small company of strangers, who wielded dreadful weapons, from whence proceeded smoke and flame, had spread through the city like wildfire; but the people wisely left its investigation to their rulers, and were rendered comparatively tranquil by the absence of all warlike manifestations. When arrived at the point where the two great avenues intersect each other, Huerti's boldly demanded of his guide whither he was leading him. "To yonder building," replied the chief with dignified composure, pointing at the same time to a palace of majestic dimensions. "There the monarch assembles daily with his counsellors and the

hour of noon to administer justice. In the mean time, your wounded friend shall be placed in one of the apartments, and the mules and baggage taken care of in the vaults beneath."

By this time the hour of audience had arrived, and the strangers were conducted by the young chief into a spacious and lofty hall, surrounded by columns, and having at the upper end three raised seats, surmounted with canopies of rich drapery and elegant design. On one of these was seated the monarch of Iximaya, a personage of grave, benignant aspect, apparently about sixty years of age; he was arrayed in robes of scarlet and gold, and a golden image of the rising sun reflected the beams of that luminary from the back of his throne. A venerable man, advanced in life, and not less gorgeously attired, occupied another of the seats; and the third was filled by a functionary of similar years and habiliments. Other grave-looking men sat on the steps of the throne, attired in scarlet robes, and around the walls were stationed persons apparently officially connected. Huertis, Velasquez, and their Indians, bearing loaded rifles, stood on the left side of the monarch, the young chief and his followers on the right.

The Iximayan chief spoke first. He related what had happened with manly candour and great accuracy; but it was evident that the facts which he stated filled the assembled council with amazement, and left a settled cloud upon the imperial brow. But evidently there was no wish to injure the stranger, and it was agreed by all, that as they had magnanimously released the guard, after they had surrendered themselves prisoners, and entered the city in a peaceable manner when they might probably have effected their escape, they were entitled to personal freedom within the walls of the city, and might eventually become eligible to all the privileges of citizenship within the same limits. It was further enacted that they were to be maintained as prisoners of state, on condition that they made no use whatever of their dangerous weapons, or exhibited them to terrify the people. In this decision Huertis and his companions professed their entire acquiescence; for the American was perfectly satisfied that he should be able to effect the escape of him-

self, and of all who had followed him, when the scientific objects of his perilous expedition were accomplished.

The place of residence assigned to the strangers was the wing of a sumptuous building which had been appropriated from time immemorial to an ancient and singular order of priests called Kaanas. These men asserted that their sacerdotal forefathers had conducted a body of emigrants from the plains of Assyria, and doubtless their peculiar and strongly distinctive lineaments may be traced in many of the sculptured ruined monuments of Central America equally with those of Iximaya. Forbidden, by laws that never changed, from intermarrying with any persons who were not of their own caste, they had dwindled in the course of many centuries to a few insignificant individuals, diminutive in stature and imbecile in intellect. They were held, however, in high estimation by the whole community, who regarded them with singular affection; but as their ancient college was far too large for such a diminished community, it was now chiefly occupied by a higher order of priests, called Mahaboons, who were considered their legal guardians. Velasquez formed an acquaintance with a junior brother of the order, named Vaalpeor, a young man of superior intellect and attainments; and while Huertis devoted all his time and energies to the antiquities and hieroglyphics, the sciences, manufactures, and arts, the pantheism and social institutions of this hitherto unknown city and people, the ear of the young priest was as eagerly imbibing, from the wily lips of Velasquez, a knowledge of the world at large, to him equally new and enchanting. The history of the Happy Valley found its reality in Iximaya; and as the prince and his sister were inspired with an enthusiastic desire to escape from their favoured country, so was Vaalpeor willing to incur the utmost risk and toil in order to become acquainted with the cities and the nations of the earth. It seemed as if a devouring fire had been kindled in his inmost being; for no sooner did Velasquez propose the liberation of the whole company, than the start of horror which its first mention had involuntarily occasioned, was speedily succeeded by feelings of complacency, and finally with almost uncontrollable delight. It was, however, mutually agreed that the

design should not even be mentioned to Huertis until fully matured.

Huertis, meanwhile, was sedulously occupied. In order to facilitate his own objects, he prevailed on his companions, whether American or Indian, to conform in dress and habits with their new townsmen. The city was surrounded with a lofty colonnade, sustaining the upper esplanade of its walls, and forming a broad covered walk, beneath which the inhabitants promenaded in all weathers. In this place of general resort the new citizens appeared daily, and thus became familiarized with the numerous inhabitants of the place. Moreover, Huertis had formed domestic and social connexions, and became the welcome guest of families of the highest rank, who were fascinated with his conversation, and the information which he afforded them respecting the external world. Many influential persons had listened to his tales of wonder till they became tacit converts to liberty, and hence he obtained ready access to the four grand temples which embellished the meeting point of the quadrangular divisions of the city. Alas! for him, he had not only visited them, but conformed to the idolatrous rights and observances that were carried on therein. He had even been admitted into some of the most sacred mysteries, and exulted in his duplicity; while Velasquez, avowedly more scrupulous, was content to receive the knowledge thus acquired in long conversations by the sick couch of poor Hammond, now rapidly declining to the grave.

Hammond's dreadful wound had been partially healed; but his constitution was exhausted, and he was dying of slow fever and debility. The day before his departure, he was visited by some of the medical priesthood, who, seeing numerous spots upon his skin, pronounced him to be a leper, and ordered that all unnecessary intercourse with the building should be suspended. The spots were merely occasioned by the wearing away of the preparation already mentioned; but no explanation could avail, and his death confirmed them in their opinion. Two orphan children of a Kaanfan priest had been given to the care of Vaalpeor, and the loss of life would have been preferred by him to breaking his plighted guardianship; resolved, indeed, he was to leave all which

he had hitherto held dear, and to go forth into the world; but the children, he said, must go with him, and the supposed leprosy of Hammond afforded an admirable opportunity for withdrawing the children to one of the country temples. To the temple they went, therefore, and the mules belonging to the strangers were employed in carrying tents, and couches, and other bulky requisites for an unfurnished home, and beneath the domestic loadings of the mules were rifles, ammunition, and much of the baggage of his new friends. Huertis was now informed of the projected escape; but he asked for further time. He had daguerreotype views to take, he said, and many curiosities to collect. And when the young priest warned the travellers that an early escape was imperative, as the return of the children would speedily be required, Huertis was absent. Anxiously did Velasquez and Vaalpeor wait for his return, but he came not, either at eventide or in the following morning. On searching his apartments, neither drawings nor instruments, nor even the papers of poor Hammond could be found. His friends hoped that he had effected his escape; but his Indians knew nothing of the matter.

Vaalpeor but too soon arrived with an explanation of the mystery which rested on the fate of Huertis. He told that the infatuated young man had made a faithless Indian maiden the confidant of his intended flight; that he had urged her to accompany him, and that she had betrayed his secret to her family. His offence was great, for his vows had been voluntary, and his initiation into the sacred mysteries unpardonable. No doubt remained as to his fate; and, indeed, the trembling priest confessed that he had been sacrificed in due form upon the high altar of the sun, whom all Iximaya worship. "I witnessed the fatal ceremony," he exclaimed, "being constrained to do so; but Huertis did not implicate his associates, and there is yet a chance of escape."

To pass the gates was impossible, but the wall could be descended at night by ropes, and to swim the moat was easy. Means were pointed out by which the terrific elevation could be also gained, and this was effected by Velasquez and fifteen of his men, but the rest either did not make the attempt, or else they failed. Poor Antonio,

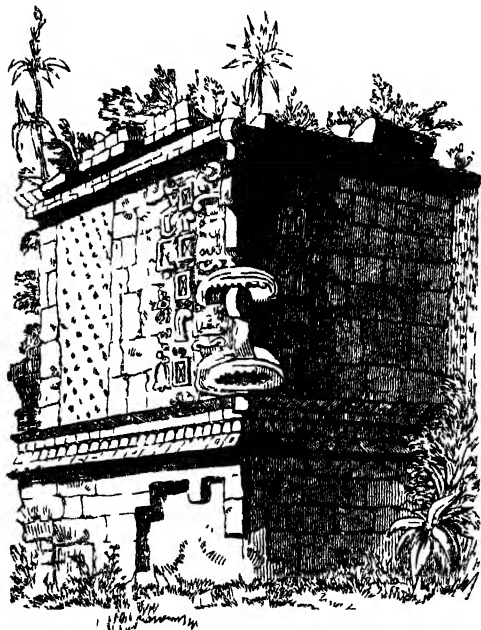
the faithful guide, was among those who were no more seen. He had friends in his far-off home who were dear to him, and he would not have remained behind had escape been possible. Scarcely had the fugitives reached the secluded temple where the orphan children abode, and mounted their mules, before the low yelp of blood-hounds was heard upon their trail, which soon burst into full cry; but the scent of

and the rest were so much confounded by the rapid firing of the rifles, that the fugitives secured their retreat without the loss of a single individual, and by day-break were on a mountainous ridge many miles from Iximaya. In about fourteen days they reached Ocosingo, after great sufferings; here Velasquez reluctantly parted with most of his faithful Indians, and here died Vaulpeor, the young priest, in consequence of the unaccustomed toil and deprivations of the journey. Velasquez, with the two orphan children, did not reach San Salvador until the middle of February, where they became objects of the highest interest. Thence they passed with their protector to Granada, and afterwards to the United States, under the care of a person whom Velasquez appointed as their temporary guardian.

Previous to their leaving San Salvador, the two Kuana children were baptized under the names of Maximo and Bartola Velasquez.

Thus ends our narrative of one of the most interesting and singular histories of modern times. We have placed faithfully before our readers all the particulars we have been able to collect, from an original source, on this curious subject, which we must leave to their discrimination and the elucidation of time. Doubtless an event of such startling interest as the discovery of a stately city in the wilderness, and which the customs of the inhabitants proclaim to be of high antiquity, would be an

epoch even in the wonderful age in which we live. Stephens, in his "Yucatan," states that many a spacious mansion gave the impression of having been deserted at an hour's notice. No conflict appeared to have taken place. The thunder of artillery, or the firing of field-pieces had never been heard among the peaceful glens, or the wooden haunts where stood those ruined homes. And this seemed evident for the walls bore no



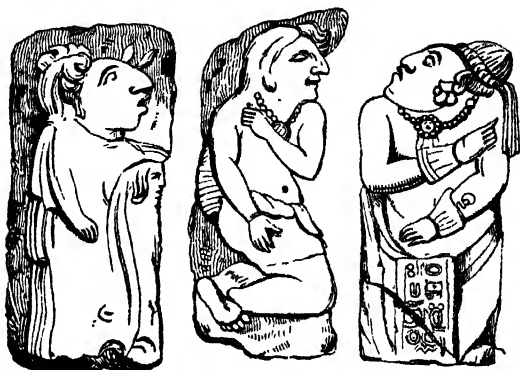
SOUTH-EAST ANGLE OF A RUINED HOUSE AT MONJE LIMAL,
(From Stephens's Incidents of Travel in Yucatan.)

so many footsteps seemed somewhat to confuse the dogs, and they did not follow the mules till cheered on by mounted Indians. This afforded time to the band, who fled for life, and they raced their swift mules at full speed towards the opening between the rocks, where Velasquez wheeled round and halted, for the pursuers were close at hand. A conflict ensued, in which many of the Indian horsemen were slain,

traces of the kind, though many a sculptural cornice, or projecting ornament or curious hieroglyphic, had been wantonly broken off. But however mutilated, or worn by time, one conspicuous mark was almost always found, and we may yet linger a brief space to speak of it. This was the print of a hand with the thumb and fingers extended, not drawn, nor sculptured, but stamped by the pressure of the palm upon a once soft material. He who made that impress had stood before it, in all the pride of manhood, and pressed his hand, moistened with red paint, hard against the stucco, all the seams and creases being distinct and clear in the impression.

What thoughts and feelings might have been mingled with that solemn act—that taking possession of a home, spacious and beautifully adorned, and destined, it might be, for the reception of some beloved one.

and feet are striking features in the physical conformation of the present race of Indians. The same writer observed a resemblance



FIGURES COPIED FROM STEPHENS'S "TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AMERICA."

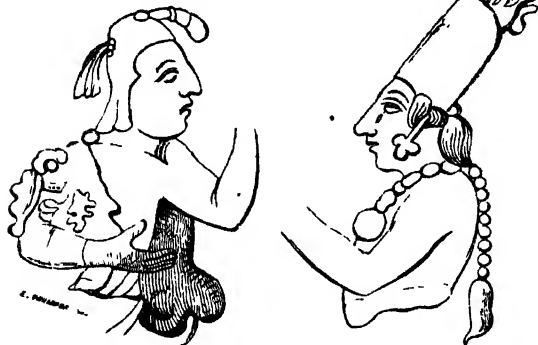
in the arches found in Yucatan to the entrance of the great pyramid at Gizeh, in Egypt: but the aborigines of the country are utterly unable to furnish even the least traditional information relative to the ancient inhabitants.

Velasquez, when referring to a volume of the "Incidents of Travel,"* after his return, could not observe without emotion, the singular resemblance which subsisted between the above figures, engraved in Stephens's "Central America," and the features of the ancient sacerdotal caste of Kaanas, of which a few individuals remain in the newly-discovered city of Iximaya.

Velasquez also spoke of the two figures, sketched likewise from the same

work, as presenting a striking resemblance to the more numerous priestly caste of Mahaboons, still existing in the city, and to which

* Incidents of Travel in Yucatan, by John L. Stephens, vol. i. page 177.



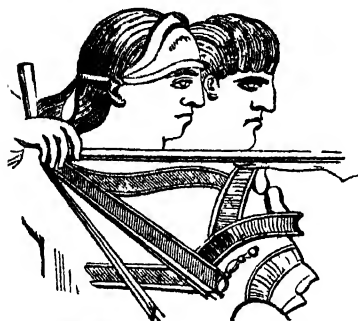
FIGURES COPIED FROM STEPHENS'S TRAVELS.

Stephens further remarks that every impress of the red hand was exceedingly small. Our hand, he said, when spread in the same manner, quite hid them; and this was the more interesting from the fact, that small hands

GRAND EXHIBITION OF CABINET-WORK.

the unfortunate Vaalpeor belonged. He said further, that the likeness of that young man to the right hand figure, was as exact as if it had been a daguerreotype miniature.

While writing his "Narrative" at San Salvador, Velasquez was shown a copy of Layard's "Nineveh;" and while turning over the engraving, he was forcibly struck by a close characteristic resemblance of the faces to those of the dwellers in Iximaya and its surrounding regions. The annexed



FIGURES IN LAYARD'S "NINEVEH."

are sketches, though somewhat imperfect, of the two male faces to which he refers.

The following profile from the same work is also pronounced by Velasquez to be



FROM LAYARD'S "NINEVEH."

equally characteristic of the female faces of that region, allowance being made for the superb head-dresses of tropical plumage, with which the latter are adorned, instead of the male galea or close cap retained in the engraving.

These illustrations, however slight, are deeply interesting, because the Iximayans assert their descent from an ancient Assyrian colony, nearly contemporary with Nineveh itself—a claim which receives strong confirmation, not only from the hieroglyphics and monuments of Iximaya, but from engravings in Stephens's "Incidents of Travel."

GRAND EXHIBITION OF CABINET WORK AT GORE HOUSE.

[SIXTH, AND CONCLUDING, ARTICLE.]

THE FIRE-PLACE AND ITS APPENDAGES.

THE chief features of the ordinary Anglo-Roman house was a large hall, and one or more small chambers for sleeping. To these the bath remains to be added; for even in the smallest buildings, a hypocaust was usually attached. The skill displayed by the Romans in the arrangement of the flues connected with the hypocaust, by which their apartments were heated, scarcely prepares us to believe that they were unacquainted with the use of *chimneies*; yet the balance of opinion among the best writers on the subject is in favour of such a conclusion.

With regard to Saxon habitations, if we turn to the Sagas, and other early records of the manners of the northern races, we find that the dwellings of their kings and chiefs, in the countries adjacent to the Baltic, consisted only of two apartments, and that sovereigns and their counsellors slept in the same room. The habitations of the mass of the people were wooden huts, rarely containing more than one room, in the centre of which the fire was kindled. Such was the style of domestic architecture which the Saxons would bring with them to this country; and in that rude fashion most of their houses were built, down to the latest period of their dominion. To this method there was nothing repugnant in houses erected on the Roman plan, which they found on their arrival; and we may feel certain, that wherever such houses existed, they were occupied by the invaders.

Buildings, either wholly or partially of Roman construction, gradually diminished in number during the continual wars of the Saxon period; and then most of the domestic edifices were built chiefly of wood. "The Saxon thegns," says Mr. T. H. Turner, in his *Account of Domestic Architecture in England*, "built his 'hall' from the woods on his demesne, by the labour of his bondmen; it was thatched with reeds or straw, or roofed with wooden shingles. In plan it was little more than its name implied—a capacious apartment, which in the day time was adapted to the patriarchal hospitality of the owner, and formed at night a

sort of stable for his servants,—to whose rude accommodation, their master's was not much superior, in a small adjoining chamber. There was, as yet, but slight perception of the decencies of life. The fire was kindled in the centre of the hall; the smoke made its way out through an opening in the roof, immediately above the hearth, or by the door, windows, or caves of the thatch." The lord and his "hearth-men,"—a significant appellation given to the most familiar retainers—sat by the same fire at which their repast was cooked, and at night retired to share the same dormitory, which served, also, as a council-chamber.

The Normans introduced rather novelty of detail in domestic architecture, than novelty in plan. The amount of accommodation in a Norman, was not much greater than in a Saxon house, or homestead. "In the southern parts of the country," observes Mr. Turner, "ordinary manor-houses, and even domestic edifices of greater pretension, as the royal palaces, were generally built, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, on one uniform plan, comprising a hall, with a chamber or chambers adjacent. The hall was generally situated on the ground-floor, but sometimes over a lower story, which was half in the ground; it presented an elevation equal, or superior to that of the buildings annexed to it; it was the only large apartment in the entire edifice, and was adapted, in its original design, to accommodate the owner and his numerous followers and servants—they not only took their meals in the hall, but also slept in it on the floor."

An old writer—Alexander Neckam—in describing the various parts of a house, enumerates the hall, the private or bed-chamber, the kitchen, the larder, the sewery, and the cellar. His notice may be applied generally to all domestic buildings of any magnitude in the twelfth and succeeding century.

Frequently the only *fire-place* in the building was in the private chamber, or solar, annexed to the hall, on the upper story, over the cellar. The *chimney-piece* remaining in the manor-house at Boothby Pagnell, in Lincolnshire, presents a good example of the form generally prevalent at the period under notice. Indeed, down to

the fifteenth century there is very little variation in the general design of fire-places. At Rochester Castle, Kent, they have semi-circular arches, ornamented with zig-zags, and with shafts in the jambs.

In the apartments built by Henry III. at his various manors, the mantels of fire-places were sometimes constructed of marble, and elaborately carved, or painted, with such designs as the twelve months of the year, probably the signs of the zodiac, the wheel of Fortune, and the root of Jesse. He ordered a mantel to be painted in the Tower of London, the subject being a personification of Winter, with a sad visage, and miserable contortions of the body. It appears by a precept of the same monarch, that one flue was sometimes so constructed as to carry off the smoke of two fire-places. But flues were not always used, even in the royal apartments; hearths, formed of stone or tile, which appear to have been in the centre of the room, with louvers on the roof above, were still employed—and such hearths were probably in general use in many buildings of inferior character. It appears to have been very common to build fire-places and chimnies of plaster only; they must have been run up against the internal wall.

In the fifteenth (and we might almost include the sixteenth) century, the houses of the village, if so they might be called, were constructed entirely of wood, and that, too, of the more perishable kind—willow, elm, plum-tree, &c. Not one could boast a chimney; but the smoke from the single fire in each, after daily darkening the atmosphere within, sent its surplusage, lazily and fitfully, through a circular aperture in the roof. In fact, there was long in the provinces a prejudice against chimnies. The smoke was considered good both for house and owner; the first it was supposed to season, and the last to guard "from rheums, catarrhs, and poses." Hollinshead was evidently of this belief. "Then," says he, "had we none but rascals, and our heads did never ache." For as the smoke, in those days, was supposed to be a sufficient hardening for the timber of the house, so it was reputed a far better medicine to keep the good man and his family from the quack, or pose, wherewith as then very few were oft acquainted."

How different, in most respects, are the

houses and hearths of the present day! We can scarcely imagine, as we draw the comfortable arm-chair to our fire-side, with the embers glowing cheerily within its



BRONZE FIRE-DOG, FROM WINDSOR CASTLE.

polished grating—a warm rug for our feet, some hundreds of volumes decorating the walls of the apartment, ready at our hand,

and willing to entertain us—the windows highly glazed, guarding us from the howling wind, and a lamp shedding its light on the social tea-tray—as we partake of these comforts, and a thousand others, of which it would not be seemly to talk of here, we can hardly imagine how our ancestors of old could have extolled the comforts of *their* hearths, did we not know how sweet is home, however homely—did we not know how immeasurably more attractive is the meanest chamber, with that dear name, than the “marbled halls” of strangers, and did we not know that the most miserable hut becomes a paradise of bliss when sanctified by the name of home.

Chimney-pieces of the time of Elizabeth and James I. are by no means uncommon; many are remaining, not only in mansions of that period which are still kept up, but in houses which have been almost completely modernized in all other respects. A great number, and also a great variety of them may be found in Nash's *Old English Mansions*, and Richardson's different publications illustrative of Elizabethan architecture. In general, they are exceedingly heavy and cumbersome in their mass, “overinformed” with ornaments of all sorts in the style of the ponderous cabinets of the time, and showing, in fact, sometimes like immense pieces of furniture of the kind, owing to their rather contrasting than according with the enrichment bestowed upon other parts of the room. Some, however, are of comparatively sober design; and even those which are most extravagant as compositions and overloaded with ill-assorted details, are of interest as exhibiting numerous samples of ornament.

In describing the country squire of Queen Anne's time, Grose tells us that “in the corner of his hall, by the fire-side, stood a large, wooden, two-armed chair, with a cushion, and within the chimney-corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants, assembled round a glowing fire, made of the roots of trees, and other great logs, and told and heard the traditional tales of the village, respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the meantime, the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.”

This slight review of some of the domestic architectural arrangements of our forefathers has been given as an introduction to the notice of a few of the articles in the Gore House Exhibition connected with the fire-side.

Number 102 is a *Fire-Screen*, in the English style, said to belong to the commencement of the seventeenth century. It is from Knoke.

After the discovery of fire, the first instrument to blow it and strengthen it was undoubtedly a hollow reed, until the art was found out of forming a stick into a pipe by boring it. The earliest representation of *Bellows* is in the Egyptian paintings in Rossellini's works. There are two pairs of bellows, one on each side of the fire, with which they are connected by long tubes of wood or cane, terminating in pointed metal snouts. A string is attached to each bellows, and the blower takes one string in his right hand and the other in his left. He presses with one foot on the bellows that is filled with air, at the same time raising his other foot from that which is just exhausted, and also pulling upwards with the string that is attached to it.

Our common bellows, which consist of two boards joined together by a piece of leather, and which probably are an imitation of the lungs, appear to have been early known to the Greeks. In the Inventory of articles of furniture belonging to Henry VIII., at St. James's Palace, bellows are mentioned. At Gore House, Number 99 is a pair of carved bellows, in the Venetian style, of the date 1570. Number 111 is another pair, of rather later date, in the Italian style.

No. 37 is a pair of bronze fire-dogs, supposed to have been made in 1670. The monogram of Charles II. on these elegant objects is a sufficient evidence of the epoch of their execution. The figures represent Minerva and Mars. They are probably the work of an Italian artist of the school of Bernini. They belong to the Queen, at Windsor.

Among other purposes answered by this short series of articles, we trust that our readers have gleaned some insight into the household arrangements of the olden time. We also hope that the contrast which they have presented to our own domestic comforts, whilst it has impressed upon us the

importance of the arts and sciences in ministering to the enjoyments of home, has not failed to inspire the humblest reader



BRONZE FIRE-DOG, FROM WINDSOR CASTLE.

with gratitude, that he has been permitted to live in an age yielding so many advantages over the past.

SELBORNE HALL.

CHAPTER VII.

PLEASURE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

AFTER the incident we have just recorded, the Castleton equipage made its appearance no more on the broad avenue which led to the old Manor House; and although the officers stationed at the village still paid occasional visits, it was a remarkable fact that their colonel no longer accompanied them, nor dropped in to enjoy a quiet, social gossip, as had been his former custom, with Sir Peregrine and his lady. But the occupants of Selborne Manor continued, notwithstanding, to pass their time agreeably enough, in such occupations and amusements as a well-appointed country mansion, situated in a pleasant woodland district, might reasonably be expected to afford. In their frequent walks and rides, Charles Maitland was his cousin's constant companion; and it would not be saying too much to assert, that not only were the former visitors who stayed away seldom missed, but that by some of the party, at least, their absence yielded pleasure than otherwise. Thus it happened that the family were gradually subsiding into a species of domestic seclusion, when the tranquil routine of their existence was once more interrupted by the arrival of some guests, who were to make a short sojourn at the Hall. Among them was Lady St. Leger, a person of singular beauty and accomplishments. The sprightliness of her wit and the charm of her manner made her a favourite wherever she appeared, and it was not long before she became the life and soul of the little party.

"Who will have compassion upon me?" she said one evening, when all were assembled in the drawing-room awaiting the summons to dinner. "Here I am, the only lady in the party without a flower."

There was an immediate rush to gratify her desire.

Lady St. Leger glanced round at the offerings laid upon her shrine with a look of coquettish hesitation.

"The most beautiful," she said, "is Mr. Charles Maitland's; but that, it would appear, is too good for me."

The flower was a carnation, of great

beauty, which Violet Clare had that morning brought from her own garden, and presented to the wearer, who did not seem to evince the slightest inclination to part with his treasure. Seeing, however, that, to say the least, he would be regarded as a very unchivalric personage, in the eyes of the company, unless he complied with the hint so delicately intimated, the flower was soon transferred to the fair hands of the *exigante* beauty, and thence to her slender corsage.

"Well, Charles, so you have lost your flower; although you certainly do not deserve it, I suppose I must give you another," said Violet Clare, who had been out of the room when this little incident occurred.

"I will take better care of it, if you do. I can say no more."

"There, then, I put you to the proof;" and Violet handed her cousin a rose-bud she was wearing, just at the moment when a servant opened the door to announce dinner.

The following day the weather was finer than it had been on several of the preceding ones. Luncheon was over, and Lady St. Leger exclaimed, with her usual vivacity, "How do you propose to spend the afternoon?"

"I shall drive you in the pony carriage," said Lady Maitland.

"Or, suppose we ride?" said the baronet.

"Or have an archery meeting on the lawn?" suggested Violet.

"I should like," said Lady St. Leger, as if pausing to select some pursuit most difficult of attainment—"I should like to have a sail."

"That can easily be accomplished. We have a couple of boats on the lake you admired so much yesterday, and the Lieutenant shall take command of them for the occasion."

Within little more than an hour the party had reached the lake. In an adjacent shed two boats were secured, the one a pinnace, the other a small craft, modelled after the fashion of a man-of-war.

"I suppose you will prefer sailing with William, Lady St. Leger," said the Lieutenant.

"No," she replied; "I am a sailor's daughter; I shall go in that tiny man-of-war."

"You'll be upset for a certainty," quoth the baronet, who had driven down to be present at the launch.

"I can swim," said Lady St. Leger, laughing as she took her seat.

"I hope you will not have any occasion to try your powers in that way; but, if you like, you can steer, while I trim the sails,—that is to say, if your ladyship numbers that art among your accomplishments."

"Indeed! I think I could give you a lesson," said Lady St. Leger, with a meaning smile.

"How? Do you think I have served so long an apprenticeship for nothing?"

"The voyage of life is full of shoals, and quicksands, and sunken rocks; nor is the wind always fair," said the lady, in a low, soft tone.

"That is very true," said the sailor, laughing; "but a dexterous hand can find a way through them, and a stout heart is proof against the roughest weather."

"Then you don't require any instruction from me?"

"On the contrary, I should be most grateful for it."

"Very well. The sunken rock on your chart of life is—shall I tell you?"

"If you please."

"Love. Nay, now, do not blush. I have offended you?"

"Not in the least; say on."

There was a moment's silence, unbroken save by the plashing of the tiny waves against the side of the vessel as she danced merrily over the waters.

"What I would say, then, is simply this: that you should be on your guard how you become eventually attached to your cousin. I have seen enough, during the short time I have been here, to satisfy me that you are in danger."

"Well," said Charles Maitland, looking the speaker earnestly in the face, "and what then?"

"Ah! I see you do not yet understand me."

"Not while you discourse in parables."

"My meaning is sufficiently intelligible. Should it ever become a question between your brother and yourself, how do you think matters would go then? So, as a friend, I would seriously warn you not to fall in love with her, unless you are per-

fectly certain she is wholly indifferent to him."

A shadow fell across the frank, open brow of the young sailor.

"That," he said, "is a matter which never entered into my consideration."

"It is time then it should, for unless I am mistaken you will have some similar intimation before long. I am an accurate observer. Nay, now, do not look so pained, or you will make me regret I have spoken so frankly."

The foremost boat, which was the pin-nace, had by this time arrived at a little island in the centre of the lake, for which the party had shaped their course; and an end was put to a conversation which interested one of the parties more deeply than he cared to confess, by the rapid approach of the frigate to the same destination.

"Well, we have beaten you," said Violet Clare, from the bank, "notwithstanding your naval officer."

"The race is not always to the swift," said one of the party who had landed.

"Nor the battle to the strong," added William Maitland, as he assisted Lady St. Leger to disembark.

"But there was no race."

"Nor any battle. We should have won both if there had been. I always win," said Lady St. Leger.

"Suppose we try one as we are returning?" suggested the sailor.

"What, a sea fight?"

"No, but a boat race."

"We could sail round you," said William Maitland.

"Not with me at the helm," replied Lady St. Leger.

"Well, what do you say? Shall we have a fair trial to determine upon the capacity of our respective crafts?"

"Yes; but we must examine the natural beauties of this small island in the great Atlantic, and then we shall have our regatta," said Lady St. Leger, with one of her merry ringing laughs.

Having occupied half-an-hour or so in investigating the beauties of the island, which were about as artificial as huge rocks piled one upon the other, and fastened with cement, could make them; and having admired the prospect in every point of view in which it was possible to admire it, the party began to think about returning, and

drew together when the boats were moored at the water's edge.

Lady St. Leger looked at them for a moment.

"I have changed my mind," she said. "I think the pinnace will win. I shall return in the pinnace."

"Then let me hand you in," said William Maitland.

"And I will take compassion on you, 'Charley,'" said Violet Clare, as she seated herself by her cousin's side.

"I hope you do not regret the change, Violet."

"No; but perhaps you may," she replied, with a smile.

"As if such a thing were possible."

"I know something that is not possible," said Violet Clare.

"Tell me, my fair cousin."

"That such a heavy lumbering boat can beat us."

"We must do our best—you shall steer."

"But, see, they are beginning to get ahead of us already. We must get the start, and keep it," said Violet, stamping her tiny foot.

"Yes; the breeze has freshened, and their sails are longer."

"Can't you put on more sail any way?"

"I don't wish to run any risk with you, my dear Violet."

"Never mind the risk," said the high-spirited young lady. "But, oh! don't let them beat us, I implore you."

"Well, then, here goes," and as he spoke Charles Maitland fastened the lanyard, which held the sail, tight to the little vessel's side.

"Bravo! Now we are shooting past them like a bird," said Violet.

But at the moment a sudden gust of wind swept across the lake. The little vessel heeled to one side, the canvas strained as if it would break the mast. Charles Maitland sprang to release the lanyard, but he was too late: in another instant they were in the water.

It was fortunate that the Lieutenant was a good swimmer; he soon contrived to rescue the slender form of his cousin, having done which, he struck out boldly for the shore.

"Don't be alarmed, dearest Violet," he said, "it will not be long before we are in

shallow water, if the pinnace do not reach us in the meantime."

But the pinnace had tacked for the purpose of weathering its rival; some time elapsed before it could be got round; and by the time it had reached the swimmer, the water was sufficiently shallow to relieve him from all apprehensions.

"Thank God, you are safe, Violet," he said; "what a brave girl you are. I can carry you on shore now."

"How do you feel, dearest?" inquired Lady St. Leger from the boat.

"Rather frightened, but not much the worse for my cold bath. It was by no means agreeable," replied Violet.

"Well, I should have imagined you found it rather pleasant than otherwise. But we must lose no time in getting home, or you will have a frightful cold, my poor child," said Lady St. Leger.

No cold, however, was the consequence; nor did any result more serious follow from the disaster, than great wrath on the part of Sir Peregrine when he heard of the accident; and that the displeasure of the worthy baronet was founded on reasons which were substantial at least to him—will probably be discussed in the course of the succeeding chapter.



L I N E S .

BY COLERIDGE.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bid:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.





WILLIAM AND EVA MERIDITH.

TALES OF THE AFFECTIONS.

BY THE COUNTESS D'ARDOU VILLE. *

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER II.

'On entering the parlour of the mysterious mansion I was delighted with the spectacle which presented itself to my eyes. Everything was at once simple and elegant. The choicest ornament of this apartment was its flowers. So artistic was their arrangement that gold itself could not have more finely decorated the interior of the dwelling. What more was there than white muslin at the windows, white calico on the chairs and sofas? That was all. But here were roses, jasmines, and flowers of every sort, like as in a garden. The light was softened by the window curtains, the air

revelled in the delicious odour of flowers; and reclining on a sofa a young girl or a young wife, fair and fresh as all that was about her, received me with a smile. A handsome young man, seated near her on an ottoman, rose up on the announcement of 'Dr. Barnaby.'

"'Su,' said he, in a foreign accent, strongly marked, 'they speak so highly here of your skill, that I expected to see a gentleman bent with age.'

"'I have made my profession a study, sir,' I replied, 'and am fully sensible of its responsibility and importance. You may rely upon me.'

"'Well,' he replied, 'I commit my wife to your attention, as her present condition requires some advice and care. She was born far from here, and has left her family and friends to be with me. For my part I can only aid her with my affection,

but I have no experience. I rely upon you, sir. Preserve her, if it be possible, from any suffering.'

"In speaking these words the young man turned on his wife a look so full of love, that the large blue eyes of the fair stranger sparkled with tears of acknowledgment. She let fall the little child's cap that she was embroidering, and clasped her husband's hand in her own.

"As I gazed upon them, I should think it was but natural, and their lot was to be envied; and yet I did not—I felt a sadness come over me, for which I could not account. I have often seen those weep of whom I have said, 'how happy they are!' And when I saw William Meredith and his wife smiling, I could not but think they had their sorrows. I took a seat beside my charming patient. Never have I seen anything so pretty as that intelligent face, surrounded by long curls of fair hair.

"How old are you, madam?"

"Seventeen years."

"In the distant country where you were born does the climate differ much from ours?"

"I was born in America, at New Orleans. Oh, the sun there is more beautiful than here."

"Doubtless she dreaded that she had given utterance to a regret, for she added—

"But every country is beautiful where one is in the house of a husband, and near him, and expecting to give birth to his child."

"Her glance sought that of William Meredith; then, in a language I did not understand, she uttered some words so soft that they must have been words of love.

"After a short visit I retired, promising to return.

"I did return, and by the end of two months I became almost a friend in the young family. Mr. and Mrs. Meredith were not selfish in their happiness, but had yet time to think of others. They could understand how the poor village Doctor, without any society but that of peasants, must regard the hour as a blessed one that he passed in listening to the language of refined life. They drew me towards them, told me all their travels; and moreover, with the ready confidence that characterises the young, related their story to me. It was the young wife that spoke.

"Far distant, Doctor,' she said, 'across the sea I have a father, sister, family, friends, who I loved long, even to the day when I loved William; but then I closed my heart against all who repulsed my lover. William's father forbade him to wed me, for he was of too high birth for the daughter of an American planter; and my father would not encourage William, for he was too proud to give his daughter to a man whose family could not receive her love. They wished to part us, but we loved each other. We prayed, wept, asked forgiveness from those to whom our obedience was due—yet still we loved! Doctor, have you ever loved? I wish you had, that you might feel for us. We were married in secret, and fled to France. Oh, how beautiful did the sea look to me during these early days of our love. She proved hospitable to the fugitive pair wandering in the midst of her waves. How happy were our days as under the shade of the great sails of the ship we thought of our friends' forgiveness, and saw nought but joy in the future. Alas! it was not so. They wished to pursue us, and indeed, by some irregularity or other in the formalities of our clandestine marriage, the ambitious family of William entertained the cruel thought of separating us. We have hidden ourselves in the middle of these mountains and forests, and dwell unknown under a name that is not our own. My father has never forgiven me—he has cursed me! . . . You now know, Doctor, the reason I cannot smile, even when near to my dear William!"

"Heavens! what love was this. I never knew a heart so utterly given to another as the devotion of Eva Meredith to her husband. Whatever might be her occupation, she took care to place herself so, that by raising her eyes she could look towards, and see William. She only read the books he was reading—her head leaning on his shoulder, her eyes following the direction of William's glance, as if she wished the same thoughts to strike them at the same moment; and when I crossed the garden to reach the house, I used to smile, as I always saw on the gravel walk the trace of Eva's little foot by the side of that of William's. What a difference, ladies, between that house, old and solitary, as you now see it down there, to the beautiful dwelling-place of my young friends. How the walls were

covered with flowers! What bouquets upon every table; what charming books, full of stories of love like their own! What happy birds singing all about them! How good it was to live there and be esteemed by those who loved each other so much. But they are right, you see, who tell us that happy times do not last long on this earth, and that as regards happiness, God, in His good purpose, never gives us but a little at one time.

"One morning, Eva Meredith seemed to me to be ill. I questioned her with the interest I felt for her, when she said to me somewhat quickly:

"Stay, Doctor, you need not go very far for the cause of my malady, nor even feel my pulse. It is my heart that beats too quickly. You will call me a child, Doctor; but I have had something to vex me this morning. William is about to leave me; he is going over to the other side of the mountain to obtain some money that has been sent to me."

"And when will he return?" I gently inquired.

"She smiled, and almost blushed; and then with a look that seemed to say, 'Do not laugh at me,' replied—*this evening*."

"I could not prevent a smile, despite her unexploring look to the contrary.

"At this moment, one of the domestics brought round to the entrance the horse Mr. Meredith was going to ride. Eva rose, went down into the garden, approached the horse, and while patting its mane, leant her head on the animal's neck; perhaps to conceal the tears that were escaping from her eyes. William came, and lightly leaping on his horse, raised his wife's head.

"You baby," he said, with a look of fondness, as he kissed her forehead.

"It is only, William, because we have never left each other for so long a time before."

"Mr. Meredith bent his head towards that of Eva, and again imprinted a kiss on her beautiful fair curls; then clapping spurs to his horse, went off at a gallop. I am convinced that he also partook of her emotion. Nothing is so contagious as the weakness of people we love. Tears create tears; and it is no very admirable courage that requires us to turn a dry eye upon the object of our love when weeping.

"I departed; and when I entered the chamber of my humble home, sat myself

down to meditate on the great happiness of loving. I asked myself if ever an Eva would come to share my poor dwelling. I never thought of examining whether I should ever be worthy of being loved. Now, when one looks at the beings who are so devoted to each other, it is easy to see that it is not for so many things, or for good reasons, that they love so well; they love because it is a necessity to them—inevitable. They love, because of their own hearts; not from regard to others. Well, it is a lucky chance that sends one heart to meet another that has need of it so, I thought of looking out for myself, and of finding, absolutely just as in my morning walks I might perhaps have met some pleasant sweet-smelling flower by the roadside.

"Such were my musings, though perhaps the feeling is one not highly laudable, that makes us, at the sight of another's happiness, regret that we ourselves have not the same. Does not this sentiment partake of envy? and if joys could be stolen as men steal gold, would not our thoughts be near leading us to larceny?"

"The day was over, and I was just finishing my frugal supper, when a message came from Mrs. Meredith, requesting my presence. In five minutes I was at the gate of the white house. I found Eva, still alone, seated on a sofa, without her work, without a book, pale, and trembling with agitation.

"You are come, Doctor; you are come," she said to me in her gentle voice; 'I could not remain alone any longer. See how late he is! It is more than two hours since he ought to have been here, and he has not yet returned!'

"The prolonged absence of Mr. Meredith surprised me; but to re-assure his wife, I replied gently—'How can we know the time his business would occupy him, when he had once reached the town? He may have had to wait; perhaps the notary was absent. He had papers to draw up and sign'."

"Ah, Doctor! I knew you would say some words of comfort to me. I did not hesitate to send for you; I wanted to hear some one tell me that it was not wise to trouble in this manner. Great heavens! how long has been this day. Doctor, is it possible that there are people can live always alone? Do they not always die just

as if half of the air necessary for their respiration had been taken from them? But hark! it is striking eight.'

"At that moment the clock struck. It was difficult to understand why William had not returned, at all risks. I said to Mrs. Meredith, 'The sun, madam, has scarcely set; it is still daylight, and the evening is very fine; come and enjoy the sweet odour of your flowers; let us go on the side of the garden on which he will arrive, and your husband will thus meet us on his road.'

"She took my arm and walked towards the gate that closed the little garden. I endeavoured to withdraw her attention to the surrounding objects. She answered me at first just as a child obeys; but I could see her thoughts were not with her words. Her looks remained anxiously fixed on the green gate, still standing half open, since William's departure. She went and leant upon the palings, and then suffered me to go on talking, thanking me from time to time with a smile; for, as the time went on, she wanted courage to reply to me. Her eyes followed in the heavens the setting of the sun, and the gray tints that succeeded the glaring of his rays sufficiently marked the march of time. All around had become sombre; the road across the forest, the white line of which we had hitherto been able to distinguish, disappeared from our eyes in the shade of the lofty trees, and the clock of the village struck nine. Eva started: I myself felt as if each stroke fell upon my heart. I pitied what the wife must be suffering.

"'Consider, madam,' I answered—'not that she had spoken, but I addressed my answer to the anxiety that spoke in her every feature—'consider that Mr. Meredith can only return at a walking pace. The ways across the forest are interspersed with rocks that preclude all fast riding.' I said this only for the sake of reassuring her; but the fact was, that I knew not how to explain William's absence. I, who knew the distance, also knew that I could have gone twice to the town and back since he had left home. The dew of evening began to penetrate our garments, and especially the muslin robes of the young wife. I took her arm again and led her to the house. She followed me with gentleness. Hers was a weak nature, where all was in submis-

sion, even grief. She walked slowly, her head bowed down, her eyes fixed on the traces left by the hoofs of her husband's horse in the gravel. But how mournful was it to us both to return thus at night, and still without William! In vain we essayed to listen: all nature lay in the deep silence that nothing disturbs in the country when once night has fallen. How every feeling of anxiety becomes augmented at such a time! The earth appears so mournful in the midst of the darkness that it seems to tell us how all in life may be thus obscured. It was the sight of this young wife that gave rise to such a reflection in my mind. Of myself alone I should never have had such a thought.

"We reached the house. Eva sat down on a couch, where she remained motionless, her hands clasped upon her knees, her head bowed on her bosom. There was a lamp on the chimney-piece, and the light fell upon her face. Never have I forgotten its expression of intense grief. She was pale—quite pale; her forehead and her cheeks were of the same colour. The damp of the evening had taken the curl from her hair, and it fell in disorder over her shoulders. Tears rose under her eyelids, and the tremor of her pale lips sufficiently showed the effort she was making to avoid giving her sorrows full course. She was so young that her soft face resembled that of a child forbidden to cry.

"I began to feel troubled, and knew not how to keep my countenance before Mrs. Meredith. On a sudden I called to mind—it was just a doctor's thought—that Eva, in the midst of all these anxieties, had not taken anything since the morning, and that this privation of all nourishment was imprudent in her condition. At the first hint I gave on the subject, she raised her eyes to me with an expression of reproach; and this time the movement of her eyelids gave liberty to her tears to roll down her cheek.

"'For your child's sake, madam,' said I. "'Ah, you are right,' she murmured, and rose to pass into the dining-room; but in the dining-room there were covers for two placed on the little table, and this, at the moment, seemed to me so sad that I stood without speaking a word, without making a movement. The inquietude which was now gaining upon me rendered me quite

awkward. I have never been very ready at saying what I did not think. The scene became prolonged. 'And yet,' thought I, 'I am here to console her—she called me in for that purpose. There are doubtless a thousand excuses that might be formed to explain this delay—let me seek for one.' . . . I searched and searched; still, I remained silent, blaming a hundred times in every minute the miserable invention of a poor village Doctor.

"Eva, her head resting on her hand, ate nothing. Suddenly she turned quickly towards me, and bursting out into sobs—

"Oh, Doctor," she said, 'I see plainly you too are anxious.'

"Surely not—certainly not, madam," I replied, speaking at random. 'Why should I be anxious? He will have dined with the notary. The country is safe, and, moreover, no one knows the fact of his bringing back with him a sum of money.'

"Eva uttered a loud cry.

"Robbers! robbers!" said she. 'I had never given a thought to that danger!'

"But, madam, I only spoke of it to assure you that it does not exist."

"Oh, that idea came into your mind, Doctor, because you thought such a misfortune was possible. William! my William! why hast thou left me?" she cried out feebly.

"I was thoroughly plunged in despair at my want of address, hesitating in all my ideas, stammering out some words without meaning, and feeling, to crown my misery, that my eyes were beginning to fill with tears. 'Come, I am going to cry,' I said; 'this finishes all.' At last an idea came to me.

"Mrs. Meredith," said I, 'I cannot see you torment yourself thus, and remain at your side, without finding something good to tell you in the way of consolation. I will go and look for your husband. I will take at hazard some one of the roads across the forest; I will look for him everywhere, call him, and go on, if necessary, as far as the town itself.'

"Oh, thank you, thank you, my friend," exclaimed Eva Meredith. 'Take the gardener, the servant, with you, and go in every direction.'

"We hurriedly returned to the drawing-room; Eva rang the bell sharply and often. All the inhabitants of the villa opened the

different doors of the apartment in which we were at the same time.

"Follow Dr. Barnaby," said Mrs. Meredith.

"At that moment the galloping of a horse could be heard distinctly upon the gravel walk. Eva uttered a cry of joy that penetrated every heart. Never shall I forget the expression of celestial happiness that diffused itself over her face, still bathed in tears.

"Both of us flew towards the entrance. The moon at that moment extricating itself from a cloud, showed in full light a horse covered with foam, but no one on his back, his bridle trailing on the earth, and the empty stirrups striking against his dusty sides. A second cry, this time more terrible, escaped the bosom of Eva; then she turned towards me, her eyes set, her mouth half open, her arms hanging down by her side.

"My friends," I cried to the terror-stricken domestics, 'light torches and follow me! Madam, we will return home, I hope, with your husband, who is slightly wounded—a sprained ankle perhaps. Do not lose courage—we shall soon return.'

"I will go with you," murmured Eva Meredith in a half-choked tone.

"Impossible," I exclaimed; 'we must go quick; perhaps we may have to go far, and in your state . . . it would be at the risk of your own life and that of your child—'

"I will go with you," replied Eva.

"Oh! then it was that I felt how cruel was the isolation of this woman. If she had had a father or a mother they would have made her remain—they could have kept her back by force; but she was alone upon the earth, and to all my hurried remonstrances replied, in a deep dull voice, 'I will go with you.'

"We set out. The moon was now veiled by clouds. There was no light neither in the heavens nor on earth. Scarcely, by the uncertain glimmer of our torches, could we distinguish our road. One servant went on in front, inclining the torch he carried to the right—now to the left, to turn a light upon the ditches and bushes bordering the road. Behind him followed Mrs. Meredith, the gardener, and myself, in the line of light projected from the torch, searching with anguish for any object that might catch

our eyes. From time to time we raised our voices and called on Mr. Meredith. After us, a stifled sob scarcely murmured out the name of 'William,' as if a heart had reckoned on the instinct of love to make its tears more readily heard than her cries.

"We arrived at the forest. The rain began to fall; and pattering on the leaves of the trees, made so sad a sound, that it seemed as if all around us were weeping.

"The light garments Eva wore were soon penetrated by the cold rain. The water streamed on all sides, over the hair, down the forehead of the poor woman. She had hurt her feet against the stones of the road, and often fell forward nearly on her knees, but rose up again with the energy of despair, and kept on her way. She was a terrible sight! Each trunk of a tree, each rock, one after another, stood out in the red glare of our torches. Occasionally, at some angle of the road, the wind seemed likely to extinguish the lights, and then we halted, lost in the darkness. Our voices, as we called out 'William Meredith,' became so tremulous that they made even ourselves afraid.

"At last came the moment when, as, fatigued and discouraged, we were plodding our way in silence, Mrs. Meredith suddenly pushed us away from her, sprang forward before us, and threw herself among the bramble bushes. We followed her. As soon as we could raise the torch to distinguish objects, alas! we saw her on her knees by the side of the body of William. He lay at full length on the earth motionless, his eyes set, and his forehead covered with the blood that had escaped from a wound on the left side of the head.

"'Doctor?' said Eva to me.

"That one word of itself expressed, 'Does William still live?'

"I stooped down; I felt the pulse of William Meredith—I placed my hand on his heart, and remained silent. Eva kept her eyes upon me all the while, but as soon as my silence became prolonged, I saw her stagger, incline forward; then, without saying a word, without giving vent to a cry, she fell senseless on the dead body of her husband.

"But, ladies," said Doctor Barnaby, turning towards his auditory, "see, the sun shines now; you can venture forth. Let us pause here in this sad recital."

Madam de Moncan approached the old man. "Doctor," said she, "as a favour, be good enough to complete it. Look at us and you will see no reason to doubt with what interest we listen to you."

In fact, there were no more mocking smiles on the young faces around the village Doctor. He might, too, have seen the tears glistening in the eyes of some. He resumed his story:—

"We carried Mrs. Meredith home, and she lay on her bed many hours without consciousness. I felt that, while it was a duty, it was also a cruelty, to employ all the art of my art in recalling her to life. I dreaded the distressing scenes that must follow this state of immobility. I remained leaning over the poor woman, bathing her temples with iced water, and watching with anxiety the sad, and yet the happy moment, when I should observe a sigh of respiration escape from her lip. I was deceived in my anticipations, for I had never seen so mighty a misfortune. Eva half opened her eyes, then shut them again: not a tear escaped her eyelids to creep down her cheek. She remained as if frozen, motionless and silent; had it not been for her heart, that had recommenced its beating under my hand, I should have believed her dead. How sad to become witness to a sorrow that we know to be beyond all consolation! To be silent at such a moment would, I might say, seem to be wanting in sympathy for this unfortunate lady; yet to speak of consolation would be not sufficiently to recognize the grandeur of her misfortune. As for me, who had not been able to find anything to say when I would calm her in her mere anxiety, how could I hope for greater eloquence in the face of suffering like hers? I took the wiser part, that of complete silence. 'I will remain here,' I said to myself; 'I will devote my attention to her physical sufferings as is my duty; beyond that I will remain motionless by her side, as an attached dog would crouch at her feet.' This resolution once taken, I became more calm; I allowed her to live a life that more resembled death. At the end of some hours I applied to the lips of Mrs. Meredith a spoonful of some medicine I judged necessary. Eva turned her head to the opposite side, and kept away from the hand that offered the beverage. A few minutes afterwards I made another attempt."

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

O DREADFUL is the land of dreams,
When all that world a chaos seems
Of thoughts so fixed before!
When heaven's own face is tinged with blood,
And friends cross o'er our solitude,
Now friends of ours no more!
Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,
Keep stretching forth, with vain endeavour,
Their pale and palsied hands
To clasp us, phantoms, as we go
Along the void, like drifting snow,
To far-off nameless lands!
Yet all the while, we know not why
Nor where those dismal regions lie,
Half hoping that a curse so deep
And wild can only be in sleep,
And that some overpowering scream
Will break the fetters of the dream,
And let us back to waking life,
Full'd though it be with care and strife;
Since there at least the wretch can know
The meanings on the face of woe,
Assured that no mock shower is shed
Of tears upon the real dead;
Or that his bliss, indeed is bliss,
When bending o'er the deathlike cheek
Of one who scarcely seems alive,
At every cold but breathing lip,
He hears a saving angel speak—
"Thy love will yet revive!"

GRIEF.

BY BEN JONSON.

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt
tears:
Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle spring!
Lest to the heavy part the music bears;
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
Droop, herbs and flowers,
Fall, grief, in showers,
Our beauties are not ours:
O, I could stall,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
since Nature's pride is now a wither'd daffodil.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

BY R. C. TRENCH.

A DEW-DROP, falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaim'd in fear "I perish in this grave;"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And happy now the grave did magnify
Which thrust it forth—as it had fear'd to die;—

Until again "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed;
O unbelieving! for it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

WE SHALL SEE!

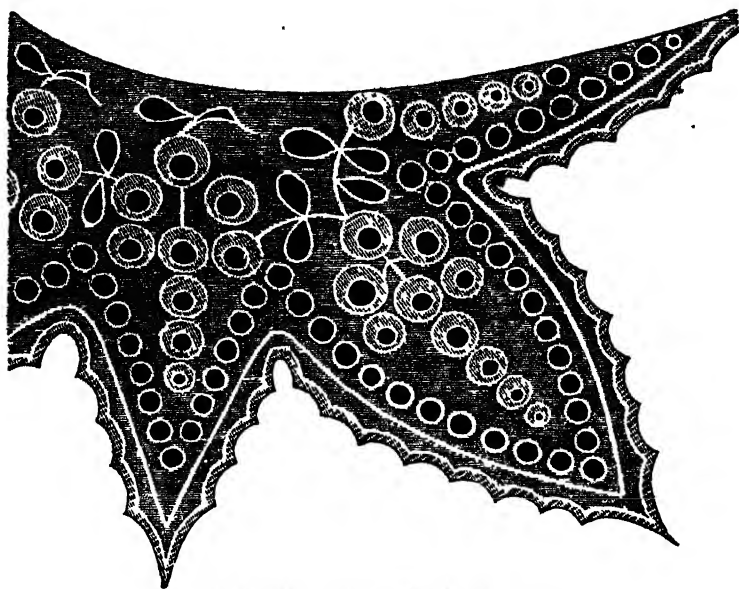
FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE Past is a blank to our eyes,
And the Present man solely employ,
To count up the bubbles that rise
O'er the Future for pleasure and joy.
Weak mortals their destinies give
To the future, where all wish to be;
In fond hopes they happily live,
Crying out, "We shall see, we shall see!"
But say when that morrow appears,
What is it, and where its delight?
'Tis but a to-day which our tears
Fall over at morning and night.
As nearer approaches the day,
That we long'd for with ardour and glee,
We stare at it simply, and say,
As it passes along, "We shall see!"
The old man who bends to the ground,
His resting-place drawing so near,
Thinks not of his end, but looks round,
And hopes to live many a year.
The Doctor in vain would advise,
And whispers how near Death may be;
But he heeds not the warning, and dies,
With these words on his lips, "We shall see!"
Charles went to his cousin one day,
Who had ever vow'd friendship sincere,
His kindly assistance to pray,
And this was the answer of Pierre:—
"To my purse you have conquer'd a right,
You may always depend upon me,
But to-night!—I can't spare it to-night,—
Come to-morrow, and then we shall see!"
"We shall see," is a magical word,
In dilemmas of every kind;
On the minister's lips it is heard,
And it helps him a moral to find.
The learned who write in Gazettes,
Politicians of every degree,
Our debtors, false friends and coquettes,
All answer alike, "We shall see!"

H O P E.

DETFEN.

STRANGE cozenage! none would live past years
again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain.
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly morning could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.



MOUSQUETAIRE COLLAR PATTERN, BY MRS. PULLAN.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

MOUSQUETAIRE COLLAR.

Materials.—French Muslin, and Messrs. W. Evans & Co's Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 50.

THIS collar has the merit of being very rapidly and easily worked, as well as very effective when done. For many of our friends, it will be found quite as large as is desirable, and it is a design which can very easily be enlarged. When marked on the muslin, with a piece of *toile ciré* underneath, every part is to be traced.

The white line between the eyelet-holes and the edge is simply sewed over; the edge itself is done in raised button-hole stitch, the stitches being all of an equal length, not graduated. The grapes are done in graduated overcast; the other parts are simply sewed over.

All those parts which are quite black in the engraving, are either cut out, or pierced with a *stiletto*. There is no satin stitch in this collar.

JEWELLED DOYLEYS.

THE TURQUOISE.

Materials.—1 reel of Messrs. W. Evans & Co's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton No. 16, and 1 oz. of Turquoise beads, No. 2.

HAVING threaded all the beads on the cotton, make a chain of eight, close it with a round, and work 1 Sc on every stitch, with one chain between.

2nd Round.—+ 2 Sc, 1 Ch, miss none. + 8 times in the round.

3rd Round.—+ 3 Sc, 1 Ch, miss none, + 8 times.

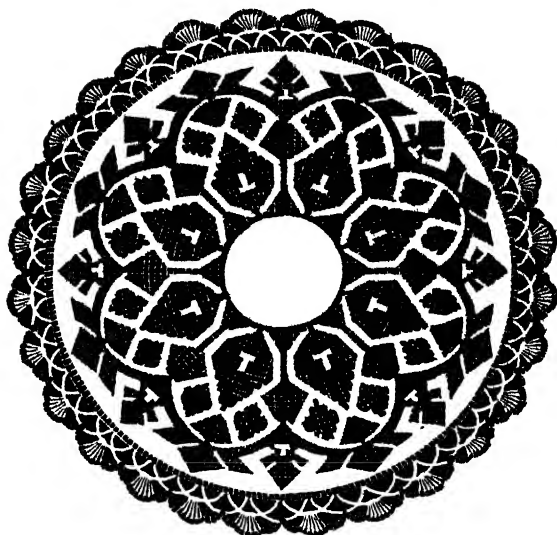
4th Round.—+ 4 Sc, 1 Ch, miss none, + 8 times.

5th Round.—+ 5 Sc, 1 Ch, miss none, + 8 times.

6th Round.—+ 6 Sc, 1 Ch, miss none, + 8 times.

7th Round.—+ 7 Sc, 1 Ch, miss none, + 8 times.

8th Round.—+ 8 Sc, 1 Ch, miss none, + 8 times.



TURQUOISE DOYLEY PATTERN, BY MRS. PULLAN.

9th Round.—+ 9 Sc, with a bead on every one, 1 Ch, + 8 times.

10th Round.—2 cotton, + 5 Sc, beads, 2 cotton, 1 bead, 2 cotton, + 8 times.

11th Round.—+ 3 cotton, 3 beads (on centre 3 of 5), 3 cotton, increasing one, 3 beads, the second coming over 1 bead, + 8 times.

Observe that the *increasing* in every round takes place on the cotton stitches only, and not by working 2 in 1, but by making a chain stitch.

12th Round.—+ 4 cotton, 1 bead (on centre of 3), 3 cotton, 5 beads (over 3 and a cotton on each side), + 8 times.

13th Round.—4 cotton, + 1 bead (over 1) 3 cotton (over 2), 3 beads, 1 cotton on centre of 5 beads, 3 beads, 3 cotton, + 8 times.

14th Round.—+ 1 bead over 1, 3 cotton over 2, 3 beads, 4 cotton (over 1 cotton and a bead on each side), 3 beads, 3 cotton, + 8 times.

15th Round.—+ 1 bead on 1, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 3 cotton (over 2), 4 beads, 3 cotton, + 8 times.

16th Round.—+ 1 bead on 1, 4 cotton

on 3, 11 beads, 3 cotton + 7 times. The 8th time, 3 cotton on 2.

17th Round.—+ 3 beads (the second over 1 bead), 4 cotton, 9 beads (on centre 9 of 11), 4 cotton, + 8 times.

18th Round.—+ 5 beads (on 3, and a cotton stitch on each side), 4 cotton, 7 beads (on centre 7 of 9), 4 cotton, + 7 times. The 8th time 5 cotton at the end.

19th Round.—+ 5 beads over 5, 5 cotton, 5 beads on centre 5 of 7, 5 cotton, + 7 times. The eighth time, 5 beads, 5 cotton, 5 beads on centre of 7.

20th Round.—+ 3 cotton, 1 bead on centre of 5 cotton, 3 cotton, 3 beads on centre of 5, + all round.

21st Round.—+ 3 cotton, 3 beads (the 2nd on 1 bead, 3 cotton, 1 bead on centre of 3, + 16 times.

22nd Round.—4 cotton over 3, + 5 beads, (over 3, and a cotton at each side), 6 cotton (making 1), + 16 times.

23rd Round.—+ 5 beads over 5, 2 cotton, 2 beads, 2 cotton, 5 beads over 5, 7 cotton over 6, + 8 times.

24th Round.—1 cotton, + 3 beads (on

centre 3 of 5), 2 cotton, 4 beads, 2 cotton, 3 beads (on centre 3 of 5), 4 cotton, 1 bead on centre of 7 cotton, 4 cotton, + 8 times.

25th Round.—1 cotton, + 1 bead on centre of 3, 3 cotton, 4 beads on 4, 4 cotton (making one), 1 bead on centre of 3, 4 cotton, 3 beads (the second over 1), 4 cotton, + 8 times.

26th Round.—4 cotton, over 1 bead and 2 cotton, + 2 beads, 2 cotton on centre 2 of 4 beads, 2 beads, 7 cotton, 5 beads, over 3 and a cotton at each side, 7 cotton + 8 times. The 8th end with 5 cotton only.

27th Round.—+ 4 beads, 2 cotton over 2, 4 beads, 5 cotton, 5 beads over 5, 5 cotton + 7 times. The 8th end with 3 cotton.

28th Round.—+ 3 beads, 2 cotton, 4 beads, 2 cotton, 3 beads, 4 cotton, 3 beads on centre 3 of 5, 4 cotton + 8 times.

29th Round.—3 beads on 3, 2 cotton on 1, + 6 beads, 4 cotton making 1, 3 beads, 3 cotton, 1 bead on centre of 3, 3 cotton, 3 beads, 4 cotton on 3, + 7 times. The 8th time end with 3 cotton on 2.

30th Round.—+ 1 bead, 2 cotton, 2 beads on centre 2 of 6, with a chain between, 2 cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton, 4 beads, 3 cotton (the centre over 1 bead), 4 beads, 4 cotton, + 8 times.

31st Round.—+ 2 cotton, 5 beads (over 2, 1 Ch, and a cotton on each side), 5 cotton, 3 beads, 2 cotton, 3 beads, 2 cotton, 3 beads, 3 cotton, + 8 times.

32nd Round.—+ 1 cotton, 7 beads, 3 cotton, 3 beads, 2 cotton, 5 beads, 2 cotton, 3 beads, 2 cotton, + 8 times.

33rd Round.—+ 2 cotton, 5 beads (on centre 5 of 7, 8 cotton, 7 beads, 6 cotton) + 8 times.

34th Round.—+ 3 cotton, 3 beads on centre 3 of 5, 10 cotton, 5 beads, 7 cotton, + 8 times.

35th Round.—+ 5 cotton making 1, 1 bead on centre of 3, 12 cotton, 3 beads on centre 3 of 5, 8 cotton, + 8 times.

36th Round.—+ 5 cotton, 1 bead on 1, 14 cotton (making 1), 1 bead on centre of 3, 9 cotton, + 8 times.

Do one round of cotton only, and increase eight stitches in the round. Then a round with a bead on every stitch.

THE BORDER.—**1st Round.**—No beads. 1 Dc, + 3 Ch, Dc under the same stitch, Dc in the 4th from this. + all round.

2nd Round.—With beads on every stitch. + Sc on second of 3 Ch, 2 Ch, 5 Dc under the next chain, 2 chain. + all round.

A GOSSIP ON THE FASHIONS.

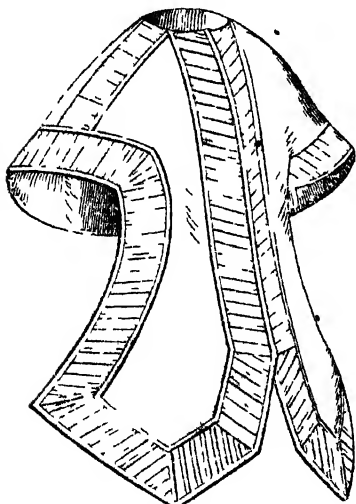
MY DEAR FRIEND,—

To have anything very novel to communicate, even from the head-quarter of the world of fashion, can hardly be expected at this season of the year, when all the *beau monde* of Paris are gone to the *Eaux* or the sea-side. Light muslins, straw-bonnets, and mantles designed for any purpose rather than that of warmth, are worn at present; and the taste of the wearer is rather displayed in the exquisite delicacy of her *lingerie*, and the unsullied freshness of her muslin gown, than in any peculiar richness or extravagance of toilette. The form of the dresses, however, open to the waist, and with sleeves which display those beneath them very nearly to the elbow, afford the fair Parisian an opportunity for displaying the beauty and taste of the embroidery of their chemisettes and manches, of which they avail themselves to the fullest extent. Nothing can be more elegant than these articles are at present. That which we term *borderie Anglaise* is not so much worn as it has been, the *jaconet* on which it is done, being considered too heavy for summer wear. Almost all the embroidery, at present, is therefore on clear muslin. The chemisettes, either rounded at the neck and worn without a collar, or with one, are embroidered quite to the waist, and for the most part in light running bands of insertion, with a similar width of narrow tucks between. I may observe, that these tucks are extremely fashionable; many of the collars and habit-shirts having no embroidery whatever, but merely rows of these tucks. When worked in clear muslin, they are edged with a frill of narrow Valenciennes; but this trimming is rarely added to a thick muslin collar. By the way, the French habit-shirts are now invariably made in the form of the body of a dress, with a band round the waist, and the sleeves forming a part of the body. This is very much neater, and sits better too, than the English mode, with detached sleeves. It also ensures the wearer against committing the solecism in taste of appearing in a collar of one peak, with sleeves of a different kind—a want of taste, or of thought, too common among our London

I need not say, after this, that the

French sleeves and habit-shirts always correspond exactly. The *manche-duchesse* is in the greatest favour, especially for the morning. It is a small and short bishop-sleeve, terminating in a band and deep frill; the band being large enough to slip over the hand. In no article for the toilette is greater luxury displayed than in the mere choice of *poches*, which are most elaborately embroidered, principally in flowers, fruit, and even insects (such as butterflies, dragonflies, &c.), as nearly like nature as possible. For trimming the *mantellets*, narrow satin and velvet ribbons are very much used.

I send you a sketch of a very fashionable and becoming *mantellet-charp*, composed of *bleu-de-France* satin with black ribbon trimming. Very many are of embroidered muslin only; and some are lined



MANTELET-CHARP.

with coloured *crêpe-lisse* or silk. The dresses continue to be made in the same style as during the few preceding months. Plain straw bonnets, and those of black or brown and white, are trimmed generally with broad plaid ribbons, which are as much in favour now as they were last year.

Tuscan bonnets are nearly always trimmed with white; very few colours are seen.

To the taste of *Mademoiselle Le Plastrier* we are indebted for a very pretty undersleeve of muslin and ribbon, of which we give an engraving. To those who think (as



UNDERSLEEVE, BY MADMOISELLE LE PLASTRIER.

we do) that a slightly covered arm in the street is as great a mark of bad taste, as a want of regard for the delicacy of the skin, it will suggest a very elegant and comfortable addition to the toilette.

In Paris everything is extremely quiet; the Turkish question, and the recent threatened attack on the Emperor, occupying the principal attention of all parties. It is said that the Emperor and Empress are about to spend some time in the Pyrenees; it is also greatly hoped that they will visit Boulogne, and one or two of the other French watering-places. The health of the Empress is still delicate; and change of air is recommended. Her amiable and excellent qualities have already made her generally loved; and the Emperor, if not equally admired, is at least considerably more feared, which perhaps does as well. At all events, he has done what no other could have done; he is encouraging social improvement in every possible way; and if the French do not possess our liberty in political matters, it would perhaps be as ungenerous to blame Louis Napoleon for it, as to speak of the severity of a parent de-

priving an ignorant child of the edge-tools which it would only use to its own destruction. But perhaps you will exclaim, as I heard a French gentleman in a railway carriage do, when two friends got into a rather animated discussion of the respective merits of la République and L'Empire—"De grâce, ne parlons pas la politique! C'est une thèse fort dangereuse!"

I quite agree with this worthy. Politics certainly may influence the fashions, as they do everything else; but so long as we can keep from the tortuous path, which statesmen are best calculated to travel, so much the better. Yours very truly,

V.

- + -

ON WEAVING AND PLAITING HAIR ORNAMENTS.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

WE continue our directions on the art of weaving and plaiting hair, which our pupils will now find divested, we trust, of every difficulty.

Twenty or thirty-inch hair is requisite for this bracelet, which should be worked on a



HAIR BRACELET.

tube from an inch and a quarter to an inch and three quarters in circumference, the size of the tube being regulated by the length of the hair which is to be used.

Prepare thirty-two strands of twenty-four hairs each, in the manner directed at

page 56, and arrange them on the table in eight groups of four. Letter each group, *a, b, c, d*, with chalk; make a cross to indicate the commencement of the round, and work as follows:—

1st Round.—Lift strand *d*, in the first group to the right of the cross, over strand *c*, and let them change places; lift strand *a* over *b*, and into the place of *c*, moving strand *b* into the place of *a*, and strand *c* into that of *b*; repeat this a second time with these four strands, and then proceed to the next group to the right. Work thus all the way round until the cross is reached, weaving each group twice, and carrying the plait up to the tube.

2nd Round.—Take strands *d* and *c* from the left of the cross, and strands *a* and *b* from the right of the cross, and form with these four a group in the space intervening between the letters; take *d* and *c* of the first group to the right of the cross, and *a* and *b* of the second group, and with these four form a new group between the original first and second groups on the right of the cross; do the same all the way round—viz., form a new group in every intervening space between the lettered groups by taking two strands* from either side. There will then be eight groups in the eight spaces, and all the letters will be vacant. Commence working with the first on the right of the cross.

Lift the second strand and pass it over the first and then under it, and back into its own place; lift the third strand and pass it over the fourth, and then under it and back into its own place; lift the second strand over the third and let them change places; lift the fourth strand over the third and second and let it become second, while the second becomes third and the third fourth; lift the first strand over the other three and let it become fourth. Weave the next group in like manner, and proceed thus through the whole eight.

When this round is completed, the original groups must be re-formed on the letters by taking the two next strands on either side, having care not to cross, or twist, or intermingle them. These two rounds are to be worked alternately, always weaving towards the right. About seven inches of plait will be requisite for a bracelet. When this length is completed the weights must be detached, the ends of

hair bound down to the tube, and the process of scalding and drying gone through; then the work must be gently slid off the tube and the ends cemented, and it will be ready for the snap. A serpent's or bird's head, with jewelled eyes, forms a pretty finish; but this is of course a matter of taste.

Another bracelet may be made with this pattern by substituting a flat tube of about one-fourth of an inch in thickness, and three-fourths of an inch in width, for the round one. Where this is done, it will be necessary to add at least eight more strands, indeed sixteen additional ones will not be too many. As the number of groups will thus be increased, still greater care and attention will be requisite while working, in order to keep the groups distinct and equidistant, and to alter and re-make them correctly at each alternate round, for the least mistake mars the beauty and neatness of the pattern.

Where the bracelet is thus worked flat, a flat clasp or snap, consisting of a device or cipher worked in hair and set in gold, will form an appropriate finish.*

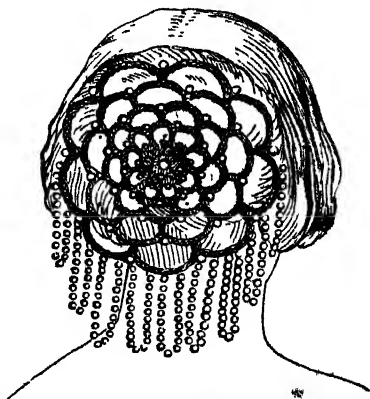
A set of ornaments, *en suite*, may be worked in this pattern—viz., the round bracelet we have already described, finished off with a snake's head and tail; a brooch curved snake-fashion, and having the extremities capped with a similar, though smaller head and tail; and hoop ear-rings.

Thirty-two strands of about eight or ten hairs each, and ten or twelve inches in length, with a tube rather less than an inch in circumference, and the light weights, will be required for the brooch. Twenty-four strands of eight hairs each, and nine or ten inches in length, with a tube measuring nearly three-fourths of an inch in circumference, and the light weights, will be required for each ear-ring.

Where a sufficient quantity of hair, not less than forty or fifty inches long, can be obtained, a graceful ornament for the head, to be worn coronet-fashion, may likewise be made with this pattern. Sixty-four strands, of about thirty-six hairs each, and a tube two inches in circumference, will be required. It must be worked in two lengths, and united in the front by a star or crescent, or some such ornament adapted for the

centre of the head; the ends at the back may be finished off in any way, or fastened in with the hair when it is dressed. Of course it will be obvious that the central ornament should be as light as possible.

We may as well state here, that those who intend to work various patterns and ornaments in hair, will find it necessary to have a second top to the table, measuring at least four inches more in diameter than the ordinary one; for it is impossible to work patterns requiring more than thirty-two strands on this latter. They will also need a circular piece of wood exactly fitting into the hole we described in page 56, as being in the centre of the ordinary table; and this piece of wood must be slightly rounded to agree with the elevation there, and have in its middle a round hole the size of a shilling; it must also be perfectly smooth and polished. Whenever fine plaits, as guards, ear-rings, rings, &c., are to be worked, this must be inserted into the table, as the larger opening does not sufficiently steady these more minute fabrics. Substitutes may be found, however, for both the larger top and the central piece; but we do not advise the use of them, because the least roughness or inequality frays and damages the strands greatly.



NET FOR THE HAIR.

The chain of which this net is composed may be worked in several lengths, but we do not advise that it should be attempted

* We shall shortly give instructions for working devices.

with hair measuring less than twelve or fourteen inches. Ten strands, of about sixteen hairs each, are to be prepared. The wire for the centre must not exceed the fourth of an inch in circumference.

Draw ten equidistant radiating lines on the table with chalk, and letter them with the first ten letters of the alphabet, beginning from the central line at the top of the table, and proceeding towards the right; having done this, work as follows:—

1st Round.—Lift strand *j* into the place of *b*; lift strand *b* into the place of *d*; lift strand *d* into the place of *f*; lift strand *f* into the place of *h*; lift strand *h* on to the vacant *j*.

2nd Round.—Lift strand *a* into the place of *i*; lift strand *i* into the place of *g*; lift strand *g* into the place of *e*; lift strand *e* into the place of *c*; lift strand *c* on to the vacant *a*.

The first round is worked towards the right; the second round is worked towards the left; these two are to be repeated alternately until the hair is all worked up.

When the plait has been scalded, dried, and slipped off the tube, instead of cementing the ends, let them be tied very neatly and firmly with silk of the same colour as the hair. So many lengths must be worked as will be requisite for making the net, and, when these are all completed, cut out a circular piece of white cartridge paper of the size it is wished the net shall be; then with a lead pencil draw a circle in the centre about the size of a half-crown; around this draw a succession of circles until the paper is filled up; let the first three or four be an inch apart, the next three or four an inch and a quarter, and the others an inch and a half apart.

We shall now require straw-needles, or fine head-needles, very fine thread for tacking, and very fine, or split-silk, of the colour of the hair, for sewing; likewise about half a dozen strings of Roman-pearl beads, or of the gold or steel-coloured glass beads about the size of small peas.

With fine white thread tack the chain over the central pencilled circle, and then proceed to form with it ten or twelve equal-sized loops, which shall occupy the space between this central circle and the next pencilled one, and tack these loops also to the paper. Then take another needle, threaded with silk, and with it fasten off

the ends of the circle, and fasten down the extremities of each loop to the circle, putting on a bead at each place where the loop joins the circle. The second round of loops are to occupy the space between the second and third pencilled circles, and, like the loops in chain-crochet, are to rise, each one from the centres of the previous ones; tack these to the paper with thread, and then fasten them down to the others with silk, and attach a bead at each junction. About every three rounds it will be necessary to add four extra loops, one in each quarter of the circle. All the rounds are to be done in the way already described—namely, the loop first tacked to the paper, and then sewn into their places; a bead is to be affixed to each extremity of every loop. When all is completed, remove the tacking threads, detach the net from the paper, and run a string or chain of beads in and out, through the outermost round of loops; of course these beads must be of the same kind as those already used about the net; finish off the ends with a tassel of beads, and the work is complete, and forms a very pretty head-dress.

A watch-guard may also be worked with this pattern.



PATTERN FOR RING.

Prepare eight strands of twenty hairs each, and eight strands of thirty hairs each, and take a wire of the same size as the one used for the last pattern; eight or ten-inch hair will be long enough for the present purpose. Arrange the strands on the table thus:—At the top of the table, letter a group of four, *a, b, b, a*, with chalk, and have a similar group exactly opposite to them at the bottom of the table; let the eight strands of twenty hairs each compose these two groups. At the centre of the right and the centre of the left hand sides of the table, letter a similar group of four, and let the eight strands of thirty hairs each occupy these

• two groups; proceed to work as follows:—
Lift the two strands, *a a*, from the group at the top of the table, over on to *a a* at the bottom of the table, taking those previously there back to fill the vacant places; lift the two strands, *b b*, from the top of the table over into the places of *b b* at the bottom of the table, taking those previously there back to fill the vacant places.

Lift the strands *a a* from the right hand group over into the places of strands *b b* in the left hand group, taking the latter back to fill the vacant places; lift strands *a a* from the left hand group into the places of strands *b b* in the right hand group, taking these latter back to the vacant places.

Repeat until about two inches, or two and a half inches of the plait are worked.

This pattern should be woven standing, because it is of importance that the strands should be lifted clearly over, and not crossed or twisted, or in any way misplaced; the length required should also be worked off at once. Indeed, in no case do we advise that in weaving small articles they should be set aside when once in progress, mistakes are so apt to occur; and, as we have repeatedly said, the merest trifle detracts from the beauty of these delicate fabrics.

Scald, dry, and cement the plait, and then it must be consigned to the jeweller's hands; a simple central *plaque* of gold for the initials, and the caps for the ends of the plait will be all that is needed; or this may all be made in one single piece; but the ring is rendered more durable by having an inside lining or casing of gold to preserve the hair from the heat and moisture and friction of the skin.

HINTS IN CASES OF POISON.

WHEN poisons have been swallowed, two important objects should, if possible, be attained—1st. The removal of the poison by vomiting or purging; 2nd. The decomposition of the remaining portion by an appropriate antidote. In every case of poisoning there are two stages: in the first, the poison just taken has as yet acted but partially, in the second, being taken or reabsorbed into the system, it produces a general disturbance. Antidotes are used only in the first stage. For the second, the general disease requires the practitioner's attention. Poisons may be divided

into three kinds or classes—irritants, narcotics, and narcotic acrid poisons.

IRRITANT.	ANTIDOTES.
Arsenic.	An emetic, made by mixing a table-spoonful of mustard in a tumbler of warm water, after which give milk, or olive oil, or sweetened tea.
Oxalic acid, oil of vitriol, or aqua fortis.	Requires the administration of lime or magnesia in water; in the absence of these, the plaster of the apartment beaten down and made into a thin paste; soap suds and oily matters.
Corrosive sublimate.	Give large quantities of the white of raw eggs in water; or milk, if eggs cannot be procured.
Caustic, or nitrate of silver.	Salt and water.
Phosphorus.	Magnesia with water. Mucilaginous drinks.
NARCOTIC.	
Opium, or laudanum.	Mustard emetic, as for arsenic; constantly rouse the patient by dragging him about and dashing cold water on his head and breast.
Prussic acid, or laurel water.	Dash cold water freely on the head and face, and give the mustard emetic, and brandy and water.
NARCOTIC ACRID.	
Nux vomica, poisonous mushrooms, or fish (as muscle).	The mustard emetic, as for arsenic; and then dilute freely with strong lemonade or vinegar and water, and other acidulous drinks; warm bath, and mustard poultices over the stomach.

Bite of a dog, of poisonous snakes, sting of a scorpion, bee, or wasp, apply a ligature moderately tight above the wound or bitten part, allowing it to bleed. After bathing and fomenting it well with warm water, apply to the wound either caustic or butter of antimony; afterwards cover it with lint dipped in olive oil and heartshorn. To the patient, well covered in bed, give, so as to cause perspiration, warm drinks and small doses of ammonia, or a little warm wine occasionally. With respect to the sting of poisonous insects, heartshorn and oil should be rubbed on the part affected, and a rag, moistened with the same or salt and water, should be kept on it till the pain is removed.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

Kettles for Making Preserves.—These should be broad, and not very deep, with a handle at each side; there should be a closely-fitting cover. To preserve in very small quantities, a small kettle is requisite. Jelly bags of fine cambric are as good as any; these may be made like a lady's reticule, with a string by which to close the top and suspend it whilst dripping. Strawberries, raspberries, cherries, currants, or any other red fruit, should have double-refined sugar, since with brown sugar the colour of the fruit and that of the sugar combined makes a dingy reddish-brown, which is not pleasing to the eye; neither will it answer for green fruit. Summer fruits require more care to keep than those done later. A cool, dark closet is the best place to keep preserves. Small glass jars, or wide-mouthed bottles, are best for liquid preserves. The best white earthenware, or stone-china small jars, are good. Pint tumblers of common glass, or earthenware pots, are proper for jellies, marmalade, or jam. Glass jars may first be covered with tissue-paper, and fastened against the jar with a little sugar boiled in water, and then tin tight-fitting covers put over. Glass bottles should first be corked tight, then dipped into coarse sealing-wax, melted. Jellies, jam, &c., may be secured by first pressing a piece of tissue-paper, fitting the top of the glass, closely upon it; then wet another piece with sugar boiled to candy; paste it over the top of the tumbler, and over that put a third piece; this will perfectly secure them. Large jars may be secured in the same manner—putting several pieces of tissue-paper, and securing them each separately with the melted sugar or candy; and over this a close-fitting cover may be put, or a bladder tied over: this last precaution is not necessary. Glass is best for keeping preserves, as it may then be examined without opening the jars. Should a thick mould appear on the top of preserves, it must not be disturbed, as it is no evidence of spoiling, but will rather serve to keep them. Foam or frothiness is the sign of fermentation; and as soon as it is perceived, turn the preserves from the jar or pot into a preserving kettle, and set it over a gentle fire; take off the skim or foam as it rises; when no more rises, take out the fruit with a skimmer, and, having washed the jar with cold water, and perfectly dried it at the fire, put in the fruit; give the syrup one more boil, skim it, and put it in a pitcher to settle; when nearly cold, pour it carefully over the fruit, leaving whatever sediment there may be at the bottom. When perfectly cold, cover them as at first.

To Clarify Sugar, for Preserving.—Put into a preserving-pan as many pounds of sugar as you wish; to each pound of sugar put half a pint of

water, and the white of an egg to every four pounds; stir it together until the sugar is dissolved; then set it over a gentle fire; stir it occasionally, and take off the scum as it rises. After a few boilings-up, the sugar will rise so high as to run over the side of the pan; to prevent which, take it from the fire for a few minutes, when it will subside, and leave time for skimming. Repeat the skimming until a slight scum or foam only will rise; then take off the pan, lay a slightly wetted napkin over a basin, and then strain the sugar through it. Put the skimmings into a basin; when the sugar is clarified, rinse the skimmer and basin with a glass of cold water, and put it to the scum, and set it by for common purposes.

To Bottle Fruit.—Cherries, strawberries, sliced pine-apple, plums, apricots, gooseberries, &c. may be preserved in the following manner—to be used the same as fresh fruit. Gather the fruit before it is very ripe; put it in wide-mouthed bottles made for the purpose; fill them as full as they will hold, and cork them tight; seal the corks; put some hay in a large saucepan, set in the bottles, with hay between them, to prevent their touching; then fill the saucepan with water to the necks of the bottles, and set it over the fire until the water is nearly boiling, then take it off, let it stand until the bottles are cold, then keep them in a cool place until wanted, when the fruit will be found equal to fresh.

Pine-Apple Preserve.—Twist off the top and bottom, and pare off the rough outside of pine-apples; then weigh them and cut them in slices, chips, or quarters, or cut them in four or six, and shape each piece like a whole pine-apple; to each pound of fruit put a teacup of water; put it in a preserving kettle, cover it, and set it over the fire, and let them boil gently until they are tender and clear; then take them from the water, by sticking a fork in the centre of each slice, or with a skimmer, into a dish. Put to the water, white sugar, a pound for each pound of fruit; stir it until it is all dissolved; then put in the pine-apple, cover the kettle, and let them boil gently until transparent throughout; when it is so, take it out, let it cool, and put it in glass jars; as soon as the syrup is a little cooled, pour it over them, let them remain in a cool place until the next day, then secure the jars as directed previously. Pine-apple done in this way, is a delicious preserve. The usual manner of preserving it, by putting it into the syrup without first boiling it, makes it little better than sweetened leather.

Currant Jam.—Pick the currants free from stems; weigh three-quarters of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; strain the juice from half of them; then crush the remainder and the sugar together, and put them with the juice into a bright brass or porcelain kettle, and boil until it is a smooth jellied mass; have a moderate fire, that it may not burn the preserve.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1.

A brazen lion, placed in the middle of a reservoir, throws out water from its mouth, its eyes, and its right foot. When the water flows from its mouth alone, it fills the reservoir in 6 hours; from the right eye it fills it in 2 days; from the left eye in 3, and from the foot in 4. In what time will the basin be filled by the water flowing from all these apertures at once?

2.

The sum of £500 having been divided among four persons, it was found that the shares of the first two amounted to £285; those of the second and third to £220, those of the third and fourth to £215, and that the share of the first was to that of the last as 4 to 3. What was the share of each?

3.

A labourer hired himself to a gentleman on the following conditions.—For every day he worked he was to receive 2s. 6d.; but for every day he remained idle he was to forfeit 1s. 3d.: after 40 days' service he had to receive £2 15s. How many days did he work, and how many remain idle?

CHARADES.

1.

My first's a prop, my second's a prop, my third's a prop.

2.

What I do, what I do not, and what you are.

3.

My first is, equally, my second, inferiority; my third, superiority.

4.

He can seldom obtain my first, who labours for my second, and few like to do my third.

5.

My first is of no use without my second; and my third is to be seen every day in St. James's Street.

6.

My first is wise and foolish; my second, the physician's study; my third, the pleasant ornament of a house.

7.

My first communicates to the human race joy and sorrow, love and hate, hope and despair; my second retains what is gross, and rejects what is delicate; my third is reflective.

8.

My third is under my second, and surrounds my first.

9.

When you stole my first, I lost my second; and I wish you may ever possess my third.

10.

ADDRESSED BY THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES FOX TO THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

I'll employ my first in praise of my second, if you'll give me my third.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1.

A jet of water, a fruit swine are fond of, a carpenter's tool, a little child, a wild beast's den, a vegetable, a passion, an eminent painter, a thought, a letter, an inflammatory spirit, and a small fish: the initials of which, read forwards, form the name of an amusing, interesting and cheap publication.

2.

I am a word of 8 letters. My 5, 1, 2, 5, 1, 8 is a religious sect, my 5, 6, 8, 4 is a lady's name, my 5, 6, 7, 8, 1, 2 is mentioned in the "Life of Talmachius," my 5, 4, 2, 5, 1, 8 is an animal, my 2, 1, 4, 7 is the colour of a horse, my 5, 4, 3, 6 is part of a lion, and my whole is a decoration.

3.

I am a word of 9 letters, and my 5, 5, 9 is found in my whole, my 7, 4, 4, 5, 6, 2, 9 is a false representation, my 4, 7, 8, 9 is a wild beast, my 2, 8, 5, 1, 7, 9 is a relation, my 9, 8, 6, 2 is part of the face, my 9, 8, 7, 6, 2 is a loud clamour, and my 9, 7, 4, 2 is a river in Africa.

4.

I am a word of 9 letters; my 4, 5, 6, 4 is sour, my 8, 5, 6, 4 is an animal, and my 1, 8, 5, 6, 4 is to be found in every human being; my 7, 5, 4 is very destructive to my 6, 5, 4, which it will 2, 5, 4, and sometimes my 4, 6, 5, 3 is used to take both, and my 7, 5, 4 is often made a 3, 2, 4 of, and may be seen sitting on my 7, 5, 6, 3, 2, 4; my 1, 5, 9 is made by the 8, 2, 5, 4 of the 6, 5, 9 of the sun, my 7, 6, 5, 3, 2 is much used in mourning, my 8, 2, 5, 4 is used for fuel, without my 7, 4, 5, 6, 4, sailors could not circumnavigate the world, and my whole is an ancient government.

ANAGRAMS.

ON LIVING WRITERS.

1. Power shall adorn me.
2. Lowly Brunette.
3. Cinder shackles!
4. Dread rolls jog us.
5. Arise, hid!
6. Fingal ill.
7. Ay, cut a lamb.
8. A friendly sonnet.
9. To try a whim.
10. H. rose at my call.
11. Miniature hare-rat.
12. I am learnt.
13. Lo, Wolf-glen!

F. J. M., LEICESTER.

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME.

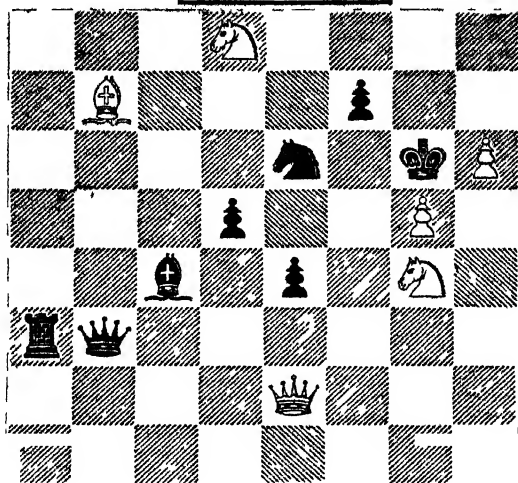
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RIDDLES.—1. A canvas. 2. U and E, 3 b's, and an l, make a bubble. 3. A bun-dance. 4. Bond.

EDITED BY HERR HARRWITZ.

PROBLEM No. XXV.—By MR. M'FARLANE.—White to move, and mate in three moves.

BLACK.



GAME No. XXV.—Played at the "Grand Divan," between M. TOURNOUD, one of the best French players, and M. A. SIMONS, a well-known amateur.

White—Mr. Simons

Black—M. Tournoud

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. K. P. 2. | 1. K. P. 2. |
| 2. K. B. P. 2. | 2. P. takes P. |
| 3. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 3. K. Kt. P. 2. |
| 4. K. R. P. 2. | 4. K. Kt. P. 1. |
| 5. Kt. to K. 5. | 5. K. R. P. 2. |
| 6. K. B. to B. 4. | 6. K. R. to R. 2. |
| 7. Q. P. 2. | 7. Q. P. 1. |
| 8. Kt. takes K. B. P. (a) | 8. R. takes Kt. |
| 9. B. takes R. (ch.) | 9. K. takes B. |
| 10. B. takes P. | 10. K. B. to R. 3. |
| 11. Castles. | 11. B. takes B. |
| 12. R. takes B. (ch.) | 12. K. to Kt. 2. |
| 13. K. Kt. P. 1. | 13. Q. Kt. to B. 3 (b) |
| 14. Q. Kt. to B. 3. | 14. K. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 15. Q. to Q. 2. | 15. Kt. to K. 2. |

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|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 16. Q. R. to K. B. sq (c) | 16. Q. Kt. to K. Kt. 4. |
| 17. R. takes Kt. | 17. Kt. takes R. |
| 18. Q. to K. Kt. 5 (ch.) | 18. K. to B. 2 |
| 19. Kt. to Q. 5 | Reigns |

NOTES TO GAME XXV.

(a). This sacrifice of B. and Kt. for R. and I gives a very strong attack.

(b). B. to K. 3 is stronger for the defence than the move now made.

(c). White has now obtained an irresistible attack.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXIV.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Q. takes P. (ch.) | 1. Kt. to Q. 4 (best). |
| 2. Q. takes R. (ch.) | 2. Kt. takes B. |
| 3. K. B. P. 2 (ch.) | 3. K. to Q. 3, or B. 3. |
| 4. Kt. to K. 4—Checkmate. | |

OUR FAMILY COUNCIL

PROBABLY few of our readers have visited an editor's study; and, in all likelihood, those who have been introduced into its secret precincts have experienced but little pleasure, for

"He that writes,
(1) makes a feast, more certainly invites
His guests than his friends there's not a guest
But will find something wanting or ill-dressed"
A long array of dingy volumes, files upon files of blotted papers and undigested letters, waste-baskets filled with shreds of thoughts—doomed, alas! "to wanton on the breeze"—are objects, perhaps, little calculated to awaken curiosity or inspire happiness, but, dear friends—for such we esteem you, after the long period of social intercourse we have enjoyed together—withhold your judgment for a moment. True, we will say, the aspect of our *locus scribendi* may not be inviting, but the footsteps may rarely cross our threshold, and the voice of sweet companionship may not sound often in our ears,—but still we have our enjoyments. The little chamber is not quite so lonely as you may suppose. Hither come silent messengers from north, south, east, and west, all den with courteous greeting, some, perhaps, gently reminding the absent editor of an unfulfilled promise, others claiming his attention to an important request. Here a country housekeeper, unblinking the homely virtues of thrift and comfort inquires for a receipt to gladden some young housewife (or stomach, we should say), in holiday time or a delicate little note reminds us that grateful maidenhood and candid smile over our pages. Then we have the studious correspondent, aided with some startling theory, to rouse our judgment thoughts or, perchance, some

"Parlous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable,"
invites us to gratify his curiosity, or contribute to his enjoyments.

Such are the "companions of our solitude," and in the wish to obey, and the willingness to oblige, we find a solace for all our labours. Sometimes the duty is heavy, for we are not in Fairy-land, nor have we, like Titania, elves at our call, to

"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes,
Feed him with apricots and dew-berries,
The honey-hags steal from the honey-bees,
And for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes,
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies."

We have no inhabitant of Fairy-land to perform prodigies like these for us, but with the indulgence and assistance of our kind readers, we may do much.

Suppose, then, our Council is opened—letters are shrouded upon the table, and we forthwith

commence our deliberations. The waste-basket is at our elbow—but pale not, timid Contributor—we are lenient to a fault. Our basket is no Dragon of Wantley, to devour a thousand letters at a meal, we respect talent in whatever guise it may be found. But there are some writers who will not be reasonable, and who prefer a dozen queries, on matters which cannot even interest the individuals themselves, to try our patience, and to prove their wit.

"Full oft have letters caused the writers
To curse the day they were indited,"
says Hudibras, and in the silence of our waste-basket must such inexorable correspondents find their reproof. But on subjects of general interest and utility, we shall always be accessible. And here we may mention the advantages to be derived from the co-operation of our readers themselves, to supply, when it is in their power, any required information. Such aid we invite; and with this friendly greeting, we now open "Our Family Council."

Place aux Dames. In giving precedence to our fair correspondents, we shall please the gallantry of our male friends—so let us answer

CAROLINE M., who inquires "how her memory can be improved, for the want of this sterling quality is a great drawback to her educational progress."

Undoubtedly it is, but memory, like every other faculty of the mind, may be strengthened by patient exercise. In fact, want of memory indicates want of attention. We should seek out for different ideas which are likely to recall, by any of the ordinary modes of association, the desired idea. "But, Caroline M. may urge, 'this is difficult, and requires more perseverance than I can boast in there no other method!'"

Probably there is, for the glorious old poet Hurrick says—

"Nothing so hard but search will find it out,"
and so we may tell you that Cowper, in one of his beautiful letters, recommends pedestrianism as good for the memory. "I have not," he writes, "a good memory in general, yet a good local memory, and I can recollect, by the help of a tree or a stile, what you said on that particular spot. For this reason, I purpose, when the summer is come, to walk with a book in my pocket. What I read at my fireside I forget, but what I read under a hedge, or at the side of a pond, that pond and that hedge will always bring to my remembrance."

The influence of objects on memory is also alluded to in "Child's Harold."

"A tone of music—summer's eve, or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
Darkly bound."

But impatient faces are around us so we must onward.

JACK and H. S. propose questions for the Work Table, which we have transferred to Mrs. Pullan, the editress of that department. And here we may announce that we have another novelty in preparation which will please our lady friends. We purpose giving occasionally, without extra charge, "Fly-Leaves for the Work-Table," for tracing needlework patterns of the actual size. The first of these "Leaves" will appear shortly, with four patterns.

AGNES D. wishes that a few additional "forfeits" should be inserted in the FAMILY FRIEND Pastime. "And puzzles," writes a juvenile correspondent—M. R.

"Why not," suggests one of our Council, "call upon our subscribers to assist us in this puzzling matter?"

An excellent hint so we hereby invite the contributions of our friends generally—for many and various are the ingenious fancies that can delight the fireside of most households, and any that are curious and original, of course, will be duly prized.

CHARLES H. is a lover of charms—a seeker of the marvellous. "Can you give me," he inquires, "a charm for warts?" The subject is anything but charming, nevertheless, we remember the receipt of a wag, and which runs thus—"Put your mouth close to the wart, and tell it in a whisper, that if it will not go away you will burn it out with caustic. If it does not take the hint, be as good as your word." But here we have

J. E. C. (who is similarly afflicted with warts) but who treats the case in a matter-of-fact manner, and desires to know the most efficient method of removing them. Putting all conjurations aside, therefore, we may state that nitrate of silver (linear caustic) cures these troublesome excrescences. The method of using it is to dip the end of the caustic in a little water, and to rub it over the warts. In the course of a few trials, by so doing, they will be gone, without any other miracles than good sense and patience.

WILLIAM PATERSON "is a careful observer of animal life in its minute formations, but the microscope he has in use does not sufficiently develop the natural prodigies to be found in a pint of Thames water." Our friend has a morbid craving to behold the legs and cases of the crustacea, the hydras, the cyclops, the entozoa, and other monstrosities which we pass between our parched lips with comfortable unconsciousness. For ourselves, much as we are devoted to science, we prefer living in blissful ignorance of such beings, since we are obliged to swallow them, but William Paterson can pursue his interesting discoveries with a good achromatic microscope, having powers of 250 and 500 linear diameters. Such an instrument, of French manufacture, can be obtained for from \$4 to \$6.

A much more agreeable subject than our last is broached by S. H., who has searched in vain the

volumes of the FAMILY FRIEND for a receipt to make Gooseberry Wine. We hasten to supply the deficiency, and that esteemed promoter of domestic comfort, good Mrs. Rundle, comes to our aid. Here are her directions. To every three pounds of gooseberries, put a pint of spring water unboiled, having first bruised the fruit with the hands in a tub, stir them very well, let them stand a whole day, then strain them off, and to every three pounds of gooseberries add a pint of water and a pound of sugar dissolved. Let it stand twenty-four hours longer, then skim the head clean off, and put the liquor into a vessel, and the scum into a flannel bag, adding the liquor that drains from it to that in the vessel. Let it work for two or three days before stopping it up close, and allow it to stand four months, before it is bottled, when it is drawn out of the cask, it should not be tapped too low.

Possibly H. LARKIN, who is desirous of making what he terms "English Champagne," will find this recipe equally useful.

From the vintage, we will pass to the laws of etiquette, and ponder over the inquiry of a "Young Subscriber," "whether visiting at houses is calculated to improve the mind." The habit of calling upon a number of persons, and addressing a variety of characters readily and briefly, gives grace to manner, and a "Young Subscriber," if he is careful in the choice of his friends, need not have fears for his mental quietude.

H. L. W. follows the same train of thought as our last questioner. "What," he urges, "are the qualifications of a gentleman?" We will answer briefly in the words of Shakespeare, who defines "an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing." But one qualification, we must remind H. L. W., is, not to ask too many questions at once. We shall, therefore, give the example of a French orator, who began a discourse by saying he would divide it into three can heads, but perceiving a murmur of discontent among his audience at this ominous announcement, he immediately continued, "I shall at present, however, omit a dozen of them."

There is a rustling of leaves, and the breath of summer in the words of C. W. G. "I am passionately fond of flowers, but I find myself very ignorant of botany. What treatise on that delightful science can I obtain?" And who, friend C. W. G., is not fond of flowers?

"Not a tree, A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains A folio volume. We may read, and read, And read again, and still find something new, Something to please, and something to instruct, E'en in the humble weed."

At the risk of lauding our own wares, we will recommend to C. W. G., and to those of our readers who are equally interested in the subject, a treatise on Botany, now publishing in the *Family Friend*, with numerous engravings.



MRS. MEREDITH BRINGS IN HER SON TO LORD KESINGTON

TALIS OF THE AFFECTIONS
BY THE COUNTESS D'ARROVILLE.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR
CHAPTER III.

'DRINK, madam,' said I to Mrs. Meredith, lightly touching her lips with the spoon, but they remained firmly closed.

'Madam, your child,' I went on in a lower voice.

'Eva opened her eyes, and raised herself with difficulty and lying on her side, leant towards the draught that I presented to her, then fell back upon her pillow.

'I must wait, she murmured, 'for the sake of my child.'

'From this time Mrs. Meredith spoke no more, but obeyed mechanically all my prescriptions. Stretched on her bed of sorrow, she appeared to sleep constantly, but at any

moment when in a low voice I said, 'Raise yourself, drink this, she was obedient at the first word, a proof that the soul was still wakeful in that motionless body, and found not a moment of forgetfulness or repose.

I had to arrange the funeral of William alone. Nothing certain was known of the cause of his death. The money he had gone to fetch from the town was not found upon him, possibly he had been robbed and murdered. It might be that the money, paid to him in notes, had dropped out of his pocket when he fell from his horse; and, since some time had elapsed before we thought of searching for it, that the rain on that night had caused us to lose sight of it in the miry soil and the wet grass. Some investigation took place, but had no result, and soon all inquiry ceased on that point. I endeavoured to learn from Eva Meredith if she had not some letters to write to me.

form her own family or that of her husband; but it was with difficulty I could draw any reply from her. At last I arrived at the conclusion, that I must take upon myself alone to act as her man of business, and do what was proper to be done. I hoped that from England, at any rate, some news would reach us that might decide the future course of this poor lady; but no—day succeeded day—and not a person on earth seemed to have any knowledge that the widow of William was living in complete isolation in the midst of a poor village. At a somewhat later period, by way of an experiment to recall Eva to a feeling of existence, I expressed a strong wish for her to leave her bed. On the evening of the day that I had given this advice, I found her up, and dressed in black. It was the shadow of the beautiful Eva Meredith. Her hair was parted in bands over her pale forehead; she was seated near a window, and remained motionless as she had been in her bed.

"It was thus that I passed in silence the long evenings with her, holding a book in my hand for an excuse. Each day, on arriving, I addressed to her a few words of pity and devotion. She replied to me with a look that expressed her thanks, and then we remained without speaking. I waited for some occasion to present itself to exchange some thoughts with her, but my awkwardness, or my respect for her misfortune, either knew not how to give rise to it, or suffered it to pass. Little by little I grew accustomed to this absence of conversation, this silent meditation—besides, what could I have said to her? The important point was, that she should know she was not alone in the world; and all obscure as was the support on which she rested, it was still something. I went to see her only that my presence might say to her—'I am here.'

"This was a strange phase in my life; and had a great influence on the remainder of my destiny. Had I not shown so much regret at seeing the white house disappear, I would pass rapidly to the conclusion of this story; but as you wished to know why that house has become to me a consecrated place, it is necessary I should tell you what have been my thoughts, what my feelings under its humble roof. Excuse, ladies, some serious words. It is by no means a bad thing for the young to be sometimes

saddened; youth has much time before it to laugh and to forget!

"The child of a peasant who had made a fortune, I had been sent to Paris to complete my studies. During four years passed in that great town, I preserved my awkwardness of manner—the simplicity of my language; but rapidly lost my artlessness of feelings. I returned to these mountains almost a learned man; but almost a sceptic on all that makes a man live peaceably under a cottage roof with his wife and children, without carrying his eyes beyond the cross of the church-yard that may be seen from the threshold of his dwelling.

"While Eva Meredith was happy, I had learnt from her happiness some useful lessons. 'They have led me astray there in Paris,' I said to myself. 'There are true hearts to be found, there are minds as pure as those of infants. The enjoyment of the moment is not all that there is in life. There are feelings that do not end with the end of the year. It is possible to love a long time—perhaps for ever.'

"In contemplating the love of William and Eva, I recovered my simple peasant nature of former days. I took to dreaming of a wife, virtuous, candid, assiduous at her work, adorning my home with her care, and her good order. I could see myself proud of the gentle serenity of her features that revealed to all approaching her, the wife faithful, and even a little austere. Such, certainly, were not my Parisian reveries at the close of a joyous night spent with my comrades. A horrible misfortune fell like a thunderbolt upon Eva Meredith. This time I comprehended less quickly the new lesson every day was teaching me.

"Eva remained seated at her window, with her sad eyes mournfully fixed on heaven. This position, so usual to all who are in a reverie, excited at first very little of my attention; but its lengthened continuance alarmed me at last. With my book open on my knees, I regarded Mrs. Meredith attentively; and quite sure that her eyes would not surprise mine, I examined her attentively. Eva gazed upon the sky; my eyes followed the direction of hers.

"'Ah,' said I to myself, musingly, 'she believes she will go thither, again to meet him.' Then I took up my book again, with the thought of what a happy thing it was for the weakness of woman that ideas

of such a nature could come to the relief of her affliction.

"I have told you that my sojourn among the students had put bad notions in my head. Every day, however, I saw Eva in the same attitude; and every day my reflections returned to the same subject. By degrees, I began to think that the dream he indulged in was a pleasant one. I began to be sorry at not being able to achieve such a dream to be true. The soul in heaven—eternal life—all that the curate had theretofore spoken of—once more crossed my imagination while I remained seated before that open window. I said to myself,

What the old Curé pointed out to me has been a consolation in it than the cold realities of this life have allowed me to indulge in.' Then I looked on Eva, who ever looked on heaven, while the bells of the village church sounded in the distance, and the rays of the setting sun gilded the cross of the bellry. I returned often to see by that poor widow, who persevered in all her griefs, as in her father's hopes.

"What?" I thought, "Does love so greatly distress itself to nothing more than a little bit, already mingled with the earth? Have all these sighs no other object? William is gone, in his young years, with his fresh affections, with his heart even yet in its first flower. She had not loved him but a year—but a little year!—and all is over for her! There is nothing above our hearts but air. Love that sentiment so lively within us—is not a flame placed in the dark prison of our bodies, where it shines, burns, and then is extinguished, when the frail wall that incloses it may fall to pieces! A handful of dust, and there is all that remains of our loves, of our hopes, of our thoughts, our passions, of all that breathes, moves, and exalts itself within us!"

"And there came a great silence in the depths of my soul. In truth, I had ceased to think. I became as it were asleep, between what I could no longer deny and what I would not yet believe. At last, one evening, just as Eva joined her hands to pray, on the most beautiful starry night that it was possible to see, I know not how it happened, but my hands were joined too, and my lips half-opened to murmur a prayer. On this occasion, by some happy chance, Eva Meredith for the first time took notice of what was going on around her, as

if a secret instinct informed her that my thoughts were about to place themselves in harmony with hers.

"I thank you," she said, holding out her hand to me, 'Remember him, and pray, thus, sometimes for him!'

"Oh, madam, that we could meet each other again in a better world, whether our lives have been long or short, happy or sorely tried!"

"The immortal soul of William is there, on high!" she said to me, in a grave voice, while her glance, at once sad and brilliant, was again fixed on the heavens.

"From that hour, in fulfilling the duties of my profession, I have often seen men die; but to survivors I have always addressed some consoling words on a better life than the present; and these words have become my thoughts!"

"At last, a month after these silent events, Eva Meredith gave birth to a son. When, for the first time, they placed her baby in her arms, 'William,' exclaimed the poor widow; and tears—those wholesome tears, too long denied to her sorrows, fell in torrents from her eyes. The infant received the much-loved name of William; and his little cradle was always placed by the side of his mother's bed. Henceforth, Eva's glance, that had always been turned from the earth, began to turn towards the earth again. She looked on her son as she had looked on heaven. She bent over him to catch the likeness of his father. God had permitted a perfect resemblance between William and his son, whom he was never to see. It made a great change in the little household. Eva Meredith, who had only consented to live for the child's sake—to await until the existence of her child—was now, I could well perceive, desirous still to live, since she felt her living protection necessary to his little being. She passed her day—her evenings—in sitting by his cradle; and when I came to see her, oh! how she then would talk to me, and question me as to the attentions necessary for it would set forth its little ailments to me, and ask what was necessary to save it from the slightest suffering. She dreaded for her child the warmth of the sun's rays, the most trifling chilliness in the air. Bending over him, she covered him with her body, and warned him with her kisses. One day I thought I almost

saw her smile on her child; yet she would never, while rocking his cradle, sing him to sleep; but called one of her women, and said, 'Sing my son to rest.' Then she would listen, and let her tears fall gently on the forehead of her little William. Poor infant! he was beautiful, gentle, easy to rear; but, as if the afflictions of his mother had reached him even before his birth, this child was mournful; he rarely cried, but he never laughed; he was calm, and calmness at this age makes us think of suffering. It seemed to me as if all the tears shed over his cradle had frozen on his little soul. I should like to have seen the arm of William caressing and encircling his mother's neck; I wished to see him return the kisses she showered on him so prodigally. 'But of what am I thinking?' said I to myself. 'Ought I to require this little creature, not yet out of his first year, to understand that it has come into the world to console and love this woman?'

"It was, I assure you, ladies, a sight that moved the heart, to observe this mother, young, pale, and weak, who had renounced all future for herself, as it were, take up her life again, for the sake of a little infant who could not yet even say, 'Thank you, my mother.' How wondrous the human heart! how much it makes out of so little! Give it but a grain of sand, and it will raise up a mountain; nay, at its last throb, show it but an atom for its love, and quickly it will begin to beat again; it stops not for ever until all around is void, and when even the shadow of what was dear to it has disappeared from the earth.

"Eva would lay her infant on the carpet at her feet; and while looking at its gambols, would say to me—'Mr. Barnaby, when my son grows up, I should like him to be a distinguished, well-educated man. I shall select for him some noble career. I will accompany him through all—oversea, if he be a sailor; to the very Indies, if in the army. I hope for him glory and honour; and look forward to the day when I can throw myself into his arms, and say with pride, I am his mother. Will it not be so, Mr. Barnaby? He will permit me to accompany him? A poor woman, who needs nought but silence and solitude for her sorrows, will be in no one's way. Am I not right?' And then we used to discuss the different careers open to his choice, and

mentally saw, at the moment, twenty years pass over the head of the infant child, forgetting both of us that those twenty years would render us old people, and wear out our little share of the best days of life. But we had no thought of ourselves; we cared not for being young and happy, would youth and happiness but come to him.

"While listening to these pleasant dreams, I could scarcely help regarding with a shudder the child on whom depended so much of another existence. In spite of myself, a vague inquietude took possession of my mind; yet I thought, 'She has shed tears enough. Surely the Heaven she prays to will yield to her some small portion of happiness!'

"Such was our position, when a letter reached me from an uncle, the only relative remaining to me. He belonged to the faculty at Montpellier, and summoned me to that learned town to complete my initiation in the mysteries of my profession. Such a letter, though in the form of a request, was equal to a command. My departure was inevitable. One morning, my heart heavy with anxiety at the isolation in which I should leave the widow and her little orphan, I entered the white house to take my leave of Eva Meredith. When I told her that I was about to quit her for a long period, I cannot say that her countenance showed even a slight shade of sadness. Since the death of William Meredith, her beautiful face had worn an expression of melancholy so profound, that it was impossible to remark anything there but a smile: as for sadness, it was always there.

"Depart!" she exclaimed; "your care has been so useful to my child."

"The poor creature had no thought of regret at this separation from the only friend left to her! The mother regretted only the physician who had been useful to her child. I complain not of that. To be useful is a recompense sweet to the devoted. 'Adieu!' she resumed, holding out her hand to me. 'Wherever you go, oh, may God bless you! And if it be His will that you should one day be unhappy, may He, at least, place near you a heart as compassionate as your own.'

"I bent my head over the hand of Eva Meredith, and parted from her with deep emotion.

"The child was lying in front of the

house, on the grass, in the sun. I went to him, took him up in my arms, and embraced him repeatedly. I gazed on his face long, attentively, sadly; then a tear moistened my eyes. 'Oh, no! no! I must be mistaken!' I murmured, as I precipitately left the white house."

"Good heavens! Doctor," exclaimed all his listeners together, "what were you afraid of for the child?"

"Allow me, ladies," replied Dr. Barnaby, "to finish my story after my own fashion. You will know all in a short time. I am relating what occurred in the order it happened to me.

"On my arrival at Montpellier, my uncle's reception of me was very warm, taking into consideration that he made me aware, at the same time, that it was out of his power to provide me either with board and lodging, or to lend me any money, and that there was not the slightest chance for me as a stranger, and without fame, of meeting with a single patient, in a town already overstocked with physicians of celebrity.

"Very well, uncle," I replied, "then I must go back to my village."

"Not at all—not at all," he replied. 'I have found you a first-rate situation. An Englishman, very old, very rich, very gouty, and very restless, requires a physician to be always under his roof; some intelligent person to attend to his health under the direction of his other physicians. I proposed you—you have been accepted; let us go to him.'

"We went immediately to Lord James Kysington's. It was a large and fine mansion, filled with numerous domestics; and after making several halts, first in the ante-chamber, then in the salons, we were introduced to Lord Kysington in his cabinet.

"His lordship proved to be an old man of a cold and severe aspect, seated in a large arm-chair. His hair, completely white, formed a remarkable contrast with his eyebrows, that were still of a fine black. He was tall and thin, as far as I could judge through the folds of the large cloth great-coat he wore as a morning gown. His hands were buried in his sleeves, and a white bear-skin enveloped his gouty feet. A small table, on which were a number of phials of medicine, stood beside him.

"My lord, here is my nephew, Dr. Barnaby."

"His lordship bowed to me—that is, made some scarcely perceptible movement of his head as he looked at me.

"He is well acquainted with his profession," my uncle went on, "and I have no doubt his attention will be useful to your lordship."

"A second movement of the head was the only reply my uncle received.

"His education in other respects," my introducer went on, "has been very good, and he will be able to read to your lordship, or write to your dictation."

"I shall feel obliged for his politeness," replied Lord James at last, and he still kept his eyes closed, either because he felt fatigued, or that he wished us to understand the conversation was to stop here.

"I had now time to look about me. At the window was sitting a young lady very elegantly dressed, who kept working at her embroidery without raising her eyes towards us, as if we were not worthy of her looks. Before her, on the carpet, was a little boy, playing with his toys. This young lady did not strike me at first as beautiful, for she had black eyes and hair, and with me to be beautiful required fair hair and blue eyes, like Eva Meredith's; in my judgment, too, inexperienced as I was, I could never separate my notions of beauty from a certain air of goodness. What I thought pleasant to look upon, was what I thought must be gentle at heart; and it was a long time before I could acknowledge the beauty of this lady, with her haughty brow, her disdainful look, and her lips on which a smile never sat.

"Like Lord James, she was tall, thin, and rather pale. There was a certain family likeness between them. Surely their two natures were too similar to agree well together. These two cold and silent individuals certainly lived together without exchanging a word. The child, even, had also been taught not to make any noise; he walked on tip-toe; and at the least creaking of the floor, a severe look from his mother changed him to a statue.

"It was too late to go back to my village; but there is always time to regret what one has loved and lost. My heart felt crushed as I thought of my cottage, my valley, and my liberty.

"This is what I by degrees learnt about this dismal family."

"His Lordship had come to Montpellier for the restoration of his health, which had suffered from an Indian climate. The second son of the Duke of Kysington, and himself a lord by courtesy, his fortune, and his political position in the House of Commons, were due to his own talents, and not from inheritance. Lady Mary was the wife of his younger brother; and Lord James master of his own fortune, had named his nephew, Lady Mary's son, as his heir. I applied myself to the care of his health with all the zeal of which I was capable, for I well knew that the best method to ameliorate the unpleasantness of one's position is to fulfil our duties strictly, however painful they may be.

"Lord James behaved towards me with the most rigid politeness. He thanked me with a bow for every attention I paid him, every movement that afforded him assistance. I read to him for hours together, and without interruption, either from the old gentleman, whom I sent to sleep, or the young lady, who did not listen, or the child who trembled at his uncle's presence. I never saw anything so dismal; and although, ladies, you are aware that the white house had for a long time ceased to be lively, yet the silence that arises from misfortune presupposes thoughts so serious, that words are insufficient to express them. We feel that the soul is alive, though the body is motionless: here it was silence, because all was empty.

"One day, just as his Lordship was seemingly about to dose, and Lady Mary intent upon her work, little Harry got upon my knee; and as we were in a corner of the room, he, with all the artless curiosity of his age, put some questions to me, in a low voice; and I too in my turn, scarcely thinking what I was saying, interrogated him about his family.

"'Have you any brothers or sisters?' I inquired.

"'I have a little sister, and she is very pretty.'

"'What is her name?' I continued, as I went on looking over the pages of the newspaper.

"'It is a very pretty name; guess it, Doctor.'

"'I did not know what name to think of. In my village I had heard no names but those in use amongst the peasantry; none of

these could apply to the daughter of Lady Mary. Mrs. Meredith was the only lady I had ever known; so when the child repeated, 'guess, guess,' I replied at random—

"'Eva, perhaps.'

"We were speaking very low; but the moment the name of Eva escaped my lips, Lord James opened his eyes quickly, and raised himself in his chair; Lady Mary let fall her needle, and turned herself with vivacity towards me. I felt confounded at the effect I had just produced, and looked first at his Lordship and then at Lady Mary, without venturing to say a word more. After some minutes, Lord James let himself fall back again in his chair, and closed his eyes; Lady Mary renewed her needle; Harry and I ceased from conversation.

"I reflected for some time on this singular incident, and, when all had returned to its accustomed calm, I rose gently and endeavoured to leave the room. Lady Mary threw down her work, came before me, and made a sign with her hand for me to follow her. As soon as we were in the drawing-room, she closed the door, and standing opposite to me, her whole physiognomy strongly marked with that imperious air habitual to her, 'Mr. Barnaby,' she said, 'take care, never at any time to give utterance to the name that just now escaped your lips. It is one which his Lordship must not hear.' Then, slightly bowing, she re-entered the cabinet and closed the door.

"A thousand thoughts came upon me at once. This Eva, who must not be spoken of—could she be Eva Meredith? Was she the daughter-in-law of Lord Kysington? Was I then with the father of William Meredith? I hoped, I doubted; for, after all, if the name of Eva would only designate but one person to me, to every one else it was but a name, and doubtless was common to many women in England.

"I dared not ask any questions; around me every mouth was closed, and not a heart that had the power of being open; but the thought that I was in the family of Eva Meredith, by the side of the woman who was about to despoil the widow and the orphan of their paternal inheritance—this thought constantly pre-occupied my attention by day and night. A thousand times

did I see in my dream the return of Eva and her child to this dwelling; I saw myself asking pardon for them, and obtaining it; but when I opened my eyes, the cold, emotionless face of the nobleman froze every such hope in my heart. I set myself to examine his countenance, as if I had never before seen it. I endeavoured to discover in its features some movement, some lines that could mark a particle of sensibility. I sought for the heart that I was desirous of touching. Alas! I could nowhere find it. However, I did not lose courage, for my cause was so good! 'Pshaw!' I said to myself, 'what signifies the expression of a countenance; what avails the exterior envelope that meets our eyes? May not the dingiest copper have gold within its clasp? Must all that is in us be divined at the first glance? And has not every man who has gone through the world learnt how to preserve his mind and his thoughts, distinct from the ordinary expression of his physiognomy?'

"I resolved to clear up these doubts; but what means could I adopt? To question Lady Mary, or Lord James was impossible. To talk to the domestics? They were French, and but just entered into the service of this family. The English valet-de-chambre, the only servant who accompanied his master, had just gone to London on a confidential mission. It was then to his Lordship himself that I directed my investigations. From him I must learn all, and from him I must obtain pardon. The severe expression of his face ceased to be a terror to me. I said to myself, 'When we find a tree in the forest that is apparently dead, we make a cut in it to see whether the sap be not still living under the dead bark; just so will I strike upon his heart, and I shall then find out whether life is not hidden in some part of it.' I waited my opportunity.

"To wait with impatience is to quicken the coming of what we wait for. In place of depending on circumstances, we control them to our will.

"One night Lord James summoned me, for he was ill. When I had rendered him the necessary assistance, I remained alone by his side, to watch the effect of my prescriptions. The chamber was in darkness; a lighted taper alone permitted objects to be distinguished without illuminating

them. The pale and noble face of his Lordship was lying back upon his pillow, his eyes were closed. Such was his custom when he prepared himself for endurance, as if he wished to concentrate all his moral strength within himself. He never complained, but remained stretched on his bed straight and motionless as the statue of some king upon a tomb. In general, at these times he made me read to him, partly in the hope that the idea of the book might master his own thoughts, and partly that the monotonous sound of the voice might possibly induce sleep.

"On this night he made me a sign with his bony hand to take a book and begin reading to him; but I looked for one in vain—the books and newspapers had been taken down to the parlour. All the doors were locked, and unless I rang and thus again renewed the alarm through the house, it was impossible to procure a book. He made a sign of impatience—then of resignation—and pointed to a chair, where I could have a seat beside him. We remained in this manner for a long time without speaking, and almost in darkness, the clock alone breaking the silence by the regular tick of its pendulum. Sleep came not. All on a sudden his Lordship opened his eyes, and turning them towards me—

"'Speak,' said he; 'tell me some incident—any thing you like.' His eyes closed again, and he waited.

"My heart beat strongly—the moment had arrived.

"'My lord,' I said, 'I am very much afraid that I know nothing that can possibly interest your lordship. I can speak only of myself, and the events of my own life; and the story of some great man of this day is alone worthy to fix your attention. What can a peasant have to tell who has lived content with a little in obscurity and repose? I have, my lord, but just quitted my native village. It is a pretty hamlet, in a mountainous region, where even those not born there might not disdain to dwell. Not far from my village, my lord, there is a residence where I have seen rich people who could have gone away, yet who remained there, because the forests were shady, the paths flowery, and the streams very clear, as they ran quickly among the rocks. Alas! there were two

in that house . . . , and the poor wife still remained there alone until the birth of a child. My lord, this lady is a country-woman of yours; she is English, of a beauty such as is not often seen either in England or in France, and as good—but only the angels in heaven could have such goodness. She was but just eighteen when I left—fatherless, motherless, and newly widowed from a husband that she adored. She is weak, delicate, almost in sickness; and yet she must live on, for who is there to protect that little child?

“Oh, my lord, there are some people in this life who are very unhappy! To be unfortunate in the middle of our life, or when old age has come upon us, is sad, doubtless; yet there are always some pleasant memories that come to tell us that we have had our share, our season of happiness. But when our tears commence at eighteen years, it is still more sad, for we know that all is over; nothing can bring back the dead, and nought remains but tears for the rest of our life. The poor child! . . . When we see a beggar by the road side, it is from cold, from hunger that he suffers: we give him alms, and we look at him without sorrow, for we know that it is in our power to relieve him; but this unhappy lady, whose heart is broken, the only relief that could be afforded her would be to love . . . and who is near her to bestow this alms? . . .

“Oh, my lord, if you knew what a fine young man she had for a husband! . . . How, scarcely three and twenty years of age, his noble countenance, his lofty brow . . . like your own, intellectual and proud, his eyes deep blue, somewhat dreamy, somewhat sad. I knew the cause. It was that he loved his father and his country, and was compelled to dwell far from them in exile. How full of goodness his smile! Oh, how he would have smiled on his little child had he lived long enough to see it! He loved it even before its birth; he took pleasure in looking on the cradle that awaited it. Poor, poor young man! . . . I saw him in a night of storm, in a dark forest, stretched on the damp earth, motionless, lifeless, his garments covered with mud, his forehead beaten in by a horrible wound, whence the blood was still escaping in streams. I saw . . . alas! I saw William—

“‘You have witnessed the death of my son!’ Lord James exclaimed, rising like some spectre from the midst of the pillows that supported him, and fixing on me his eyes, so large and piercing, with such a glance that I recoiled in fear; yet dark as was his chamber, I thought I could perceive a tear moistening the eyelids of the old man.

“‘My lord,’ I replied, ‘I saw your son die, and I saw his child born.’

“There was silence for an instant. His lordship regarded me fixedly. At last he made a movement, his trembling hand sought mine, pressed it; then his fingers half opened, and he fell back upon his pillow.

“‘Enough—enough, sir! I am in pain. I need repose. Leave me to myself’

“I bowed, and moved away.

“Before I was out of the chamber, his lordship had resumed his habitual position, his silence, and his immobility.

“I will not trouble you, ladies, with a recital of my numerous efforts in regard to this nobleman, his indecision, his secret anxieties, and, finally, how his paternal affection, roused by the details of the horrible catastrophe, how the pride of his race, reanimated by the hope of leaving an heir behind him, ended in conquering over his bitter resentment. Three months after the scene I have just described, I was standing at the threshold of the mansion at Montpelier, awaiting the arrival of Eva Meredith and her child, who had been summoned by their family to resume their rights. That was a happy day for me.

“Lady Mary, who, like a woman that is mistress of herself, had disguised her exultation, when the family discussions made her son the future heir of her father, now concealed even better her disappointment and anger at the reconciliation of Eva Meredith, or rather Eva Kysington, with her father-in-law. The marble front of Lady Mary was impassive, but, under this apparent calm, what a storm of evil passions was fermenting.

“I was standing on the threshold of the entrance, as I before said, when the carriage of Eva Meredith (I will still continue to call her by that name) entered the courtyard of the mansion. Eva held out her hand to me joyfully, and murmured, ‘Thank you, thank you, my friend.’ She wiped

away the tears that trembled in her eyes, and holding the hand of her child—a child nearly three years old, and beautiful as an angel—entered her new home. ‘I am afraid,’ she said. She was still the same weak woman, bruised by affliction, pale, sad, and beautiful, with no confidence in the hopes of this earth, and uncertain but of the things of heaven. I walked by her side, and, while, still in mourning, she was ascending the first steps of the staircase, her gentle countenance bedewed with tears, her form slender and weak, leaning on the balustrade, her arm extended, drawing towards her the child, who walked still more slowly than herself, Lady Mary and her son appeared at the head of the staircase. Lady Mary wore a robe of brown velvet, rich bracelets encircled her arms; a light chain of gold bound her forehead, which would not have shamed a diadem. She walked with a firm step, her head erect, her glance full of pride. It was thus that the two mothers saw each other for the first time.

“You are welcome, madam,” said Lady Mary, saluting Eva Meredith.

“Eva tried to smile, and replied with some affectionate expressions. How could she foresee hatred? she who never knew but love. We went towards the private apartment of Lord James. Mrs. Meredith, who with difficulty supported herself, entered first, advanced a few steps, and fell on her knees before the arm-chair of her father-in-law. She took her child in both arms, and placing him on the knee of his lordship,—

“Behold his son!” she exclaimed.

“Then the poor creature wept and held her peace.

“Lord James gazed long at the child. By degrees, as he recognized the features of the son he had lost, his look became tearful and affectionate. There was a moment when, forgetting his age, the march of time, his sorrows and his trials, he fancied himself returned to those happy days when he pressed his own son, yet a child, to his heart.

“‘William! William!’ he murmured. ‘My daughter!’ he added, extending his hand to Eva Meredith.

“His eyes filled with tears. Eva had now family, a protector, fortune. I was happy, and that perhaps is why I wept.

“The child remained peacefully on the knees of his grandfather, without showing either pleasure or fear.

“‘Will you love me?’ said the old man to him.

“The child raised his eyes, but did not answer.

“‘Do you understand me? I will love your father.’

“‘I will be your father,’ the child repeated softly.

“‘Excuse him,’ said his mother; ‘he has been always alone; he is still very little—the many people here render him timid. In a short time, my lord, he will understand your kind words.’

“But I looked at the child, and examined it in silence, and recalled to myself my ill-omened fears. Alas! these painful doubts were now changed to certainty. The terrible shock Eva Meredith had experienced during the fatal evening, had occasioned the most fatal results to her child; and no one but a mother so young, so loving, and so inexperienced, could have remained thus long in ignorance of this misfortune.

“At the same time as myself, and just as I did, Lady Mary regarded the child.

“Never while I live shall I forget the expression on her countenance. She stood erect, her piercing glance was fixed on the little William, and seemed to penetrate right to the child’s heart. By degrees, as she gazed, her eyes darted like lightning—her mouth half opened as if to smile—her breathing became short and oppressed, as that of one who had experienced some great joy. She gazed, and hope, doubt, expectation were on her visage.

At last her hate saw its way clearly; an exclamation of joy made its way from her heart, but did not pass her lips; she recovered herself, let fall a glance of disdain upon Eva, her vanquished enemy, and became again impassible.

“Lord James, fatigued with the emotions of the day, dismissed us from his cabinet. He remained alone all the evening.

“The next morning, after an agitated night, when I entered the room his lordship was there, and all his family were together with him. Lady Mary was holding the little William on her knees: it was the tigress watching its prey.



A Pic-nic! Who cannot recall a day in the woods? A glorious summer day, when with eager step and joyous countenances we wandered forth, our arms laden with homely creature comforts, and our hearts thrilling with the treat in store! Then the burst of exuberant delight with which we would welcome every flower or bush on our way; the noisy talk of companions, light and careless as ourselves; the determination to be happy; the utter oblivion

of, we would almost say, thought. Who has forgotten such times? Alas! in the dusty path of life, few of us can boast many like moments of respite from anxiety and trouble; but ineffaced should remain the sweet memory of woodland rambles, with dear companions, the pic-nic in some quiet glade, and the interchange of friendly courtesies and esteem. But the beauty of the morning invites us; let us go forth into the green woods with our social circle,

and admire the glorious prodigality of nature—for

"She is man's best teacher, and unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart.
An influence breathes from all the sights and
sounds

Of her existence; she is wisdom's self."

And see, here we are in the depths of the forest. Let us hear what a priestess of nature, Rhoda Maria Willan, can say of the woods and their inmates:—"Yonder is an antlered deer, enjoying his calm slumbers amid the wild fastnesses of Nature! Now, the gorgeous king-fisher, suddenly rising from some hidden spot, sails along between the rushes, scattering a rich light from his painted plumes; and there, the dusky water-hen floats further down the current—her image reflected darkly on its silver, amid the yellow flowers of the water-flag, the noble-looking arrowhead, and the fair and elegant narcissus, which together

"Gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness!"

How delightful it is to sit in a spot like this—upon the moss-covered trunk of some old tree, forgetting the ungentle world, with all its cares, and exulting only in that deep contented happiness which can look abroad, and say,

"These bounding prospects all were made for me!"

To linger here in Spring, when the charms of Nature and of beauty are new; to watch the throstle returning to feed her clamorous young, all astir at her approach, but hiding their small heads again when she disappears, and looking, as before, a nest of movelss down; or to notice the young broods, newly fledged,

"First by their nests, hop up and down the hedge,
Then one, from bough to bough, gets up a tree,
His fellow noting his agility,
Thinks he as well may venture as the other,
So flunkering from one spray to another,
Gets to the top, and then emboldened flies
Unto a height past ken of human eyes."

To hear the blackbird singing deep and loud amid the starry clusters of "lush woodbine;" the bullfinch answering sweetly from some distant covert; while the golden-crested wren, scarcely varying in size from one of the leaves by which he is surrounded, shows, now and then, his burnished head amid the greenness, and scatters fairy music around him. At our feet, in the warming verdure, the grasshopper "chithers," and

bounds away, green as the land he lives in; while a thousand insects, instinct with life and song, beat their tiny wings, and shed a many-coloured light upon the ground below.

Nothing can be more interesting to the lover of Nature, than to watch the habits of these little creatures, and where they build their homes; for whether it be the fairy palace, which the ant has so admirably constructed beneath some dry bank, with its numerous apartments and curious passages; or the waxen cells, where the bees deposit their honey in the hole of some mighty tree; or the leaf-wrought nest of the caterpillar—all exhibit the same surpassing skill, and show how wonderful are the workings of that all-powerful instinct, which teaches them to provide for their comfort, and hide their abodes from their common enemies. How exquisitely constructed is the nest which the caterpillar forms upon the willows and osiers, girding the banks of rivers, where a number of the long, narrow leaves, stitched together by means of the silk with which it is provided, complete the little arbour in which it lives and feeds—secure from all intruders—till it is transformed into a chrysalis, and afterwards into the perfect butterfly; when it still hovers, with fondness, about its birth-place, and prepares for the perpetuation of its race on similar leaves to those whereon it was nurtured. Here they live enjoying, each, in turn, beautifying the air with their wings, and showing richer tints than were ever framed by art."



But here we are at an opening in the wood. A stile—near which is sitting an



WOOD-SIDE FARM.

aged peasant, with her basket beside her—conducts us to the verge of the tree-land, and yonder is the farm-house near the trysting spot selected for our pic-nic. A charming place is that old farm, with its natural decoration of ivy and honeysuckle. A pastoral simplicity distinguishes it from the villas and handsome houses of the adjacent town. There sits the farmer in his porch, pipe in mouth, his dog beside him, and all the comfortable objects of his care roaming in liberty over the place. What a happy life to lead, perhaps some of us exclaim. True, living remote from the din of pent-up cities, amidst the solitudes of Nature, must be charming; but for happiness, we may find it if, we like, in every home, no matter where it may be.

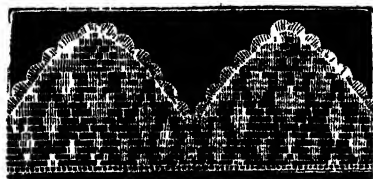
"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam.
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our ourselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home."

But we are now arrived at the venerable oak tree, the rendezvous of many a festive party, and here let us spread our stores. No time is lost; with a mirth and good will that always gives a zest to such occa-

sions, every one is busy. Many necessary things are wanted; there are more knives than forks; some of the plates have been broken in the journey, and a similar accident has happened to a bottle or two; but who cares for these mischances? We are come with a determination to be merry, and no trivial accident must cloud our enjoyment; so let us proceed. Young and bright faces are smiling around, the bird is singing sweetly above, and Nature inspires us with a song of thankfulness for the pleasures we still may find, if we seek them in a proper spirit.

Our Daily Paths! with thorns or flow'rs,
We can at will bestrew them;
What bliss would gild the passing hours,
If we but rightly knew them.
The way of life is rough at best,
But briars yield the roses,
So that which leads to joy and rest,
The hardest path discloses.

The weeds that oft we cast away,
Their simple beauty scorning,
Would form a wreath of purest ray,
And prove the best adorning.
So in our daily paths, 'twere well
To call each gift a treasure,
However slight, where love can dwell
With life-renewing pleasure.



CROCHET LACE BORDER.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

HANDSOME CROCHET LACE.

Materials.—Cotton suitable for the material to be trimmed. The following will be requisite:—For toilet covers, or anti-macassars, Messrs. W. Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 12. For petticoats, the same make, No. 28; for children's drawers, dresses, &c., No. 24 or 30. With ordinary workers No. 24 cotton will make an edge two inches wide at the point of the Vandyke.

MAKE a foundation chain of any length required, but counting such a number of stitches as may be divided by 65.

(If this border is to be worked round an anti-macassar or other article in crochet, no foundation chain will be required.)

1st Row.—+ 1 Dc, 1 Ch, miss 1 + to the end.

2nd Row.—+ 2 Dc, 3 Ch, miss 3, 1 Dc, 3 Ch, miss 3, 1 Dc, 5 Ch, miss 5, 4 Dc, 6 Ch, miss 6, 1 Dc, 6 Ch, miss 6, 2 Dc, 6 Ch, miss 6, 1 Dc, 6 Ch, miss 6, 4 Dc, 5 Ch, miss 5, 1 Dc, 3 Ch, miss 3, 1 Dc, 3 Ch, miss 3, 1 Dc, + repeat to the end. In future rows, to prevent repetition, it is to be understood that as many stitches are always missed as there are chains.

3rd Row.—+ 3 Dc, 5 Ch, 3 Dc, 5 Ch, 2 Dc, + 3 times, 2 Ch, + 2 Dc, 5 Ch, + 3 times. 3 Dc, 5 Ch, 2 Dc, + to the end.

4th Row.—+ 4 Dc, 3 Ch, 5 Dc, 10 Ch, 4 Dc, 6 Ch, 2 Dc (over 2 Ch, in last row), 6 Ch, 4 Dc, 10 Ch, 5 Dc, 3 Ch, 3 Dc, + to the end.

5th Row.—+ 3 Dc, 3 Ch, 7 Dc, 4 Ch, 1 Dc, 5 Ch, 2 Dc, 6 Ch, 4 Dc, 6 Ch, 2 Dc, 5 Ch, 1 Dc, 4 Ch, 7 Dc, 3 Ch, 2 Dc, + to the end.

6th Row.—+ 2 Dc, 5 Ch, 5 Dc, 4 Ch, 3 Dc, 7 Ch, 1 Dc, 6 Ch, 2 Dc, 6 Ch, 1 Dc, 7 Ch, 3 Dc, 4 Ch, 5 Dc, 5 Ch, 1 Dc, + to the end.

7th Row.—+ 1 Dc, 2 Ch, 3 Dc, 2 Ch, 3 Dc, 4 Ch, 5 Dc, 8 Ch, 1 Dc, 8 Ch, 1 Dc, 8

Ch, 6 Dc, 4 Ch, 3 Dc, 2 Ch, 3 Dc, 2 Ch, + to the end.

8th Row.—+ 6 Dc, 3 Ch, 3 Dc, 4 Ch, 7 Dc, 4 Ch, 1 Dc, 6 Ch, 2 Dc, 6 Ch, 1 Dc, 4 Ch, 7 Dc, 4 Ch, 3 Dc, 3 Ch, 5 Dc, + to the end.

9th Row.—This row is the first of the point. Each is done separately, the ends being worked in. Begin on the 2nd Dc of last row, with a slip stitch. 1 more slip, 1 Sc, 2 Dc, 1 Ch, 3 Dc, 5 Ch, 5 Dc, 3 Ch, 1 Dc, 6 Ch, 6 Dc (over 2, and 2 Ch, at each side), 6 Ch, 1 Dc, 3 Ch, 5 Dc, 5 Ch, 3 Dc, 1 Ch, 2 Dc, 1 Sc, 2 slip.

10th Row.—Slip on 1st Dc of last row. 1 slip, 1 Sc (on Ch), 3 Dc, 6 Ch, 3 Dc, 3 Ch, 1 Dc, 5 Ch, 10 Dc (on 6 and 4 Ch at each side), 5 Ch, 1 Dc, 3 Ch, 3 Dc, 6 Ch, 3 Dc, 1 Sc, 2 slip.

11th Row.—Slip on Sc, 1 Sc, 2 Dc, 1 Ch, 8 Dc, 3 Ch, 1 Dc, 2 Ch, 4 Dc, 4 Ch, 10 Dc (on 10), 4 Ch, 4 Dc, 2 Ch, 1 Dc, 3 Ch, 3 Dc, 1 Ch, 2 Dc, 1 Sc, 1 slip.

12th Row.—Slip on 2nd Dc, 1 Sc on 1 Ch, 3 Dc, 3 Ch, 10 Dc (on 4 Dc and 3 Ch at each side), 4 Ch, 4 Dc (on 4 centre of 10), 4 Ch, 10 Dc, 3 Ch, 3 Dc, 1 Sc, 1 slip.

13th Row.—Slip on 1st of 3 Dc, 1 Sc, 1 Dc, 3 Ch, 10 Dc on 10, 2 Ch, 8 Dc (on 4 and 2 Ch at each side), 2 Ch, 10 Ch, 3 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Sc, 1 slip.

14th Row.—1 slip on Sc of last row, 1 Sc, 4 Dc, 2 Ch, 4 Dc (on centre 4 of 10) 3 Ch, 5 Dc, 2 Ch, 5 Dc, 3 Ch, 4 Dc, 2 Ch, 4 Dc, 1 Sc, 1 slip.

15th Row.—Slip on 2nd of 4 Dc, 1 Sc, 14 Dc, 4 Ch (over 2 Ch and 1 Dc at each side), 14 Dc, 1 Sc, 1 slip.

16th Row.—Slip on 1st of 14 Dc, 1 Sc, 9 Dc, 4 Ch, 2 Dc (on centre 2 of 4 Ch, 4 Ch, 9 Dc), 1 Sc, 1 slip.

17th Row.—Slip on 2nd Dc, 1 Sc, 4 Dc, 4 Ch, 2 Dc, 2 Ch (over 2 Dc), 2 Dc, 4 Ch, 4 Dc, 1 Sc, 1 slip.

18th Row.—Slip on the 2nd Dc, 1 Sc, 4 Dc, 3 Ch, 2 Dc, 3 Ch, 4 Dc, 1 Sc, 1 slip.

19th Row.—Slip on 2nd Dc, 1 Sc, 4 Dc, 2 Ch, 4 Dc, 1 Sc, 1 slip.

20th Row.—Slip on 2nd Dc, 2 Sc, 2 Dc, 2 Sc, 1 slip. This forms the extreme point. When all are done, work round the whole of the Vandykes in Sc, then the following shell. + 1 slip, 1 Sc, 2 Dc in next, 2 Dc in next, 2 Dc in next, 1 Sc, + all round.

For round d'Oyleys this edge may be used, by missing fewer than the number of chain in the early rows. It is best to do

the corners of anti-macassars by working enough chain for one complete pattern at each corner, and then sewing it in full.

WORK-TABLE FOR JUVENILES;

OR,

LITTLE MARY'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

"WELL, my dear, I am glad to see you ready for work again. I almost thought the temptation of joining your cousins in their picnic would have been too great to be resisted. And, of course, had you chosen to to employ a day which I consider as your own, I could not have been displeased at it."

"You are very kind, dear Mamma. And I should have liked very much to have gone out with my cousins; but I am very happy working by your side. And when I think of the pleasure of giving these things at Christmas, I feel I cannot relinquish it for any present enjoyment. Besides, I am to do something to-day for my aunt; and you remember, dear Mamma, how very kind she was to me when I was ill last year."

"I do indeed, Mary; and I am glad you, too, have not forgotten it. Let not your gratitude be like that of too many people—what a very clever man once called a *lively sense of favours to come*."

"I don't quite understand that, Mamma. How can we feel grateful for a kindness we have not yet experienced?"

"It means, my dear girl, that we too frequently show attention and respect to those who have, as we think, the power of benefiting us in future, than to those from whom we have already received favours. Do you not remember some lines on this subject in your favourite 'Lady of the Lake'?"

"Oh, yes, Mamma. It is in the song when Fitz James leaves the island:—

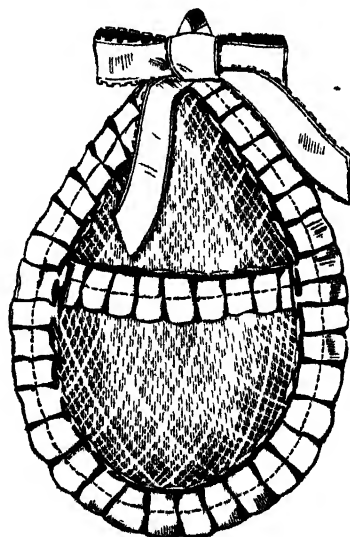
"Not faster yonder rowers' might
Fling from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright
That tracks the shallow's course in light
Meets in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days."

"It is too true of the world in general. Let it not be so of ourselves. In denying yourself the little pleasure of going out, and devoting your time to the gratification of another, you are conquering any inclination to selfishness, and giving all the little

you can give, your time and your thoughts, to one who well deserves your affection. But we must to work if we would accomplish anything this afternoon. Here are all the materials for your watch-pockets. You will see what they are."

"Here are six yards of pink satin ribbon, about an inch wide, some pink sarsnet, some card board, black net, and plaited straw. What kind of straw is it, Mamma?"

"It is called straw-beading, and is employed in the same way that split straw was once used; but as it is flexible, and to be had in any length, it is much more easily worked. Besides the things you have mentioned, there is some pink sewing silk, and a little stiff muslin. Now you have all your materials complete, and I have only to show you how to use them. Begin by cutting out the shape for the back of the watch-pocket."



BACK OF A WATCH-POCKET.

Here is a drawing of it. It is 7 inches long, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ in the widest part. Mark the depth of three inches from the bottom, and form this into a half round, then cut it into a point from the widest part to the top. The lower part, which is for the pocket, is

thus three inches deep, and the top four inches. You will require two pieces of card-board of this shape and size, which must be covered on both sides with pink silk. Tack them together round the edges."

"These pieces are for the backs. Are the fronts of the pockets made of card-board, too?"

"No; you will use the stiff muslin for them. They must be in the half circle form, 3 inches deep, but $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide at the top. They must also be covered with silk on both sides. Now cut out two pieces of black net, rather larger than the backs, and two more (also allowing for turnings in) for the fronts. Do you remark anything peculiar in the net?"

"It is like the imitation netting you brought from Paris, mamma; is it not? The holes are perfect diamonds, and much larger than in any of our English net."

"Yes, it is part of that I brought with me. Being so open, it is easy to slip the straw through it. Take the end of the straw, pass it under two threads and over three, in one line. Cut it off close to the edge of the net. Run in as many lines as you can in the same direction, but with intervals of four holes, five threads between them. Cross them with others in the same way, both straws passing under the same hole when they cross. All the four pieces of net must be worked in the same way, and then tacked on, to cover the silk on one side. Now sew the fronts to the backs. The ribbon trimming must now be prepared. It is to be quilled in the centre, in the way called *box quilling*; that is, one plat must be to the right, and the next to the left. Do enough for the top of each pocket separately, and put it on, then a length to go completely round. Finish each pocket with a knot of ribbon at the point, and a small loop to pin it to the bed."

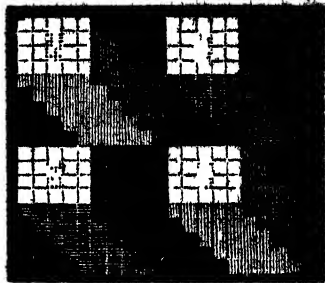
"Do you know, Mamma, I was inclined to think you had not matched the sarsnet and ribbon well; the sarsnet looked so much the darker. Now they correspond perfectly. How is that?"

"You forget that the sarsnet is covered with net, which softens the depth of the tint considerably. Had the covering been muslin, it must have been still deeper, to correspond with the uncovered ribbon. It is for want of the consideration of these small points that there is so frequently a

want of harmony in the taste of amateur needlewomen."

"And now, Mamma, what next? for I have a good deal of spare time still."

"You said you would like to work papa a pair of slippers, so I have contrived a design for you, which will use up all your remnants of wool. We will call it the dice pattern. Of each colour you may see, you will require two shades with black and



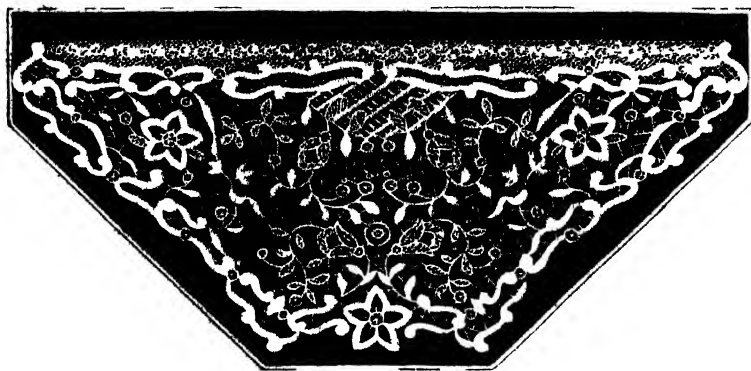
DICE PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS.

white. You can mark on your canvas the outline of the slippers with a soft pen and ink; then work from the drawing I have made, beginning at the toe. You may use any number of colours, only let them be well chosen, and falling in stripes. Do not put green and blue, or any other two colours which do not blend well, close together. You may try the effect with shades in the following order: violet, orange, green, crimson, blue. That part which is quite white in the drawing is done in white wool, and there are two spotted squares which are to be black. Then the upper side of each die is in the darker shade of whatever colour may be used, and the under light. Fill it up with black. If you work on Fano-lope canvas you will find it much easier."

"Well, Mamma, these slippers will occupy all my spare time until my next holiday. Will you think of something pretty for my cousins before that time?"

"I will do my best, my dear; and we will see whether we cannot find some present suitable for each. You know one is very fond of work, and the other of writing."

"Yes; and she writes verses. Only think of that, Mamma! Real verses! They call her the little poet."



POINT LACE STOMACHER OF AN INFANT'S DRESS.

"Well, my love, it is a glorious name, and, perhaps, may help us in our selection for her. But now it is really time for you to put away your work for this evening."



A GOSSIP ON CHILDREN'S DRESS.

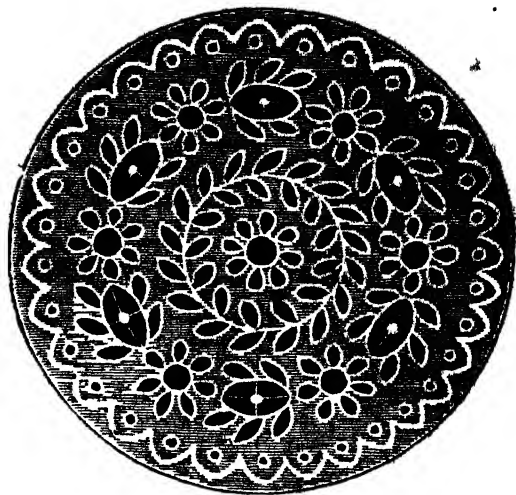
IN resuming our notice of children's dress (see page 83, Vol. V), we give a pattern for the point-lace stomacher of an infant's dress, and also a broderie cap-crown for the wear of one of these miniature specimens of humanity; and we trust that our lady friends will be glad of these designs, since so many are now quite *à fait* at both styles of needlework.

The stomacher, which necessarily we give on a reduced scale, should be enlarged to the usual dimensions for a frock of the 2nd size. The pattern is one which can be very readily enlarged; and as the two halves correspond, one only need be done on tracing paper, before transferring it to the coloured paper on which it is to be worked. The only materials required are Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Point Lace Cottons. All the flowers, leaves, and stems, are filled in foundation stitch, and are represented by being perfectly *white* in the engraving. The grounding, except at the top and round the extreme edges, is in Raleigh bars. At the top there is a small section filled in with English Lace, and Brussels Lace makes the outer border.

All the outlines are done with No. 12 Mecklenburgh, Brussels and English lace with No. 90 Boar's Head, English bars and Kuitian bars with No. 120 Mecklenburgh, foundation stitch in No. 70 Boar's Head, Raleigh bars in No. 140 Mecklenburgh, and Mecklin wheels in No. 90 Boar's Head. All these different threads form a part of the set of point lace cottons of Messrs W. Evans and Co.

The cap-crown is given of the full dimensions, and the design must be traced from the engraving on fine French cambric, in the usual manner for muslin work. All the black parts of the engraving are cut out; or, if round, formed by piercing holes with a stiletto. The whole pattern is simply traced and sewed over, with a thread held in, except the border, which is worked in very fine button-hole stitch. Evans's royal embroidery cotton, No. 70, should be used for this purpose.

Infants' morning caps are, in our opinion, much prettier if made of plain cambric, with the crown only worked, than if the whole cap is embroidered, unless the embroidery be of the very best description, and this is too expensive to be universally attainable. Tac runnings should always be stitched, and the needlework generally of the neatest and finest description. In another number we propose to give some of the fancy stitches used in making babies' frocks, hoods, &c. At present we must conclude by describing an extremely pretty



BRODERIE CAP-CROWN FOR INFANTS.

dress for a little girl of ten or twelve years old, which we recommend for this season.

The skirt was of coloured silk, made very full, but without flounces. A white muslin body, low and with short sleeves, is worn with this. It is perfectly plain, except in front, the stomacher only being made in alternate bands of embroidery, and gathered muslin, from the top to the waist, in the form of a V. A worked edging finishes the top. Over this a white muslin jacket, low round the neck, open to the waist (so as to show the stomacher), and with mandarin sleeves, coming a little below the elbow, is worn. It is trimmed all round with deep rich broderies, and fastened round the waist with a sash to correspond with the dress. This style of dress is very useful for wearing out the skirt of a frock, when the body has become too small, or is otherwise unusable. The hair, by the way, is worn in a knot very low at the back of the head. That from the top of the forehead is combed quite back, with a parting at each side. When the hair displays a tendency to grow low on the brow, this mode of wearing it is a certain preventive.

ON WEAVING HAIR ORNAMENTS AND WORKING DEVICES.

[FOURTH AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.]

THE weaving of plaits for insertion into rings, lockets, brooches, &c., is a branch of this art perfectly distinct from what we have already described. We have instructed our readers how to weave various hollow plaits, we must now describe the process of making single, flat plaits, adapted for inclosing in a trinket.

Short hair is available for this purpose; any length not under two inches can be used. The plait may consist of as many strands as taste or skill may dictate, and each strand may contain from six to eighteen hairs.

Instead of the table used for the other plaits, a firm, smooth, square cushion, elevated in the centre and depressed at all four sides, will be required; it should be nearly, or quite, two feet square, and must be placed on a desk or inclined plane. An ordinary sofa cushion, if covered with chintz so as to be smooth, will do.

The hair must be sorted into even

lengths, tied, cleansed according to the directions given in page 56, dried, and di-



MOURING DEVICE FOR HAIR-WORK.

vided into strands. A piece of sewing-silk or twist, four inches in length, must then be affixed to one end of each strand, and a similar piece, of double that length, to the other; to this latter one of the light weights, alluded to in page 120, is to be attached, while the short end is to be tied round a pin. When all the strands are ready, stick the pins into the cushion, in an even and close row, about the centre of the upper side, and sufficiently removed from the top to manage that the hair shall lie on the elevated centre, while the silk hangs over the upper and lower depressed portions. The strands are now to be plaited in the way in which hair is ordinarily plaited or braided, and evenly, but not too tightly.

When finished, each extremity of the plait will be silk, and the centre, hair, and the hair part must be pulled out so as to show itself well, but not sufficiently to produce interstices in it. The weights are then to be cut off, and the upper ends severed from the pins.

A solution of gum-dragon must previously have been prepared by soaking a piece of this gum, of about the size of a nut, in three parts of a wine-glassful of cold water; the gum will take six or eight hours to dissolve.

A few drops of the gum-water are to be

dropped upon a palette, and the plaited hair laid down on this moistened surface. Then hold it firmly by the shortest silken end, and, with an ivory knife, smooth and flatten it out, moving the knife only in one direction, viz., from the end we have directed to be held, towards the other. This process displays the plait in its full width; should it appear requisite, a drop or two of the gum-water may be dropped on the surface of the hair, and then carefully smoothed off. When it looks smooth, even, and well flattened out, leave it on the palette to dry. When quite dry, raise it carefully with the point of a needle, or the edge of a penknife, and with sharp scissors cut off the silken ends, and shape out the piece required for the ring or brooch.

Strands of any thickness, and of any number that can be woven into a plait, may be used; but the more hairs there are in each strand, the thicker must be the gum-water used for setting or stiffening the whole. These kinds of braids are only adapted for inclosing in some trinket, as they would immediately wear rough, if exposed to any degree of friction.



HAIR DEVICE.

We now come to the last, the most delicate, and the most difficult branch of our subject, namely—the working devices in hair. No small degree of artistic taste is here requisite to insure success. Landscapes require us fine shading, and as delicate touches, as when drawn with the pencil. Patience, lightness of hand, good eyesight, and some knowledge of the principles of drawing, are the attributes most likely to conduce to success; but practice, judgment, and perseverance will alone produce perfection.

It is very difficult, too, to give verbal instructions for this branch of hair-work, which is eminently artistic, and not mechanical. However, we will endeavour to lay down some fundamental directions, which, we trust, the taste of our readers will enable them to carry into practice, and which will guide them towards achieving skill in the art.

Hair of any length above an inch and a-half, may be used for devices.

The first article we require for this work is ivory, such as is used by miniature painters; this can be obtained at any ivory-

ORNAMENTAL HAIR-WORK.

turners; it must be polished, of a good colour, and flat and even, not warped.

Next, a clear solution of gum-dragon, of about the consistence of cream, must be prepared, according to the directions already given.

For implements, a fine-pointed, sharp pair of small scissors, a keen-edged penknife, a palette and ivory knife, one or two fine camel-hair pencils, another with fuller and firmer hair, a hard black-lead pencil, some thread, and a long fine-pointed steel pin, with a small smooth head, are all that will be needed.

There are three preparations of hair used for devices, viz., the *curled*, the *waved*, or *rippled*, and the *ribbon* hair.

For the *curled* preparation, take a small tress, measuring not less than three inches in length; arrange all the hairs evenly at one end, and tie them. Damp it, curl it closely as for a "flat-curl," put it in paper, and then set it to press under an iron sufficiently warm to thoroughly dry it without scorching, or rendering it harsh; put it aside for use in a book. This preparation is chiefly used for feathers.

The *waved* or *rippled* hair is prepared by plaiting hair not less than two inches in length in fine plaits, damping it, enveloping it in paper, and pressing it as we have just directed. When required for use, the plait must be carefully and patiently picked out with a pin, and the hair will be found to be rippled in the manner required. Or, if a larger wave is needed, the hair may be damped, and wound tightly in and out a fine hair-pin, and dried as before. These preparations are chiefly adapted to trees, or to the touches indicating grass or turf, or the ground.

The *ribbon* hair is formed by taking a tress, not too thick, and measuring three or more inches, and, having previously arranged all the hairs evenly, tying it at one end. Then a few drops of the gum-water must be let fall on the palette, so as to form a straight line; on this the hair is to be laid down, and held in its place by the "tied end," and then smoothed out with the ivory knife in one direction, namely, from the tied end, towards the opposite extremity, until it assumes the form of a flat ribbon, or united surface of hair, semi-transparent, and without divisions or interstices. Enough of the gum-water should be used fairly to

moisten the hair and unite it, but no more. It must be left on the palette until quite dry, and then carefully raised by means of the "tied end," and the edge of a penknife. If it comes off without splitting, it is fit for use; should it split, it must again be moistened with gum, and smoothed out as before. When not required for immediate use, it should be put into a book, for hair is so susceptible of the action of the atmosphere, that it does not do to expose it to those influences.

From this preparation, leaves, petals of flowers, corns of a wheat-ear, and such like, are cut out, either with the scissors, or by laying the hair on the palette and using the penknife; and when the *ribbon* is brittle this latter mode is to be preferred. At first it will be best to cut out the requisite portions from patterns previously prepared; but after a while, skill and practice will enable it to be done by the eye.

Besides the preparations of hair which we have thus enumerated, it will always be necessary to have an unprepared tress of hair, tied at both ends, to keep it smooth, as from this the hairs for stems, outlines, shading, tendrils, &c., &c., will have to be drawn as they are required.

The device which it is intended should be worked, must be traced on the ivory with a hard, fine-pointed pencil. We will suppose that it is the one given at the head of this article for a locket. For this the *ribbon* hair, the rippled hair, and some unprepared hair will be needed; also a piece of ivory, and a thickish solution of gum-dragon. For the tree stem, or trunk, about twenty hairs must be drawn from the tress, and passed between the finger and thumb after they have been moistened with gum-water; the ends must be cut to shape on the ivory with the penknife. The foliage of the tree is composed of the rippled hair.

We will, however, commence with the tomb (page 210). With a fine camel-hair pencil, moistened in gum-water, go over the outlines; then take two or three hairs from the tress, and passing them between a moistened thumb and finger, lay them down on the outlines, cutting off the ends with the point of the penknife, arranging them with the point of the pin, and passing the head of the pin over to smooth and fix them there. With these hairs, outline and shade the tomb. Then, for the group of

trees at back and the sky, gum the outlines as before, and all the ivory there that is to be worked on; take some twenty or more hairs from the tress, press their extremities down on the cloud lines, and let them cover that spot, and then shade them out with the point of the pin, as one would throw in pencil shading. Then lay the tress down on the upright trees, and with the penknife cut off the short lengths requisite to form all those up-strokes, and afterwards arrange them all evenly with the pin's point. Make a stem by passing four or six hairs between the thumb and finger, moistened with gum, and press it into its place with the head of the pin, cutting off any superfluous length. Now take the willow tree in front, and having gummed all that portion of the ivory, lay down the trunk, made as above directed, and then form the foliage with *rippled* hair, shading and arranging it by means of the point of the pin, and the larger and firmer brush we described. The water in front is formed by hairs laid on the gummed outlines, the long reeds are formed like the stems, and cut into shape with the knife, and the small flowers are cut out from *ribbon* hair, and laid on the gummed surface.

For groups of flowers, the leaves, petals, &c, must first be cut out; and then—the ivory having been outlined—the spray we intend to work first must be gummed, and each leaf raised separately with the tip of



HAIR DEVICE.

a moist camel-hair pencil, and brought to its place, adjusted there with the point of the pin, and then pressed down with its head. When all the leaves are placed, the stem must be made as above directed, and laid down so as to

cover the lower extremities of the leaves, and make them appear to spring from it.

For most flowers, a circle of thread, varying in size from a pin's head to a four-penny piece, must be gummed on, and the centre of it moistened with gum, and then the petals of the flower made to spring from the centre, and rest on that thread. For double flowers, a second and smaller circle of thread is put in after the first row of petals have been fixed in their places and are dry.

It is always advisable to wait until one

portion of the work is dry, before a second portion, or one that over-laps it, is added.

Wheat-ears are composed of corns cut either separately, or in a single piece, from *ribbon* hair, and with single hairs projecting from between each corn.

Feathers are made by gumming a portion of the surface of one side the feather, and laying an end of *curled* hair down on it, and cutting off the tress close to the stem of the feather; and then with pin and large brush, arranging the bit laid on gracefully and naturally. This is to be repeated until the whole feathery portion on either side is covered. The stem is then made in the same way as flower stems, and laid on so as to cover the ends; and the bands, or ribbons, formed in like manner, and adjusted to their places.

Devices must, of course, always be protected by glass or crystal, as their delicate, fragile structure will admit of no rough usage.

Much more might, doubtless, be said on each of the branches of Hair Work that we have described, but want of space compels us to close our remarks for the present. We trust however, that these instructions will be found sufficiently lucid and interesting, to afford to our readers a new and pleasing drawing-room occupation; one that will give scope for the exercise of invention, taste, artistic skill, and last, though not least, those eminently feminine qualities—neatness and patience.



SELBORNE HALL.

CHAPTER VIII

LOVE AND GRIEF.

THE summer had passed away; the guests had long since departed to their respective homes; autumn was beginning to tinge the woods with her mellow hue; and the time had come when men (who do such things) shoot partridges, and occupy themselves in the various field-sports of the season. Selborne Manor being well preserved, the game was abundant; but although, in the opening days of the partridge campaign, the young sailor took an active part in the operations, his zeal did not last for any length of time; and it was to his

elder son that the baronet looked for those trophies of the chase which, in his younger days, had been his own peculiar province. The reader, who has kindly followed thus far the course of our narrative, will possibly have but little difficulty in understanding the nature of the attraction which kept a young gentleman, of active temperament, so much at home, as in those days was Lieutenant Maitland. But we must not anticipate.

One fine September morning, as the two brothers were going out shooting together,—an event happened which, as we have hinted, was by no means of frequent occurrence,—the library window, which commanded a view of the terrace walk, was suddenly thrown up, and the voice of Sir Peregrine, issuing therefrom, was heard to hail the Lieutenant.

"I want to speak to you, Charles," he said.

Telling his brother not to wait, and that he would overtake him as soon as possible, the Lieutenant ran back, and placing one hand upon the sill of the open window, vaulted, with his gun in the other, into the apartment.

Sir Peregrine was there alone. He was looking moody and thoughtful, as, with long strides, he paced to and fro.

"Could you not as well have made your *entrée* by the usual mode—I mean, have come round by the door?"

"Why, to be sure, my dear father. But I thought the window would be the shorter, as I promised William I would overtake him as soon as possible."

"Have you any particular wish to go out shooting to-day, of all other days in the year?"

"Oh, no; not the least. I very much prefer remaining at home, I assure you."

"I know you do; and it is therefore I would speak with you. I had made up my mind to do so to-day; so if you will just lay your gun down in that corner, and shut the window, so that no one can disturb us,—there! Now bring yourself to an anchor, and listen."

"Now then, sir, I am ready," said Charles, as he settled himself in a comfortable arm-chair, and thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his shooting-jacket.

"I have had a letter this morning which concerns you. Read it, if you like; or I will read it for you."

"I will save you the trouble, sir."

"There! read it; and think well over its contents before you give me any opinion upon them," said the baronet.

"Why, this a letter from the Admiralty appointing me to another ship!" and the countenance of the reader, as he made himself master of its contents, underwent a very perceptible alteration.

"It is. And what do you say on the subject? Should you like to go to sea again—eh?" said Sir Peregrine.

"Why, yes—I mean, no. Certainly not, at present. I am quite happy, and much more comfortable where I am."

"You do not, I hope, intend to abandon your profession?"

"By no means. I delight in it."

"Then why not resume it when so favourable an opportunity has offered?"

"Do you wish me to resume it at this particular moment, my dear father?"

"I would prefer not offering an opinion, at present, upon the subject. I would have you do what you conceive to be right, without being in the least influenced by any one."

"There is something in this I cannot altogether understand. This letter has the appearance somehow, of being in reply to an application made by some one on my behalf. I wish you would be frank with me, and show me all the bearings of the case."

"It is a reply to an application. You are quite correct."

"And by whom made?"

"By myself."

"Ah! now I see it all. You wish me to leave you?"

"I wished to use any influence we have in your favour while we can."

"You are anxious I should leave you; I see you are. Tell me only the reason. Explain your motives freely, and, believe me, you shall have no reason to complain of any course I may adopt."

"I would rather, if possible, have avoided this explanation now; but as the time for it must have come sooner or later, and as you wish to hear it, I will gratify you, if, indeed, you do so earnestly desire it."

"I do, indeed,—most earnestly."

"Well, then, my dear son, I wish you to know that the present is a most critical moment in the fortunes of our

family. You are still too young to understand the necessity of keeping up appearances. You, doubtless, consider that the comforts by which you are surrounded are the result of an overflowing exchequer. Such is not the case. The family estate is eaten up by mortgages. In order to pay the interest and prevent lawsuits, I have been obliged to raise large sums at exorbitant interest. We are living now literally upon borrowed money; and it will be impossible to avert the crash much longer, or to stave off the ruin which stares us all in the face."

"You astonish me beyond measure. This is, indeed, most painful intelligence. But surely some arrangement might be made."

"William," continued the baronet, "has behaved most nobly. He offered to cut off the entail; but that would not mend matters. The interest must be paid all the same. And even if a portion of the lands were sold, our income would be reduced to so narrow a margin that we could never hold up our heads in the county again."

"This is indeed dreadful. Is my mother aware of all?"

"I have not disclosed to her the whole of our difficulties; it would serve no purpose but that of making her unhappy. Her little fortune has all been applied in meeting these demands. And there is nothing now can save us, except an event which, I had hoped, would be accomplished in a little time. Do you understand me now, Charles?"

"Not yet. I am quite in the dark."

"Well, then," continued Sir Peregrine, in a tone of deep despondency, "the fortune of your cousin, when she comes of age, will be a very considerable one. If, as I anticipate, she marries your brother, then the Maitlands of Selborne may yet flourish like the old oak, their crest."

"I see it all now," replied Charles Maitland, in a voice which trembled with emotion.

"Do not misconceive me, I entreat you, in any particular. I should be the last man in the world to place the smallest constraint upon the inclinations of any one. What I so anxiously desire to see brought about cannot, of course, be accomplished without the concurrence of all parties concerned."

"Does William know of this?"

"Perfectly. The only obstacle which I at all anticipate as likely to arise is yourself. I will be very candid with you. I see an attachment springing up between Violet and you, which I think, before very long, might lead to the alteration, if not to the entire destruction of all our hopes and plans."

"And do you, indeed, think that my presence here only can be attended with any such probable result?"

"How can I doubt it? For this reason alone have I entered thus fully into the subject with you. I would ask you to think deeply over it before we return any answer to this letter; and what the nature of that reply shall be, depends altogether upon yourself. I shall not press you in any way. In the meantime, I would only say, that what has passed between us this morning need not go farther."

It was some time before Charles Maitland could recover from the tumult of contending emotions, which this unexpected communication caused in his mind. The more deeply he reflected, the more apparent did it become to him, that he was likely to stand the chief obstacle to the prospect and welfare of those who were so very dear to him. It required an exercise of no ordinary fortitude to look calmly upon the difficulties by which he was surrounded. While he was pacing to and fro in the terrace garden, occupied by such reflections as these, a gentle voice broke in upon his reveries.

"Why, I thought you had gone out shooting with William," said his cousin.

"So I intended, but I have returned."

"Has anything happened? You look so woe-begone and melancholy."

"Something—yes—that is, I mean—"

"What do you mean?—tell me."

"Nay, Violet, not now—some other time."

"And why not now? Perhaps I may be of use; at all events, if my sympathy can in any way alleviate—"

"Nay, Violet, it is nothing more than the probability of my sudden departure which has disturbed me a little."

"Your departure! You surely cannot mean we are going to lose you?"

"Nothing more probable, dearest Violet."

"Why, I have not heard a word of it."

"It would not be likely you could; for the letter only arrived this morning."

"And does my aunt know of it?"

"I believe not—at least, not that I am aware of."

"I am sure she will not allow you to go. Why, I thought you were to have remained with us for at least a twelvemonth."

And as she spoke, the soft blue eyes of Violet filled with tears.

"Now do not, Violet—you will distress me. Some other time I will tell you all—but not now. Now I must go."

And seizing upon the little hand which was laid imploringly upon his arm, he covered it with passionate kisses, and turned hastily from the spot.

Violet followed him with wistful eyes, full of tears; and bending her steps towards the house, went in search of Lady Maitland.

Two days passed slowly over, and as yet the ominous letter remained without an answer. This was a state of things which Charles Maitland knew could not last much longer; but his father had never resumed the subject of their former conversation. Nor did his mother even once advert to it. To consult with his brother was, under all the circumstances, obviously a breach of confidence.

And in this state of uncertainty and gloom did Maitland remain, until one morning Violet Clare expressed a wish that he would walk with her on the terrace. When they had reached the scene of so many a pleasant summer's ramble, she turned to her cousin and said—

"Charles, I had yesterday a long conversation with your father."

"And I suppose he has told you everything?"

"I do not know. He has told me much which has not only surprised me, but which has caused me great pain."

"And you replied —"

"Nothing. What could I reply?"

"Then, I presume, the fact of his having communicated with you on the subject, leaves me at liberty to relieve myself from this state of painful suspense?"

Violet sighed deeply, and was silent.

"Well, Violet, what do you say? Shall I leave Selborne, or shall I remain?"

"That is not for me to decide."

"You wish, then, we should be separated?"

"No."

"Then what do you wish, in the name of goodness? Speak—put an end to this state of torture."

"I can say nothing, now. I have given my promise I would say nothing; but I think I have already more than once expressed all I feel for you in a way which cannot be mistaken."

"Then you love me? And if you do, no human power shall ever part us," exclaimed Maitland, with a sudden emotion, which he could not control.

"Nay, now, you must be calm. I have promised for you as well as for myself. There must be no promise between us, now."

"You cannot love me, or you would not speak thus coldly."

"This is the hardest of all injustice from you. What have I done to deserve it? Ah! if you could only look into my heart, you would spare me these doubts—these reproaches."

"Surely I ask for nothing, Violet, which you may not grant me. Only one word—that is all I require."

"My affection remains unaltered; but the path of duty lies plain before me. I have promised."

"But say you will be mine. I ask for nothing further."

"I cannot, dearest Charles, now."

"You then consider the claim of duty as paramount to that of love? Oh, Violet! have you a woman's heart?"

"A woman's heart, and you torture it. I expected you would have spared me—have saved me—from this."

"Then you love me, Violet? You do love me—nay, not a word. I am content, now."

And as he spoke, the arm of Charles Maitland twined itself round his cousin's slight waist—his hand pressed that which trembled within his arms—her eyes were turned with a look of ineffable fondness upon him—her lips were parted as if to speak, when a loud report of a gun was heard from the adjoining wood—so near, that Violet, whose nerves were wound up to a pitch of painful excitement, turned pale, and trembled from head to foot.

"It is only William, coming home from shooting, dearest. Let us go and meet him."

"Let us return to the house; my head is aching violently. I can see no one."

From this time, the intercourse which had formerly existed between the cousins was no longer carried on in its old familiar footing. The limits which her engagement to Sir Peregrine—as she conceived—had imposed upon her, forbade Violet any longer the pleasant rambles and frequent excursions they had formerly enjoyed. They seldom met; but when they did, there was a tenderness in her tone and manner, which, although as much as possible suppressed, yet convinced her cousin that, however influenced by a sense of duty, her feelings were unaltered.

At length, the day of departure arrived. A hurried interview was all that Charles Maitland could obtain, in which Violet informed him that she had had another conversation with Sir Peregrine—that she had given him her promise—that no decision should be made for the space of another year, during which period he was to remain absent. With this he was forced to be content; and he departed once more with a heavy heart, but with a still hopeful spirit, from the old home which he had entered so full of joyful anticipations.

NOTES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY A NATURALIST.

THE MOLE (*Talpa Vulgaris*).—It is a curious fact in the natural history of Ireland, that species of animals found in England are not found there, although we have often had an idea that Great Britain and Ireland were once joined. The common mole is an instance of this, as it is not found in any part of Ireland. In hazarding the supposition that Ireland was joined to England even before the Union, we are not doing so without having any grounds for so speculating. The Irish Elk (*Megaceros Hibernicus*) is found in Ireland, the Isle of Man, and in England; and unless these islands were once joined, we cannot conceive how the remains of the animal could be found in all three.

But to return to the mole. It is one of the most indefatigably industrious little creatures that exists. Its whole life is one of laborious and enduring toil, if toil it can be called; for though to us its constant

work may seem toilsome, yet perhaps to the animal itself it but affords the only means of employing the powers bestowed on it by its Maker.

In fact, a mole kept out of the earth, and afforded no means for exercising its natural powers, would soon languish and die.

The food of moles consists of insects and worms; and though sometimes vegetable matters may be swallowed, the mole does not take them as food, but while gnawing the roots of plants for larvæ and worms, some portions of the plant may pass into the stomach.

"Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not Hear a foot fall,"

says Shakspeare; and no doubt many of our readers have heard the expression, "as blind as a mole," yet the mole is not blind; true, its eyes are very very small, and well preserved from dirt and dust; but still eyes it has, though it has no external ears. The mole, as is well known, lives under-ground, and bores away in subterranean darkness; it does not become dormant in winter, and thus has to labour all the year round.

The fore-feet are most admirably adapted for digging—they are broad, and have the palms turned out—in fact, they are "just the thing." To others the mole may seem to be destined to pass a miserable life; but to the naturalist it affords another proof "of the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator which can render a life so apparently incompatible with comfort, in reality one of almost incessant enjoyment."

The generic character of *Talpa* may be thus summed up:—Body stout and thick, furry; head elongated; muzzle cartilaginous, strengthened by the snout bone; eyes very small; no external ears; anterior feet, short and wide, with five united toes armed with nails; posterior feet with five toes also, but weak; tail short.

HONEY-DEW.—The celebrated honey-dew of the poets is found to be a saccharine secretion deposited by many species of aphids or plant lice. Ants are exceedingly fond of this, not only sucking it with avidity whenever it can be obtained, but in some cases shutting up the aphids in apartments constructed specially for the purpose, and tending them with as much assiduity and care as we would bestow on our milch cattle; and it is singular that ants and aphids both become torpid at the same degree of cold in winter.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS ON CHESS.

BY HERR HARRWITZ.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

ON THE NOTATION IN GENERAL USE IN THIS COUNTRY.

THE way to describe the moves for the purpose of recording games that have been played, or to play a game with some one living several hundred or more miles off, is this:—The squares of the board are named after the pieces which occupy the first rank at the beginning of a game; as, for example, the square occupied by the King is called the King's square; that occupied by the Queen, the Queen's square; the Bishop standing near the King is called the King's Bishop; that standing near the Queen, the Queen's Bishop, and the squares they occupy the

King's Bishop's square, the Queen's Bishop's square; and the same with the two Knights and the two Rooks and their squares. The Pawns, which stand before these pieces, take their denominations after them; thus, the Pawn standing before the King is called the King's Pawn; that standing in front of the King's Knight, the King's Knight's Pawn; that before the Queen's Rook, the Queen's Rook's Pawn, and so forth. The squares on which the Pawns stand, however, are designated after the pieces in front of which they originally stood; thus, the square occupied by the King's Pawn is called the King's second; the one above the King's third, and so on to the eighth. Each player counts from his own side, so that what White calls the King's eighth square, Black would call the King's square. The following diagram gives the double designation of each square:—

BLACK.

•bs e, H	•bs e, H	•bs e, H	•bs e, H	•bs e, H	•bs e, H	•bs e, H	•bs e, H
Q R's 8th	Q R's 8th	Q B's 8th	Q's 8th	K's 8th	A B's 8th	K K's 8th	K R's 8th
•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H
Q R's 7th	Q R's 7th	Q B's 7th	Q's 7th	K's 7th	K B's 7th	K K's 7th	K R's 7th
•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H
Q R's 6th	Q R's 6th	Q B's 6th	Q's 6th	K's 6th	K B's 6th	K K's 6th	K R's 6th
•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H
Q R's 5th	Q R's 5th	Q B's 5th	Q's 5th	K's 5th	K B's 5th	K K's 5th	K R's 5th
•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H
Q R's 4th	Q R's 4th	Q B's 4th	Q's 4th	K's 4th	K B's 4th	K K's 4th	K R's 4th
•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H
Q R's 3d	Q R's 3d	Q B's 3d	Q's 3d	K's 3d	K B's 3d	K K's 3d	K R's 3d
•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H
Q R's 2d	Q R's 2d	Q B's 2d	Q's 2d	K's 2d	K B's 2d	K K's 2d	K R's 2d
•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H	•ps e, H
Q R's sq.	Q R's sq.	Q B's sq.	Q's sq.	K's sq.	K B's sq.	K K's sq.	K R's sq.

WHITE.

It will be seen from the above that only the initials of the names of pieces are written for the sake of brevity, Kt. standing for Knight. The student should take one

piece at a time, and move it about on the board until he becomes quite familiar, both with the moves and the notation; but if he should find any difficulty in retaining the designation of the squares, he may write the names of each of them on a little slip of paper, and paste them on the squares, in the manner given above.

Before proceeding any further, the student should be conversant with the technical terms used in Chess, of which the subjoined are the principal, and those of common occurrence.

CHECK.

When a piece or Pawn attacks the adverse King, the latter is said to be in check, and a player thus menacing an adverse King must notify it by saying—"check!" whereupon the other player must immediately either move his King to another square, capture the piece or pawn which checks, or cover the check by interposing one of his own men between his King and the adverse man from which the check proceeds. But if he is unable to do either, then the King is *checkmate*, and the game is lost.

DISCOVERED-CHECK

Is when a player, by removing one man, checks from a piece standing behind it, and which he thus unmasks.

DOUBLE CHECK

Arises when a player, by removing a piece, gives check by discovery, and at the same time checks also with that piece so moved away. A treble check is impossible.

PERPETUAL CHECK

Is when a player keeps checking without altering the position, and the game is then given up as drawn.

DRAWN GAME

Is when neither party can checkmate. This may arise from various causes. From perpetual check; when there is not sufficient force left to effect checkmate, as, for instance, each party having King and Bishop, or King and Knight, and when each party is left with equal force, as, each King and Queen, or King and Rook; when a player has King and Rook, or King, Knight, and Bishop, and fails to checkmate his adversary in fifty moves; when

both parties persist in making the same moves repeatedly; and lastly, when one of the players is

STALEMATE.

This arises when a player has no piece or pawn which he can move, and his King being placed in such a position, that he cannot be played to any square without going into check, without, however, being in check. Stalemate is a drawn game.

SMOTHERED MATE.

This is given by a Knight, when the adverse King is so surrounded by his own men, that he cannot move, nor take the checking Knight.

SCHOLAR'S MATE.

This can only be effected against a beginner, hence the appellation. It arises from the following moves:—

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. K. P. 2. | 1. K. P. 2. |
| 2. K. B. to Q. B. 4. | 2. K. B. to Q. B. 4. |
| 3. Q. to K. B. 3. | 3. K. R. P. 1. |
| 4. Q. takes K. B. P.—checkmate. | |

THE FOOL'S MATE

Is even more simple:—

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. K. B. P. 1. | 1. K. P. 2. |
| 2. K. Kt. P. 2. | 2. Q. to K. R. 5—checkmate. |

FORCED MOVE.

When a player has but one move at command.

MINOR PIECES

Are called the Bishops and Knights in contradistinction to the Queens and Rooks.

THE EXCHANGE.

A player giving a Rook in exchange for an adverse Knight or Bishop, is said to lose the exchange, because a Rook is of greater value.

FALSE MOVE.

When a player makes a move by which he violates the laws of the game, such as moving a Knight like a Bishop, or like a Rook, &c.

THE OPPOSITION.

When, at the end of a game, a player brings his King right opposite to the adverse King, whereby he arrests his progress, he has gained the opposition.

TO THE MEMORY OF ISABEL SOUTHEY.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus—
 When Hope hath built a bower
 Like that of Eden, wreath'd about
 With every thornless flower,
 To dwell therein securely
 The self-deceiver's trust,
 A whirlwind from the desert comes,
 And all is in the dust.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus,—
 That when the poor heart clings
 With all its finest tendrils,
 With all its flexile rings,
 That goodly thing it cleaveth to,
 So fondly and so fast,
 Is struck to earth by lightning,
 Or shatter'd by the blast

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus,—
 With beams of mortal bliss,
 With looks too bright and beautiful
 For such a world as this,
 One moment round about us
 Their "Angel lightnings" play,
 Then down the veil of darkness drops,
 And all hath pass'd away.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus,—
 With sounds too sweet for earth,
 Seraphic sounds, that float away
 (Borne heavenward), in their blith,
 The golden shell is broken,
 The silver chord is mute,
 The sweet bells all are silent,
 And hush'd the lively lute.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus,—
 With all that's best below,
 The dearest, noblest, loveliest,
 Are always first to go,
 The bud that sings the sweetest,
 The pine that crowns the rock,
 The glory of the garden,
 The flower of the flock

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus,—
 With creatures heavenly fair,
 Too finely framed to bear the brunt
 More earthly natures bear,
 A little while they dwell with us,
 Blest ministers of love,
 Then spread the wings we had not seen,
 And seek their home above.

YE ARE NOT MISSED, FAIR FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Ye are not missed, fair flowers, that late were
 spreading
 The summer's glow by fount and breezy grot;
 There falls the dew, its fairy favours shedding,
 The leaves dance on, the young birds miss you not.

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling water,
 O Lily! whence thy cup of pearl is gone,
 The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest
 daughter,
 There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone.
 And thou, meek hyacinth! afar is roving
 The bee that oft thy assembling bells hath kiss'd,
 Cradled ye were, fair flowers! 'midst all things
 loving,
 A joy to all—yet, yet ye are not miss'd!
 Ye that were born to lend the sunbeam gladness,
 And the winds fragrance, wandering where they
 list,—
 Oh! it were breathing words too deep in sadness
 To say—earth's human flowers not more miss'd!

THE FIRST WHITE LOCKS.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

They tell me that old age creeps on,
 And truly I can trace,
 In bended frame, and alter'd brow,
 His sure and stealthy pace
 The pulse no longer fed by youth,
 Beats languidly and slow,
 And Time hath laid his stern impress
 Upon these locks of snow.

But still though Winter reigns without,
 The heart within is warm,
 And has not lost its keen delight
 In all that once could charm.
 I love the merry laugh and song,
 The spirit's genial flow,
 Though Time hath laid his stern impress
 Upon these locks of snow.

And Nature smiles as lovingly
 As in the days gone by,
 Although the weight of added years
 Hath somewhat dimm'd mine eye.
 The green fields and the summer flow'rs
 Still fresh in beauty glow,
 Though Time hath laid his stern impress
 Upon these locks of snow.

The friends I knew have pass'd away,
 But there are others yet,
 To calm the thoughts of youthful days,
 And hush the vain regret.
 Sweet faces make a paradise
 Of love and joy below,
 Though Time hath laid his stern impress
 Upon these locks of snow.

WORSHIP.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Why should we crave a hallow'd spot?
 An altar is in each man's cot,
 A church in every grove that spreads
 A living roof above our heads.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

Pine-Apple Jelly.—Take a perfectly ripe and sound pine-apple, cut off the outside, cut it in small pieces; bruise them, and to each pound put a tea-cup of water; put it in a preserving-kettle over the fire, cover the kettle, and let them boil for twenty minutes; then strain it, and squeeze it through a bit of muslin. For each pound of fruit take a pound of sugar; put a tea-cup of water to each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved; then add the pine-apple juice. For each quart of the syrup, clarify an ounce of the best isinglass, and stir it in; let it boil until, by taking some on a plate to cool, you find it a stiff jelly. Secure it as directed.

Oranges in Jelly.—Take a dozen of the smallest sized oranges; boil them in three changes of water, until a straw will easily penetrate the skin; take half a pound of white sugar for each pound of oranges, and for each pound of sugar a small tea-cup of water; when it is all dissolved, set it over a gentle fire, put in the oranges, cover them, and let them boil gently; when the fruit looks clear, take the oranges up, cut them half-way down in quarters, or cut them entirely through; put to the syrup half an ounce of isinglass dissolved in a little hot water, give it one boil, then take some of it into a saucer; if it is not as thick as you wish, boil it a short time longer, put the oranges into a deep glass dish, and turn the jelly over them. Apple-jelly may be used instead of isinglass. Lemons may be done in this manner. This is a highly ornamental dish, and may be made the day before it is wanted. This jelly may be made firm, and the oranges sliced; put an ounce of isinglass to a quart of syrup. Put the jelly an inch deep in the mould; when it is cold, lay in slices of the preserved orange; put more jelly in; when that is cold, put on more slices; and so continue until the mould is full. When wanted, dip the mould for an instant in hot water, then turn it out on a flat glass dish.

To Preserve Crab-Apples.—Take off the stem, and core them with a pen-knife, without cutting them open; weigh a pound of white sugar for each pound of prepared fruit; put a tea-cup of water to each pound of sugar; put it over a moderate fire. When the sugar is all dissolved, and hot, put the apples in; let them boil gently until they are clear, then skim them out, and spread them on flat dishes. Boil the syrup until it is thick; put the syrup in whatever they are to be kept in, and when the syrup is cooled and settled, pour it carefully over the fruit. Slices of lemon boiled with the fruit may be considered an improvement; one lemon is enough for several pounds of fruit. Crab-apples may be preserved

whole, with only half an inch of the stem on; three quarters of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit.

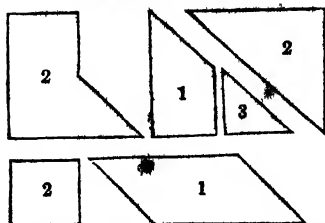
To Preserve Apples.—Pare and core, and cut them in halves or quarters; take as many pounds of the best brown sugar; put a tea-cup of water to each pound. When it is dissolved, set it over the fire; and when boiling hot, put in the fruit, and let it boil gently until it is clear, and the syrup thick; take the fruit with a skimmer on to flat dishes, spread it to cool, then put it in pots or jars, and pour the jelly over. Lemons boiled tender in water, and sliced thin, may be boiled with the apples.

To Preserve Pippins in Slices.—Take the fairest pippins, pare them, and cut them in slices a quarter of an inch thick, without taking out the cores; boil two or three lemons, and slice them with the apples; take the same weight of white sugar (or clarified brown sugar), put half a gill of water for each pound of sugar, dissolve it, and set it over the fire; when it is boiling hot, put in the slices, let them boil very gently until they are clear, then take them with a skimmer and spread them on flat dishes to cool; boil the syrup until it is quite thick, put the slices on flat dishes, and pour the syrup over. These may be done a day before they are wanted; two hours will be sufficient to make a fine dish for dessert or supper.

Orange Jelly.—Put one quart of water into a saucepan with a quarter of a pound of hatshorn shavings, or two ounces of isinglass broken small; boil it gently until it is a strong jelly: take the juice from four large oranges, and two fine lemons, and half the yellow rind from one orange and one lemon, pared thin; put them to the jelly, and make it sweet with loaf sugar; then beat the whites of four eggs to a high froth, mix it in, and let it boil for ten minutes, then run it through a jelly bag once or twice, until it is perfectly clear; put it in fancy moulds. When you wish to serve it, set the mould for a few seconds in a pan of hot water, turn a flat glass or china dish over the mould, reverse it with the mould upon it, and if the jelly does not immediately loosen, give it a smart tap with the hand.

Candied Orange or Lemon Peel.—Boil the rind from thick skin oranges or lemons in plenty of water, until they are tender, and the bitterness is out; change the water once or twice, if necessary. Clarify half a pound of sugar with half a cup of water for each pound of peel; when it is clear, put in the peels, cover them, and boil them until clear, and the syrup almost a candy; then take them out, and lay them on inverted sieves to dry; boil the syrup with additional sugar, then put in the peels; stir them about until the sugar candies around them; then take them on to a sieve, and set them into a warm oven, or before a fire; when perfectly dry, pack them in a wooden box, with tissue paper between.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.



Cut as many pieces of each figure in cardboard as they have numbers marked on each, then join in the pride of the British army with them.

ANAGRAMS

ON WELL-KNOWN SONGS.

- 1 A mile-burnt air.
- 2 Use oil by fate.
- 3 Guide Sally Nan
- 4 Whom to see me, eh?
- 5 Dice to rig the moon's game

F. L. M., LEICESTER

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS

1.

How many steps would a gardener have to take who had to water 100 trees, distant five steps from each other, and who is obliged to fetch the water for each tree from a well, distant ten paces from the first?

2.

A person wishes by saving 6d one week, 64d the next week, 7d the third, and so on, to accumulate the sum of £104 11s. How long will it be before he has attained his object?

GEOGRAPHICAL PARADOXES.

1.

There are two remarkable places on the globe of the earth, in which there is only one day and one night throughout the whole year.

2.

There are some places on the earth in which it is neither day nor night, at a certain time of the year, for the space of twenty-four hours.

3.

There is a certain place on the globe, of a considerably southern latitude, that has both the greatest and least degree of longitude.

4.

There are three remarkable places on the globe, that differ in latitude as well as in longitude, and yet all of them lie under the same meridian.

I thrash'd ten quarters of fine wheat,
I ate just thirty pounds of meat,
Beside a calf that weigh'd eight stone,
I ate the whole, pick'd every bone.
Yet more,—myself to satisfy,
Ate three roast pigs, which made me dry;
Drank sixteen pints of cherry brandy,
Then ate five pounds of sugar-candy;
All this I did—all in one day
'Tis true, I tell you, what I say.

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME.

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ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1. To solve this problem it must be observed, that as the lion, when it throws the water from its mouth, fills the basin in 6 hours, it can fill $\frac{1}{6}$ of it in an hour; and that as it fills it in 2 days when it throws the water from its right eye, it can fill $\frac{1}{2}$ of it in an hour. It will be found, in like manner, that it can fill $\frac{1}{3}$ of it in an hour when the water flows from its left eye, and $\frac{1}{4}$ when it flows from its foot. By throwing the waters from all these apertures at the same time, it furnishes in an hour $\frac{1}{6} + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{4}$, and these fractions added together are equal to $\frac{13}{12}$. We must therefore make the following proposition.—If $\frac{13}{12}$ are filled in one hour or 60 minutes, how many minutes will the whole basin, or $\frac{12}{12}$, require or as 61 is to 266, so is 1 hour, to the answer, which will be 4 hours, 43 minutes, 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds.—2 The solution of this problem is exceedingly easy. The first had £160, the second £125, the third £96, and the fourth £120. It is to be observed, that without the last-mentioned condition, or a fourth one of some kind or other, the problem would be indeterminate, that is to say, would be susceptible of a great many answers. The last condition, however, limits it to one only.—3. He worked 23 days of the 40, and remained idle 12.

CHARADES.—1 Foot-stool. 2 Love-ly. 3 Fee-less. 4 Re-store. 5 Chair-man. 6 Book-case. 7 Pen-sive. 8 Waist-coat. 9 Heart's ease. 10 Pen-sion.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1 Fountain, Acorn, Mallet, Infant, Laur, Yam, Fuy, Raphael, Idea, Epistle, Naphtha, Dab—FAMILY FRIEND.—2. Mormon, Meta, Mentor, Marmot, Roan, Mame—Ornament.—3 Nun, Illusion, Lion, Cousin, Nose, Nile—Seclusion.—4. Tar, Hart, Heart, Cat, Rat, Eat, Trap, Pet, Carpet, Hay, Heat, Bay, Crapo, Peat, Chart—Heptarchy.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Ralph Waldo Emerson. 2 E Bulwer Lytton. 3 Charles Dickens. 4 Douglas Jerrold. 5 D'Ignelli. 6 Gillilan. 7 T. B. Macaulay. 8 Alfred Tennyson. 9 Mary Howitt. 10 Thomas Carlyle. 11. Harriet Martineau. 12. Lamartine. 13. Longfellow

OUR FAMILY COUNCIL.

HARK, at the appointed hour, we sit at our Council-board. The same kind faces that smiled upon us when last we met, seem present now in our mind's eye, and a long array of "new friends are rallying around us. Here is one "G C S," who flatters us exceedingly. "I feel ashamed," he writes, with convincing earnestness, "that I have not earlier known the FAMILY FAIRY." The rest, for the sake of our modesty, we withhold. Never mind for the past, G C S. It is true, that "old friends, like old swords, are trusted best." Nevertheless, it is never too late to gain a friend. We will endeavour to deserve your good opinion.

A voice from Castalia salutes us next. "MARION" is the sweet nightingale. "Do you accept original verses?" inquires the singing bird.

Most certainly, especially if the poet can combine all the essentials Cowper has described —

"Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength words exquisitely sought,
Fancy, that, from the bonds that span the sky
Brings colours, dipped in heaven that never die,
A soul exalted above earth, a mind
Skill'd in the characters that form mankind."

But be not dismayed, fair Marion, we are very desirous of adorning our columns with good poetry, and due allowance will be made where the inspiration is correct—so by all means send us the verses.

HENRY SAUNDERS is also probably a poet for he loves cloud land. His question, however is prosaic, for he inquires "whether smoking is prejudicial to health?" We have already answered similar applicants but as we are in an indulgent mood, we will reply in the words of the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, who says—"There is no harm in smoking tobacco, except that it leads to drinking, drinking to intoxication, intoxication to bile, bile to indigestion, indigestion to consumption, consumption to death. That's all, add the reverend monitor, and with these two finishing words, we must leave the subject of narcotic influences to our friend.

A. J. H. has somewhat disturbed our quietude with reflections on railway accidents but to console us he has sent, for the benefit of our readers, a newspaper paragraph on "the safest seat in a railway car." "It is very well known that the car nearest the engine is exposed to the least dust, and that the rear car of a train is generally safer than the front car. The safest is probably the last car but one, in a train of more than two cars, that is, there are fewer chances of accidents to this than any other. If it is a way train at moderate speed, or any train standing still, a collision is possible from another train in the rear, in which case the last car receives the first shock. Again, an engine and the front cars of a train will often go over a broken rail, or a cow, or stone, without derailment,

while the last car, having nothing to draw it into the line of the train, is free to leave the track. Next to the forward car the rear car is probably the most unsafe in the train. The safest seat is probably near the centre of the last car but one, and in a very long train in the centres of the last two or three cars next to the last." We have no doubt that the advice is very sensible, but we are puzzled to think how every one can be accommodated in the 'safest' place. Perhaps A. J. H. can enlighten us!

And now for a passing observation on Table-turning. The ladies, with that investigating spirit which so highly distinguishes them, seem greatly interested in the matter, and we have several letters which we must unavoidably pass over. "Leonora," however, must permit us to correct her impression that the experiment of Professor Faraday, explained in page 199 of the FAMILY FAIRY, has not been well received abroad. Report tells otherwise. According to the Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, Professor Faraday's elucidation of the mystery of table-turning has been translated into all the newspapers and has excited very great attention indeed. Gratitude is expressed to the eminent scientist for the pains he has condescended to take to demonstrate, by actual experiment, that it is by physical power, and not by any magnetic fluid that tables move on being pressed by the fingers. (Complaints are made that the Academy of Sciences or at least some member of it did not take the trouble to do the same sort of thing when the table moving mania was at its height.)

From table turning to spirit-rapping the transition is natural, but let us spare us a controversy. The last spirit invoked has settled the question. A party of Yankee philosophers had evidently worried it, for on the repeated importunity of what could be the use of comets it gave the ghostly answer, "to eat their own tails."

"Good Mr. Editor," in a beautiful feminine handwriting, arrests our attention, what can I do to get a colour on my cheek? Paleness and myself seem friends inseparable."

"Try exercise, gentle lady."

"This is common advice," replies M. "Can you tell me nothing more?"

"Possibly we can, although we generally leave such matters to the priests of Hygeia. Let us hear what Sir Philip Sidney could say amidst the sylvan glades of Penshurst —

'The common ingredients of health and long life are,

Great temperance, open air,
Easy labour, little care.'

A wise physician, truly, but to make the roses bloom in their natural place, Dr. Johnson says —

"I would recommend those of my fair country women who have leisure, as well as means, to improve the languid state of their circulation, and the delicacy of their complexion, by a system

OUR COUNCIL TABLE.

of exercise, which will give colour to their cheeks, firmness to their muscles, tone to their nerves, and energy to their minds." Here is consolation for every fair Niobe. The "Calisthenic Exercises," in our Fourth Volume of the *FAMILY FRIEND*, New Series, will prove a good commencement to the system.

We cannot resist the importunities of THOMAS JACKSON, who desires to know "how he may plunge his hands into boiling tar without injury to them." A pleasant experiment, truly, requiring perhaps more courage than dexterity; but the effect is explained by Sir David Brewster, who ascribes it to the slowness with which tar communicates its heat; this he conceives to arise from the abundant volatile vapour which is evolved "carrying off rapidly the caloric in a latent state, and intervening between the tar and the skin, so as to prevent the more rapid communication of heat." He also states that when the hand is withdrawn, and the hot tar adhering to it, the rapidity with which this vapour is evolved, from the surface exposed to the air, cools it immediately. These are curious facts; but surely THOMAS JACKSON would not object to exchange the tar for sugar in testing the experiment. A wet finger may be dipped into a pan of boiling sugar, and even without being wet, if instantly withdrawn and plunged in cold water.

E. S. inquires, "Whether we receive manuscripts in prose and verse?"—Certainly; and if the matter is such as we can commend, and is likely to be useful to our extensive family circle, we are too glad to receive it; but E. S. must leave these points to our judgment.

"What kinds of presents are most suitable to young people?" inquires LILLIAN MAY.

Our fair questioner must excuse the enumeration of articles proper for such purposes. Presents made to friends should consist of things likely to be often in view, and in use; so that they may frequently, and agreeably, bring the giver to memory. At least, this is our definition. Circumstances must decide, in many cases.

"Is it polite to relate anecdotes in company?"

It depends entirely, Mr. JAMES MRADOWS, on the qualifications of the narrator. Men who tell stories briefly and well are generally liked; but a prosy raconteur is tiresome, and to be avoided.

We think our readers will not consider it presumption, if, in return for our answers, we submit the following "queries" for their own consideration, bearing in mind the mutual assistance we recommended in our last Council.

Another "MARION" in the field, desires to know the best way of preserving roses for the winter?

"What is the most efficient mode of producing hair?"—F. O. LEMPERIER.

"EMMA" wishes for a receipt to remove iron-moulds in a delicate print without injury to the colours.

A "SUBSCRIBER" is desirous to learn how seal engravers take the beautiful proof impressions in wax which they send out with each new seal.

Z. P. is "about to explore the Highlands of Scotland, and wishes to take an instrument with him which will indicate the various heights as he travels. The ' Aneroid ' would suit if it could be depended upon."

E. DAVIS wishes to have a safe receipt for cleaning oil paintings.

But our loaded columns warn us to close our Council for the present. Bear with us for awhile, good friends—

"Tis all mea's office to speak patience."

We will, as occasion affords, be just to all. Our pen shall be

"Like the sunbeam's burning wing,

Like the wand in Cinderella;

And if it touch a common thing,

Shall change to gold the pumpkin yellow!"

OUR COUNCIL TABLE.

We shall occasionally notice, for the interest of our readers, such works as may be sent to us to review. A careful perusal will enable us to form an impartial opinion of their contents, and this may be of considerable utility to those of our readers who reside remote from the great metropolis, and are, consequently, unable to test the character of such publications. Denham says:—

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce;
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use."

And we adopt this category when referring to the *Family Friend* as a Magazine of Domestic Economy, Entertainment, Instruction, and Practical Science.

We have now lying on our Council-Table—

The Progress of Improvement in the Treatment of Consumption, with some new remedial means.
By DR. JAMES TURNBULL. John Churchill.

The Poetical Remains of Peter John Allan.
Edited by the REV. HENRY CHRISTMAS. Smith, Elder, & Co.

Scenes in the Life of Christ: a Course of Lectures by the REV. HENRY CHRISTMAS. Smith, Elder & Co.

The History of Europe, from 1789 to the Battle of Waterloo. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON. People's Edition. In shilling Parts. Wm. Blackwood.

The Poultry Book, with illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Parts I. to IV. Orr & Co.

Remarks on the Pictures of the National Gallery. By WALTER J. H. ROSS. F. T. W. Boone.

London to Dublin, with a Trip to the Irish Lakes and the Mountains of Connemara. With maps and numerous engravings. Orr & Co.

DR. TURNBULL, an eminent physician of Liver-

pool, who has made the treatment of Consumption, and all Pulmonary diseases, a subject of experimental attention for several years, has published a very interesting statement of cures, in which his views are developed. We recommend the work to the earnest attention of all those who are suffering from pulmonary affections, and these, unhappily, form a large class in our country.

"I have always," says the author, "been desirous of tracing how nature brings about spontaneous recovery." A sentence like this will at once enlist the sympathies of his readers. "Close observation of her operations," he adds, "has incontrovertibly proved that she succeeds in no inconsiderable number of cases of Consumption in arresting, and even, in some instances, in effecting perfect recovery, of a disease which had long been set aside as utterly beyond the reach of medical treatment."

So much for nature; for the adjunctive remedies of art, Dr. Turnbull recommends, among others, the use of cod-liver oil, judiciously administered, and combined with such other treatment as particular circumstances may require.

The Rev. Henry Christmas has edited a collection of fragmentary poems by the late Peter John Allan, of Fredericton, New Brunswick. The brief career of the poet is chronicled by his brother, and the memoir is simple and affecting. Mr. Allan's talents were of a high order, if we may judge from the specimens in the volume before us. Several of the poems are of great sweetness and beauty. One, the "Land of Dreams," contains the following striking passage:

"Could I, from heaven's melodious choir
Select a harp, whose sounds should prove
The very breath and soul of love;
Soft as dew, and clear as fire—
The morning's dew, and crystal fire of day—
Then fity might I hope to sing
The joys from woman's love that spring."

We shall select, for a future number of the FAMILY FRIEND, several other poems which have afforded us much pleasure.

"Scenes in the Life of Christ," a course of lectures by the Rev. Henry Christmas, contain some excellent comments on Christian life. The example of our Saviour is placed before us in a manner calculated to win the attention of the most careless-minded, and to lead our thoughts to pure and holy inspirations. The style of these lectures is energetic and convincing.

"The People's Edition of Alison's History of Europe," from 1789 to the Battle of Waterloo. The merits of this work are too widely appreciated to need comment. We need merely allude to the cheapness of the publication, which is a marvel, even in this economic age.

The breeders of Poultry, and their name is now "legion," will welcome as a boon the "Poultry Book," a serial in course of publication, and

especially devoted to the characteristics, management, rearing, and medical treatment of the gallinæ and other tribes. Speculation has run riot over the merits or deficiencies of certain birds; but if we may judge from the four parts of this work which have already appeared, under the edited editorship of the Rev. W. Wingfield and G. W. Johnson—men well known to naturalists—we think that a fair and plain statement of facts may be relied upon. Representations of the most celebrated prize birds, drawn from life by Harrison Wair, and printed in colours by the chromatic press, adorn this really useful work.

Mr. WALTER J. H. BOND has published some observations on the pictures in the National Gallery, which have recently been cleaned; also practical remarks on the art of cleaning and restoring oil paintings. We have no space left to enter into a subject which has already been ably canvassed in the public journals. To those interested in the restoration of pictures, we can refer to *Merimée on Oil Painting*, translated by Taylor; *Buchanan's Memoirs of Painting*; *De Burtin*, translated by White; and *Mogford's Handbook for the Preservation of Paintings* Winsor and Newton. 1851.

"*London to Dublin*," with a trip to the Irish Lakes, and the Mountains of Connemara, with numerous engravings on steel and wood, comes pleasantly in our path at this season of "cheap" excursions, and is a strong provocation to leave the pent-up metropolis, and rally forth to gather a fresh lease of life, and experience to enjoy it.

"'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill horse,
Still in the place he was born in, round and blinded."

We dare not, at present, trust ourselves to more than a glance at the engravings, so beautiful and enticing in their aspect; but we have "performed" (in the old coach phrase) the greater part of the journey itself in company with the author, and an agreeable and instructive companion, we can say, he will prove, either at the window—all of our own homes, or amidst the glorious loveliness of the Irish Lakes. No doubt many of our more favoured and erratic countrymen will prolong their stay in that "first city of the world," in an Irishman's estimation—fair Dublin—now possessing an additional attraction in its fairy palace, a trophy of patriotism that will never be forgotten. With the intelligent *compagnon de voyage* we have recommended to the visitor, he will find his thirst for information amply supplied, and the romantic features of Irish scenery will be more vividly impressed upon his memory, from the historical notices to be found in the work itself. In addition to the engravings, maps of the environs of Dublin and of the South of Ireland accompany the text. The work is published in a compact form, fit for the library or the portmanteau.



EVA MEREDITH QUITTING THE MANSION OF LORD JAMES KYBINGTON.

TALES OF THE AFFECTIONS.

BY THE COUNTESS D'ARBOUVILLE.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE pretty child," said Lady Mary. "See, my lord, these silken fair curls! how brilliant the sun makes them. . . . But, Eva dear, how is it that your son is always so taciturn? He has none of the activity, the gaiety of his age."

"He is always sad," replied Mrs. Meredith. "By my side, alas! he had no opportunity of learning how to laugh."

"We must endeavour to amuse him, to make him lively," resumed Lady Mary. "Go, my dear child, embrace your grand-papa; stretch out your arms to him, and tell how you love him."

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"William did not stir."

"Don't you know how to kiss? Harry, my dear, kiss your uncle, and set your cousin a good example."

"Harry jumped up on Lord James's knees, put his arms round his neck, and said,

"I love you, uncle."

"Now it is your turn, my dear child," continued Lady Mary.

"William remained motionless, without even raising his eyes toward his grandfather."

"A tear rolled down the cheeks of Eva Meredith."

"It is my fault," she said; "I have been a bad instructress to my child."

"And taking William in her lap, the tears, as they escaped from her eyes, fell on the forehead of her son; he felt them not

and went off to sleep on the oppressed bosom of his mother.

"Try," said Lord James to his daughter-in-law, "to make William become less rustic in his manners."

"I will endeavour," Eva replied in that tone of submissive gentleness, that I had known so long; "I will endeavour, and I shall perhaps succeed, if Lady Mary would have the goodness to tell me what method she has adopted to make her child so happy and so gay."

"Then the desolate mother regarded Harry, who was playing near the arm-chair of his Lordship, and her looks fell back on her own poor child, as it slept.

"He suffered much previous to his birth," she murmured "But I will endeavour to weep no more, so that William may be gay like other children."

"Two days elapsed; two painful days, full of secret anxieties, full of melancholy inquietude. The face of Lord James evinced anxiety; his glance at times interrogated me. I turned away my eyes to avoid answering.

"On the morning of the third day, Lady Mary entered the room with some toys of all kinds that she brought the two children. Harry took up a sword, and ran about the chamber uttering frequent cries of joy. William remained motionless, holding in his little hand the toys that had been given to him, but without an effort to play with them: he did not even look at them.

"Stay, my lord," said Lady Mary to her brother, "take this book of engravings and give it to your grandson, perhaps his attention may be excited by the pictures in it!"

"Then she led William to Lord James's side. The child mutely obeyed her, walked, stopped, and stood still like a statue, just where she placed him.

"Lord James opened the book. All eyes were turned towards the group formed by the old man and his grandson. The former was sombre, silent, severe. He turned over several pages slowly, pausing at each picture, with a look at William, whose eyes, fixed on vacancy, were not even directed towards the book. His Lordship turned a few leaves more—then his hand no longer moved; the book slid off his knees to the floor, and an oppressive silence reigned throughout the chamber.

"Lady Mary came up to me, and leant towards me as if to whisper in my ear; but in a voice loud enough to reach all, she said—

"But this child is an idiot, Doctor!"

"A shriek answered her. Eva rose up as if a thunderbolt had struck her, and snatching up her son, whom she pressed convulsively to her bosom—"Idiot!" she exclaimed, her indignant glance brightening up for the first time with a more vivid light. "Idiot!" she repeated; "because he has been unhappy all his life; because he has seen nought but tears since his eyes were opened; because he knows not how to play like your son, who has never had aught, but joy around him! Come, come, my child!" exclaimed Eva, all in tears, "come, let us take ourselves far away from these pitiless hearts, who have only harsh words for our misfortunes!"

"And the unhappy mother, carrying her child, ascended rapidly to her chamber. I accompanied her. She placed William on the floor, and kneeling before the little child—"My boy, my boy!" she said.

"William advanced towards her, and came and laid his head on his mother's shoulder.

"'Doctor,' she exclaimed, 'he loves me! You see he does! He comes to me when I call him! He kisses me! His caresses have sufficed for my tranquillity, have made up my sad happiness! Oh, God, was not this, then, enough? My boy, speak to me, reassure me! find some word to comfort me—only one word to say to your mother in her despair! Up to this moment I have asked you but to give back to me the feelings of your father, and to leave me in silence, that I might weep without restraint. This day, William, I must have words from you. See you not my tears, my terror? Dear baby, thou, so beautiful, so like your father, speak, speak to me!"

"Alas! alas! the child remained without motion, without fear, without intelligence; a smile alone—a smile horrible to see—slightly moved his lips. Eva hid her face in her hands, and remained kneeling on the floor. I heard for a long time the sound of her sobbing.

"It was then I asked of Heaven to inspire me with some consoling thoughts, by which the light of hope might be brought to this poor mother. I spoke to her of the future, of the cure that might be wrought,

the change that was possible and probable. But hope will hardly connect herself with falsehood. Where there is no place for her she will not enter. A terrible blow, a mortal blow had been struck, and Eva Meredith began to comprehend all the truth.

"From this date one child only went down to the private room of Lord James. Two women went there, but one alone seemed to live; the other was silent, as are the dead. The one would say, 'My son;' the other never spoke of her child. The one carried an erect front; the other had her head inclined towards her bosom, the better to conceal her tears. The one was handsome and brilliant; the other was pale and clothed in black. The struggle was over—Lady Mary triumphed.

"Harry was taught to play under the eyes of Eva Meredith. This was cruel. Without taking heed of this woman's anguish, they brought him to repeat his lessons in his uncle's presence. They boasted of his progress. His ambitious mother did everything calculated to consolidate her success; and while she had soft words and frequent consolations for Eva Meredith, she tortured her to the heart every moment of the day. Her brother, his dearest hopes thus cruelly struck down, resumed the cold impassibility that had so much alarmed me. This I could see was the last phase of his character—it was the stone that closes the tomb. Strictly polite towards his daughter-in-law, he had no wordly affection for her: the daughter of the American planter could find no place in his heart, but as the mother of his grandson. That child he regarded as no longer in existence. He consequently became more than ever gloomy and taciturn; regretting, perhaps, having yielded to my representations, and thus exposed his old age to a painful and, as it proved, useless emotion.

"A year had rolled away. Then the sad day arrived when Lord James summoned Eva Meredith to his presence, and motioned her to take a seat near his arm-chair.

"Listen to me, madam," he said; "listen to me with courage. I wish to act candidly towards you, and to conceal nothing from you. I am old and ill—I must set my affairs in order. These matters are both sad for you and for me. I will not speak to you of my resentment at my son's

marriage. Your misfortunes disarmed me; I summoned you to my house, and I desired to look upon, and to love in your son William, the heir of my fortune, the young man in whom would be realised all my dreams of the future, and my ambitious hopes.

"Alas, madam, fate was cruel to us! My son's widow, and his son, shall have all that can make them sure of an honourable existence; but master of a fortune, acquired by our exertions alone, I adopt my nephew, and he it is whom I shall henceforth regard as my sole heir. I am returning to London to superintend my affairs; you, madam, can accompany me. My house is yours, and I shall see you there with pleasure."

"Eva (as she told me afterwards) felt, for the first time within herself, courage take the place of dejection. Strengthened by a noble pride, she raised her head; and if her brow wore not the haughtiness of Lady Mary, it had at least the dignity of misfortune.

"Go, my Lord," she replied; "go, I will not accompany you. I will not be a witness to my son's disinheriting. You are in great haste, surely, my Lord, to condemn for ever! Who can know the future? Have you not too quickly despaired of the mercy of God?"

"The future!" resumed the nobleman; "at my age it is limited to the day now before us. What I have got to do I must do in its morning. I may not even wait until evening."

"Do then as you intended," replied Eva. "I return to the dwelling where I knew happiness by my husband's side. I return with your grandson, Lord William Kysington. That name, his sole inheritance, he still preserves; and if the world must know it only from reading it on his tomb, your name, my Lord, is the name of my son."

"Eight days afterwards, Eva descended the grand staircase of the mansion, still holding, as when she first entered the fatal house, her son by the hand. Lady Mary was a little behind her; some steps above her, the numerous domestics looked on in sad silence, and regretted to see their gentle mistress thus driven from the paternal roof.

"In quitting this dwelling, Eva took leave of the only beings she knew on earth—the only persons on which she had a right to

call for pity. The world was all before her, immense and void: it was Hagar departing into the desert."

"This is terrible, Doctor," exclaimed the auditory of the village Doctor; "can there be a being so utterly unfortunate? What! have you actually seen all this yourself?"

"I have seen it; but I have not yet told you all," was the answer of Doctor Barnaby. "Permit me to proceed."

"Shortly after Eva Meredith's departure, Lord James set out for London. Finding myself at liberty, I gave up altogether my new desire for instruction. I had quite enough science for my village practice, so I went back to it in all haste."

"Behold us there again once more in that little white house—again united as before that two years' absence; but the time that was just passed had augmented the greatness of our misfortune. No one ventured to speak of the future—that unknown moment of which we have all so much need, and without which the present day brings, as it passes, but a poor enjoyment, if happy; and if sad, an aggravation of our grief."

"Never had I seen sorrow more dignified in its simplicity, more calm in its strength, than that of Eva Meredith, who prayed constantly for patience and resignation. To her, God was a being who had power over the impossible; He in whom hope could find a beginning, when all the hopes of earth were faded! Her look—that look so full of faith, by which I had before been so powerfully impressed—rested on the forehead of her son, as if awaiting that mind whose coming she invoked by her prayers. Would that I could depict to you all the wealth of love—of ideas—of ingenious retorts, she threw down before that closed understanding, which only repeated, as an echo, the last words of the gentle language she spoke to it. She explained to him the heavens, God, the angels. In the endeavour to make him pray, she joined his hands together; but she could not make him lift his eyes towards heaven."

"She tried, in every possible shape, to inculcate the first lessons of childhood. She would read to her son—would talk to him—bathed his eyes with pictures—sought from music other sounds than words."

"One day even, making a terrible

effort, she revealed to William the story of his father's death. She hoped for—she waited for—a tear. On that morning the child fell asleep while she was still speaking to him. Tears, indeed, did fall, but it was from the eyes of Eva Meredith that they proceeded.

"She exhausted herself in vain efforts—in a persistent struggle. She worked hard, to be able still to hope; but to the eyes of William, pictures were only colours; to his ears, words were but a sound. The child, however, grew, and was of a marvellous beauty. To look at him for a moment only, one would have characterised the immobility of his countenance as calmness; but this calmness, so prolonged and continuous—this absence of all thought, all tears, had a sad effect on us. Oh! how true it is that suffering is a necessary part of our existence, since the eternal smile of William made every one say, 'The poor idiot!' Mothers know not the happiness that lies hidden in the tears of their child. A tear! What is it but a regret—a desire—a fear? In a word, it is life that we begin to comprehend. William was content with everything. He seemed to sleep all day long with his eyes open—he never walked fast—he never turned back—he never ran from danger—was never wearied, impatient, or angry. If he knew not how to mind what was said to him, he at least obeyed the hand that led him. In a nature of this kind, deprived of every light, there remains but instinct. He knew his mother, and he loved her. It pleased him to recline on her knees—on her shoulders; and he would kiss her. When I kept him from her any long time, a species of anxious movement might be observed in him. I brought him back near his mother: he showed no joy, only became tranquil. This tenderness, this feeble glimmer of heart in William, was the very life of Eva. This it was that gave her power to try—to hope—to wait. If her words were not understood, her kisses, at least, were! How often did she take her son's head in her hands and kiss it—kiss for a long time the brow of William—as if she hoped that her love would embrace that mute and frozen soul! How often has she expected a miracle while pressing her son in her arms, as she placed the tranquil heart of William on her own, that beat so fast!

"Often she forgot the approach of evening in the church of the village (for Eva Meredith was of a Catholic family). Kneeling on the stone before the altar of the Virgin, she would say to the marble statue of Mary holding her infant in her arms:— 'Oh, Virgin, my son is inanimate as that image of thine own! Ask of God a mind for my poor child!'

"She performed the offices of charity to all the poor children in the village, giving them bread and clothes, and saying, 'Pray for him.' She administered consolation to all mothers who were sick, in the secret hope that so consolation would come to herself. She suffered not a tear to roll down the cheeks of others, that she might be able to believe that thus her own tears might, in time, be made to cease. She was loved, blessed, and held in reverence throughout the whole country. She was aware of this, and gently, not with pride, but in hope, made an offering to heaven of the blessings of the unfortunate, to obtain favour for her son. She loved to look upon William in his sleep; she then could see him handsome, and like other children; could forget for a moment, perhaps for a second, and with those regular features, that golden hair, those long fringes that cast their shade over the rosy cheeks of William, before her, she could be the mother—almost a joyful mother—almost a proud one. Heaven has its moments of mercy, even for those it has caused to suffer.

"Thus passed the early years of William's childhood. He arrived at the age of eight years. There was then at work in Eva Meredith a sad change, which could not escape my attentive eyes; she ceased to hope, either because the already tall form of her son rendered his want of intelligence still more striking, or because, as the artisan who has toiled all day, gives way in the evening to fatigue, the soul of Eva appeared to renounce the task it had undertaken, and to fall back, overtaken, upon itself, asking nothing from heaven but resignation. She laid down books, engravings, music, every means, in short, that she had called to her aid; she grew dejected and silent; only she became even yet more tender, if it were possible, toward her son. When she ceased to hope she could restore to him the chances of entering the world, making friends, and acquiring position, she felt at the same

time that her child had no one else but her upon earth. She tasked her heart for a miracle, an augmentation of the love she already bore towards him. This poor woman became a slave in the service of her child: her whole soul had no other thought but the saving him from any suffering, from the least annoyance. If a ray of the sun fell on the face of William, she rose up, pulled down the curtain, and tempered the shade where the light had too rudely kissed the eyes of her child. If she felt herself affected by cold, it was for William she would seek the warmest garment; if she were hungry, it was for William she went to cull the choicest fruits of her garden; if fatigued, it was for him the great arm-chair and the softest cushions were brought out; in short, she attended to her own life solely to forestall the sensations of her son's. She could yet be active for him, though she could no longer hope.

"But William reached his eleventh year. Then commenced the last phase of Eva Meredith's existence. William, prodigiously strong and tall for his years, no longer stood in need of the momentary care that had been bestowed on the early portion of his life; he was no longer a child to sleep on his mother's knees; he walked alone within the garden wall, he rode on horse-back with me, he willingly accompanied me in my journeys in the mountains; in short, the bird, though shorn of its wings, was now able to quit the nest.

"The malady of William had nothing shocking or painful to the sight. He was a young lad, handsome as the day, silent, calm, such as are none of this earth, whose look had no expression but one of repose, whose lips knew only but a smile; he was neither ungainly, nor ungracious, nor importunate; it was a mind that lay sleeping by the side of years, having neither question to ask nor answer to give. Mrs. Meredith had no longer, as an occupation to beguile her grief, that activity of a mother, who is a nurse as well; she resumed her former habit of sitting by the window, where she could see the hamlet and the village clock, at that same spot where she had so often wept her first William—her pale face turned towards the outer air, as if to demand from the wind, as it sighed along the trees, to give some little coolness to her brow, her arms hang-

ing involuntarily down by her side, as if useless or fatigued, and having nothing more to do on earth.

"Hope and busy cares all in succession failed her: she had only to watch, and watch apart, day and night, like a lamp that burns perpetually in some cathedral vault.

"But her powers were exhausted. Immersed in a sorrow, thus returned to its starting point of silence and immobility, after having in vain essayed effort, courage, and hope, Eva Meredith fell into a consumption. Spite of the resources of my art, I saw her waste away, and grow weaker and weaker. Where can we apply the remedy when it is the heart that is affected?

"The poor foreigner! she needed the sunshine of her native land and but a little happiness to warm her back to life; but the ray of sunshine and the ray of happiness were both at the same time wanting. She was long unaware of her danger, because she never had a thought for herself; but when no longer able to quit her sofa, she too well understood it! I will not venture to pourtray to you the anguish of this mother at the thought of leaving William without any one to depend upon, without friends, without a protector; to leave him lost in the midst of persons indifferent to him, he who required to be loved and tended as a child! With what avidity did she take the draughts I prepared for her! How often was she anxious to believe in recovery! But the disease progressed. Then she kept William more in the house; she would no longer lose sight of him.

"*'Remain with me'* she would say, and William, always satisfied when near his mother, would sit down at her feet. She gazed on him with earnest looks, until a shower of tears prevented her from distinguishing her child's sweet face; then she called him still nearer to her, pressed him to her heart, and, with a species of delirium, would exclaim, 'Oh, if my mind, which is about to separate from my body, might become the mind of my child, how happy should I be to die!'

"Eva could never reach a point where she despaired altogether of the Divine mercy; and when all human chances disappeared, that heart, so full of love, had gentle dreams wherein she renewed her

hopes. But it was sad, alas! to see that poor mother dying, slowly, under the eyes of her son—a son who could not understand her, and who smiled on her as she embraced him.

"*'He will not regret me,'* she said; *'he will not weep for me—he will not remember!'*

"And then she remained motionless in mute contemplation of her child. Her hand at such times sometimes sought mine: *'Doctor, you love him, dear Doctor!'* she murmured.

"*'I will never leave him,'* I would reply, *'so long as he has no better friends than myself.'*

"God in heaven, and the poor village Doctor on earth—such were the protectors to whom she could confide her son.

"Faith is something grand. This woman, widowed, disinherited, dying by the side of her unintelligent child, still had none of that utter despair which makes some men die fearfully. An invariable friend was always near her, on whom she seemed to rely, and sometimes to lend an ear to some holy words which he addressed to her.

"One morning she sent for me at an early hour; she was unable to leave her bed, and with a meagre hand showed me a sheet of paper on which certain lines were traced.

"*'Friend Doctor,'* she said, and her voice was still more soft than ever, *'I have not strength to go on; do you finish this letter.'*

"I read as follows:—

"*'My Lord,—I write to you for the last time. While health is restored to your old age, I, for my part, am ill, and I am on the point of death. I leave your grandson, William Kysington, without a protector. This, my last letter, is to recall him, my Lord, to your memory. I ask for him a place in your heart rather than your fortune. Of all things in life he has understood but one—the love of his mother. You see that I must leave him for ever. Love him, my Lord; he is conscious only of affection!'*

"She could not complete it. I added:—

"*'Lady William Kysington has but a few days to live; what are the orders of your Lordship in regard to the child who bears your name?'*

"*'DOCTOR BARNABY.'*

"This letter was sent to London, and we waited the answer. Eva left her bed no more. William, seated by her side, held her hand in his through the whole day; his mother tried sadly to smile upon him. For me, on the other side of the bed, I prepared such potions as might alleviate her pain.

"She began again to talk to her son, as if no longer despairing, that after her death some of the words spoken by her might come back to his memory; she imparted to the unconscious child all the instructions she would have given to an enlightened being. Then she would turn to me: 'Who knows, Doctor,' she said, 'but that he may some day or other find my words deep in his heart?'

"Some weeks more passed. Death was approaching; and however submissive might be the christian spirit of Eva, that moment brought with it the anguish of separation, and a solemn dread of the future. The Curé of the village came to see her; and when he was about to depart, I approached him, and took his hand. 'You will pray for her,' said I.

"I have asked her to pray for me,' was his reply.

"This was the last day of Eva Meredith. The sun had set; the window by which she so long had sat, was open; she could see stretching out afar the country she loved; she folded her son in her arms, and pressed his brow and his hair, as she sadly wept.

"Poor child, what will become of you? Oh! she said, lovingly, 'listen to me, William. I am dying; your father, too, is dead!—you are alone! You must pray to God. I have given you to Him who watches over the lonely sparrow in the house-top; He will watch over the orphan. Dear child, look at me, listen to me! Try to understand that I am dying, so that one day you may remember me!'

"And the poor mother, while losing the power of speech, still preserved that of embracing her child.

"At this moment an unusual sound struck my ears. The wheels of a carriage made the gravel rattle on the garden walks. I ran to the entrance. Lord Kysington and Lady Mary entered the house.

"I received your letter,' said his lordship, 'just as I was on the point of setting

off for Italy; it has taken me very little out of my road to come here on my way, and arrange for William Meredith. I am here, you see. Lady William?'

"Lady William Kysington still lives, my Lord,' I replied.

"It was with a feeling of pain that I saw that man, so calm, cold, and austere, enter the chamber of Eva, followed by that disdainful woman, who had come to witness, in person, an event full of such good fortune to herself—the death of her once rival. They stood within the modest, simple, little chamber, and so different from the fine apartments of the mansion at Montpelier. They drew near to the bed, under the white curtains of which Eva, pale, yet still beautiful, held her son close to her heart. They placed themselves one on the right, the other on the left, of this bed of sorrow, yet could find not an affectionate word to console the poor mother, whose glance was raised towards them. A few cold phrases, a few words, of course with difficulty, escaped their lips. Present for the first time at the sad spectacle of a death-bed, they turned away their eyes; and persuading themselves that Eva Meredith could neither see nor hear, they merely awaited her death, without even giving their countenances a borrowed expression of either kindness or regret. Eva fixed her dying looks upon them, and a sudden shiver came upon her then scarcely beating heart. She comprehended what she had never understood before: the secret feelings of Lady Mary—the profound indifference, the selfishness of her brother. She understood, at this last moment, that standing there, were the enemies, not the protectors of her son. Terror and despair were depicted in her pale visage. She essayed not to implore those heartless beings. By a convulsive movement, she drew her William still closer to her breast, and re-summoning all her strength—

"My child, my poor child!' she exclaimed, with a last kiss, 'you have not one solitary dependence on earth. But God on high is good. My God, come to the aid of my child!'

"In this cry of love, in this supreme prayer, her life went forth. Her arms half opened, her lips rested without motion on the forehead of William. Since she could no longer embrace her son, she was then



THE DEATH OF EVA MEREDITH

dead—dead under the eyes of those who had to the very last refused to extend towards her the hand of succour, and without giving Lady Mary the dread of seeing her endeavour to obtain a revocation of the decree that had been pronounced—dead, while leaving to her a victory complete and final.

“There was an instant of solemn silence. No one moved or spoke. Death bows down the proudest brow. Lady Mary and Lord Kyrington bent their knees by the bedside of their victim. After the expiration of some minutes his Lordship rose up and said to me: ‘Remove the child from the chamber of his mother, and follow me, Doctor; I will explain to you my intentions in regard to him.’

“For two hours William had lain upon the shoulder of Eva Meredith, his heart placed on her heart, his lips upon her lips,

receiving by turns her kisses and her tears. I approached William, and without addressing to him any useless words, endeavoured to lift him up and remove him from the chamber; but William resisted, and his arms clasped more strongly his mother to his heart. This resistance, the first that the poor child had ever shown to any one since he made his appearance on earth, profoundly touched my heart. Nevertheless I renewed my efforts. This time William yielded; he made a movement, and as he turned towards me I could see his beautiful countenance inundated with tears. Up to this day William had never shed tears. A lively emotion came over me, and I allowed the child to throw himself again on the body of his mother.

“‘Bring him along,’ said Lord James.

“‘My lord, he is weeping,’ I exclaimed. ‘Oh, suffer his tears to flow.’

"I lean towards the child; I heard him sob.

"William, my dear William," I said anxiously to him, taking his hand in mine, "wherefore dost thou weep, William?" For the second time the boy turned his eyes towards me; then with a gentle look full of sorrow—

"My mother is dead!" he said.

"I have not words to tell you how I felt. William's eyes were now intelligent, his tears were sad, as it was not by chance they fell, and the sound of his voice was broken, as of one whose heart is afflicted. I uttered a cry; I threw myself on my knees by the side of Eva's bed.

"Oh, you were right, Eva," I said to her, "in not despairing of the goodness of Heaven!"

"Lord James himself started, while Lady Mary was pale as the dead Eva.

"My mother! my mother!" cried William, in accents that filled my heart with joy. Then repeating the words of Eva Meredith—those words which she had well said he would find in the depths of his heart—the child went on in a loud voice—

"I am dying, my child; your father, too, is dead; you are alone upon the earth! You must pray to God!"

"I laid my hand gently on William's shoulder, to make him bend and place himself on his knees; he knelt down this time, all alone, without direction, joined together his two trembling hands, and raising to heaven a look full of animation, murmured, 'My God! have pity upon me!'

"I bent over Eva, and took her cold hand. 'Oh, mother! mother of many sorrows,' I exclaimed; 'hearest thou thy child? Behold him from on high! Be happy; thy son is saved, poor woman, thou who so often wept for him!'

"Eva,—stretched out dead as she was at the feet of Lady Mary,—this time, at least, made her rival tremble; since it was not I who led William from the chamber—it was Lord Kysington who bore off his grandson in his arms.

"What shall I say, ladies? William recovered his reason, and departed with his grandfather. Some time after, being reinstated in his rights, he became the sole heir to the family property. Science has collected several rare instances of intelligence being reanimated by a violent moral shock. Thus, then, the fact I have

related to you finds its natural solution. But the good women of the village who had attended Eva Meredith during her illness, and who heard her fervent prayers, are convinced that, according to what she asked of heaven, the soul of the mother has passed into the body of her child.

"She was so good," our villagers say, 'that you could refuse her nothing.' This artless belief became an established one throughout the country. No one lamented Mrs. Meredith as one dead.

"She still lives," said the inhabitants of the hamlet. "Speak to her son, and it is she who will answer you."

"So, when Lord William Kysington, now become the possessor of his grandfather's wealth, sends every year abundant alms to the village that saw his own birth and his mother's death, the poor exclaim—'See how the kind spirit of Mrs. Meredith still thinks of us. Ah! when she goes to heaven, the wretched will have good cause to complain!'

"It is not to her tomb that we carry flowers, but to the steps of the altar, where she often prayed that Heaven would send her soul to her son. While depositing their bouquets of wild flowers, the villagers say amongst themselves—

"When she prayed so fervently, Heaven answered her directly, 'I will give your spirit to your son!'

"Our Curé has left to the peasants this touching belief; and as for myself even, when Lord William came to see me in the village, when he fixed on me his glance, so like his mother's, when his voice, in that well-known accent, said to me just as Mrs. Meredith used to do, 'Dear Doctor, I thank you,' then—smile ladies, if you will—I wept, and I believed with all the village, that Eva Meredith was there before me!

"This woman, whose existence was but one long misery, has left after her death a sweet consoling memory, which has nothing in it painful for those who loved her. In thinking of her, one reflects on the mercy of God; and whoever has some hopes in the very depths of his heart, trusts with a sweeter confidence.

"But it is very late, ladies—your carriage has been some time waiting for you at the entrance. Excuse my long story; at my age one does not know how to be brief in speaking of the memories of our youth.

Forgive an old man for having made you smile on his arrival, and weep after you had listened to him."

These last words were spoken in a very gentle and paternal tone, while a half smile flitted over the lips of Doctor Barnaby. Everyone came up to him, and they began a thousand thanks; but Dr. Barnaby rose up and directed his steps towards his riding-coat of puce-coloured taffeta, that he had laid down on an arm-chair; and while one of his young auditors helped him on with it, "Adieu, gentlemen; adieu, ladies," said the village Doctor; "my chaise is at the door. The night has come on, the road is bad. Good evening—I must go."

When Doctor Barnaby was installed in his cabriolet of green osiers, and the little gray horse, tickled by the whip, was on the point of setting off, Madam de Moncan came forward with animation; and with one foot placed on the step of the carriage, and leaning towards Doctor Barnaby, said, very low, quite low—

"Doctor, I make you a present of the White House; and I will have it fitted up just as it was when you loved Eva Meredith."

Then she ran in. The carriage and the little green chaise departed in different directions—and thus ends our story.

CHILDREN.

There is great diversity among children. Some are habitually superficial. I have heard of a Scotch lad, who, on being asked who made him, "Hout, mon, I was na made—I just grew up."

The celebrated Pascal, on the contrary, was a philosopher even in childhood. At a very early age, he was taught the ten commandments. For several days after, he was observed to be measuring the growth of a blade of grass. When asked the meaning of this, he replied—"The fourth commandment says, 'Six days shalt thou labour, but the seventh is the Sabbath, in which thou shalt do no work.' Now I wished to ascertain if nature obeyed this great law, and therefore measured the grass, to see if it grew as much on Sunday as on other days."

There are children who seem to be endowed with sublime thoughts even at a very

early period. Chateaufort, at the age of nine years, was holding a conversation with a bishop. "I will give you an orange," said the latter, "if you will tell me where God is." "I will give you two," said the boy, "if you will tell me where He is not."

Some children display an early relish for wit or humour. I have heard of a little boy, who, on seeing a man at work whitewashing a wall, was observed to smile. "Why do you smile?" said a bystander. "Don't you see," said the boy, "that he is lathering the wall; and when he has done, I suppose he will slave it."

Other children get into the habit of taking sound for sense, and this, if indulged, leads to ridiculous absurdities. I recollect a lad at school who in this way became a sort of oracle, and could readily answer the profoundest questions. One of his companions happening to meet with the word "fortification," asked him the meaning of it. "Fortification," said the oracle—"fortification—why, it's two twentyfications, to be sure."

An early turn for sarcastic retort is manifested by some children. Mr. Goodrich mentions that he once heard of a boy who, being rebuked by a clergyman for neglecting to go to church, replied, that he would go if he could be permitted to change his seat. "But why do you wish to change your seat?" said the minister. "You see," replied the boy, "I sit over the opposite side of the meeting-house, and between me and you, there's Lady Vicars and Mary Staples, and half-a-dozen other women, with their mouths wide open, and they get all the best of the sermon, and when it comes to me it's pretty poor stuff."

Some years since I visited the infant school of Wilderspin. It consisted of some two hundred children, all belonging to the poorest classes. They were accustomed to enter the school-room through an alley six feet wide. In the centre of this, Wilderspin placed a mountain daisy, in a flower-pot, and directed the scholars not to disturb it. For several months the little flower remained untouched by a careless foot or a wanton hand! Such power can be acquired in the government of children.

But we must trust sometimes to the innate consciousness of right implanted in them by nature.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS IN THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER V.

LIGHT AND ITS PROPERTIES.

REFRACTION OF LIGHT—EXPERIMENTS TO PROVE THAT LIGHT IS REFRACTED—ANGLES OF REFRACTION—EFFECTS OF REFRACTION BY PRISMS—HOW TO CONSTRUCT A SIMPLE AND ECONOMICAL PRISM—EXPERIMENTS WITH PRISMS TO DEMONSTRATE THE REFRACTION OF LIGHT—CONSTRUCTION OF A PRISM EXPLAINED.

23. When a ray of light passes from one medium into another of a different density, it is turned out of its original course, and is then said to be *refracted*, the amount of refraction being proportional to the density of the medium.* In passing from a rarer into a denser medium it is refracted or bent *towards the perpendicular*; but when it passes from a denser into a rarer medium it is refracted *from the perpendicular*.

24. We will try some simple experiments to prove the refraction of light. [Experiment 3.] Here is an empty jar (A B C D in Fig. 8). We will now place a shilling at

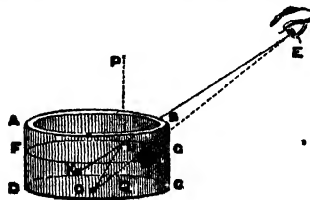


Fig. 8.

the bottom of the jar, and you must direct your eye (E) in such a manner as just to see the edge of the shilling, while the rest of it is hidden by the rim of the jar (as at O G E). If water be now poured into the jar so gently as not to disturb the shilling, you will observe the money will appear to

* A medium is any transparent space through which light passes, such as water, air, glass, or even empty space. *Density* signifies the quantity of matter which a body contains, and is associated with weight; for example, a cubic inch of lead is more dense than the same quantity of wood. A rarer medium naturally explains itself, signifying a thinner, or not so dense a medium.

rise gradually until the water is level with the edge of the jar.

[The water is poured upon the money, which then appears to lie at K in the line E L K.]

The phenomenon you have just witnessed is thus explained: when the water was poured into the jar (to the height F G), refraction took place (at L), from the perpendicular (P Q), and therefore the ray of light thus diverted from its original course (O G E), took another direction (O L E), and entering the eye (at F), the money appeared to be in another place (at K, in the line F L K).

[Experiment 4]. Here is a tumbler of water (a, Fig. 9), and you will see that when this paper-knife (b d) is placed in it that it will immediately appear to be bent (from c, as seen in Fig. 9, b e c).

[The experiment is performed, and the refraction of the light takes place as it emerges from the water, so that the paper-knife appears as if it were broken at c.]



Fig. 9.

25. The angles of refraction are the angles of incidence, and the angle of refraction.

26. The angle of incidence, in refraction as in reflection, is the angle which the incident ray (Fig. 10, a i) makes with the perpendicular (p e), which cuts the point of incidence (i).

27. The angle of refraction is the angle made by the refracted ray (i r) with the

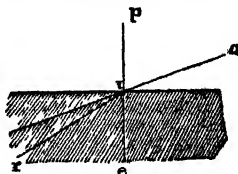


Fig. 10.

remaining portion of the perpendicular (i e) at the point of incidence (i).

28. The plane of refraction is that which passes through the refracted ray (i r), and above the perpendicular (p e).

29. The plane of incidence is that which passes through the incident ray (a), and the perpendicular (p) at the point of incidence.

30. The amateur photographer who does not comprehend the terms used in Trigonometry will not feel interested in our giving the relations existing between the angle of incidence and the angle of refraction, and it would be equally useless to mention to the scientific reader the relation in which the sine of the angle of refraction stands to the sine of the angle of incidence in different substances; it would be like teaching a philosopher his alphabet. We make these remarks because some of our readers may consider that we have not entered sufficiently into the subject of refraction; and as we know that many others are anxiously awaiting the period when our manipulations will commence, we shall therefore devote a greater space in each number to the consideration of the elementary portion of Photography, so as to place our amateur readers in possession of the necessary scientific portion of the subject as early as possible.

31. Some important optical effects may be demonstrated by refracting light with a prism,* as we have already seen (§ 10.)



Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.

Figs. 12 and 13), so that it can be turned in any direction. By pushing the rod

* A simple kind of prism may be constructed by any person, by providing two slips of common window glass (a & Fig. 11), and affixing them to a lump of soft bees-wax (d), so that the necessary angle is formed, and the ends of the strips are held together by a similar piece of wax at either end; after which some pure water (b) is poured into the trough thus formed. By this means, some of the most beautiful experiments in connexion with light may be illustrated and tested by the most juvenile of our readers.



Fig. 11.

(a , Fig. 13) up or down the tubular stand (e , Fig. 13) into which it is inserted, it may be raised to any height, and retained in the required position by means of a screw (f , Fig. 13), and, at the same time, the ball and socket-joint (c , Figs. 12 and 13) will allow it to be inclined to any degree.

32. If the prism is placed in such a manner that the refracting edge is directed upwards, on looking through it you will observe two remarkable phenomena—all objects appearing to be raised from their proper position. But let us examine for ourselves. [Experiment 5.] Here is the prism (b , Fig. 14), and on bringing the eye (E) into the proper position, and looking at



Fig. 14.

the silver spoon placed below (a), it will appear to be raised considerably above (a). You also observe that it has coloured edges, so have all objects seen in this manner (§ 10, 11, and 12). Now, if the refracting edge had been directed downwards, the spoon would have appeared to be removed still further downwards; and had the prism been placed vertically, the spoon would have been displaced to the left or right, just as we directed the refracting edge* towards the object observed.

33. From what we have seen (§ 32) it appears that all objects observed through a prism appear to be removed towards the direction of the refracting edge.

34. If a prism is made of a strongly refracting substance, it will cause the rays of light to deviate much more than if the same shaped prism was constructed of a substance possessing less refractive power.

35. The rays of light will be refracted more or less according to the difference of the refracting angle of the prism. For example, if its angle be 60° , the deviation of the rays of light will be greater than if the angle were only 30° , and so on.

* The different parts of a prism may be thus explained. The base is any one of its surfaces opposite to one of its refracting edges, whether real or imaginary; its refracting angle is the angle made by any two surfaces of its body; its edge is the line in which its surfaces intersect, or would intersect each other, if their boundary lines were prolonged.



WORKING OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE application of electricity to the conveyance of messages is now so general, not only in our delightful little island, but on the Continent, that we are anxious all alike should know something of the principles and means whereby this is effected. To those who are already well read in the subjects of electricity and magnetism, this knowledge may be easily acquired, there being many works already published which treat the matter in a very scientific and

complete manner; but there is the same objection to all, namely, that they are not suited to the capacities of the young. The chief feature of the *FAMILY FRIEND* has always been, that it has supplied this deficiency in all the subjects of which it treats. There science loses its difficulties, and instruction is imparted by able writers in such a familiar manner, that learning becomes, even to the child, an amusement and a pleasure. In the description of the electric telegraph, therefore, we will follow the good example thus set us, and, by laying aside all technical and scientific terms,

explain clearly this greatest wonder of our day. The source of the electricity used requires our first attention. This is what is called a voltaic, or galvanic battery; and it is so called from Volta and Galvani, its originators. We can make a very simple battery by means of two tumblers, a little salt and water, two small pieces of zinc, and two of copper, united in the following manner:—A and B are the tumblers, c c the pieces of copper, z z the pieces of zinc; the tumblers being partly filled with the salt and water, the battery is complete.

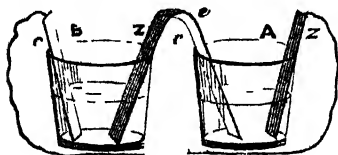


Fig. 1.

You will observe that the metals used are dissimilar; that a plate of copper and one of zinc unite at *e*, and that there are wires fixed to the other two plates, which, as yet, are in no way connected. Whilst things are in this state, nothing will take place; the battery is at rest, and no electricity is evolved by it; but if we join the two wires, a current of electricity will immediately pass, and this current will continue till we again separate the wires. You will naturally ask the reason of this; but we may tell you that it is not known. We might enter into what some may call an explanation of it; but after puzzling you with all kinds of technicalities, and scientific terms, you would be none the wiser, and we should but return to where we began. Yet, if we cannot explain the cause, we can give you a general idea of the effect; and point out this simple rule—If two plates of metal are placed in a solution which will only dissolve one of them, and their upper edges are brought into contact, whilst the others are kept apart, a current will pass from one to the other through the solution, and passing also from one to the other at the point of contact, will continue thus circulating, till either the soluble matter is consumed, or the liquid itself is saturated—that is, has dissolved as much metal as it is capable of dissolving. This is always

the case; but often the effect is so slight, that it is rarely perceptible. Take a piece of silver, and a piece of zinc the size of a half-crown; place one upon the tip of the tongue, the other under it; bring their edges into contact, and what is called a shock will be perceptible; that is, the saliva acting upon the zinc and not upon the silver, a small battery is made, and the electricity passes from the zinc through the tongue to the silver, thence to the zinc again, and thus circulates till you part the edges of the metals. The shock is very slight, being chiefly known by an acid taste; nor would it be felt at all, but that the tongue is so acutely sensitive. We have called this a small battery, but it is scarcely a correct term; it is a single voltaic pair—a battery, in its proper sense, being made up by a union of two or more such pairs, as in the case of the one above. In practice, a battery consists of twelve or more such pairs; and the following sketch represents one commonly used in working the electric telegraph:—

Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

It contains twenty-four pairs of zinc and copper plates, about four inches square. Each pair are soldered together by means of a strap of metal, as in Fig. 3. To make it quite clear, we have drawn but twelve pairs in section, and lettered the alternate plates, z standing for zinc, and c for copper. The trough in which they are placed is either made of baked wood, glass, earthen-ware, or gutta-percha; the only requisite being, that it is a non-conductor of electricity—that is, such a substance as electricity will not readily pass through. The last plate at one end is zinc, and the other copper, and a wire is soldered to each. If these wires are joined, a current of electricity will pass from the zinc plate to which one is attached, through the exciting liquid, which is here sulphuric acid and water, to the copper plate in the same cell, thence by the metal

strap to the zinc of the next cell, and thus through the whole series to the other single plate, whence it passes by the wires to the first zinc plate again. But as each pair of plates produce similar currents, their combined power is very great, and a large quantity of electricity passes through the terminal wires. So much for the battery. We will now go a step further, and learn an extraordinary effect which it is capable of producing. You know what a magnet is, and many of you have, we dare say, seen a mariner's compass—if not, we must briefly tell you what it is. It consists of a flat piece of steel, of this shape, which is called a needle.

This is suspended on a point, by means of a small hole, or rather conical indentation made in its centre. This needle being magnetised, and thus suspended, will always point in the same direction, one end being directed to the north, the other to the south; and it thus enables the sailor to go in any direction he may desire. For if he knows where these points are, he can tell the east and west; and if, as is always done, a card is placed below the needle, with the intermediate points carefully marked upon it, he has no difficulty in steering exactly to any place of which he knows the position; and thus the compass is to the sailor on the pathless deep just what the direction-post is to the traveller. Now, if we take such a needle as we have described, and suspend it vertically on an axis passing through its centre, and then, by means of a wire, pass a current from our battery round it, thus,

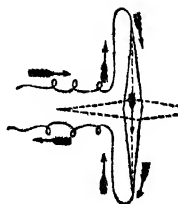


Fig. 5.

the needle will take up a new position at right angles to that which it maintained before, indicated by the dotted lines. Whether the upper point, or north pole, of the needle moves to the right or left in

order to attain this position, depends on the direction of the current. Thus we have arrived at the principle of an electric telegraph. We have but to agree upon a set of signals, that the deflection of the needle shall signify; and if we can contrive to send the current in the direction we wish, so as to move the north pole of the needle to the right or left at will, the apparatus will be complete. But, in practice, it is necessary that we should be able to move, as we please, a similar needle to our own, at the station to which we desire to send the message. In order to accomplish this, we have but to conduct the current from one station to the other by means of an insulated wire. This will be easily understood by the following diagram, where the



Fig. 6.

battery is represented at A, and the different stations at B, at each of which the needles have their north poles upwards; and the wire conveying the current passes in the same direction round all, and lastly returns to the other pole of the battery; thus the current, leaving the battery by the copper or positive end, c, will traverse the wire in the direction of the arrows, deflect the needles in the same direction at the different stations, and return to the zinc or negative end of the battery by the same wire.

We will now tell you a very curious fact about the return of the current. The return wire is not necessary, nor is it now put in practice; for a man named Stenheil proved, in 1837, that if we buried deep in the ground the end of the wire, attaching it to a plate of metal, the earth itself would conduct the current back again, thus saving the cost of a return wire. Thus, in the figure above, we have represented this by dotted lines, and marked the direction of the return current by double arrows;

NO being the plates of metal, and having the wires attached to them.

I must now try and explain to you the instrument by which communication is made with the battery, and which is qualified not only to send, but also to receive signals. It is represented below; Fig. 7 being the exterior, and Fig. 8 the interior. The needles in Fig. 7 (for there are usually two) are on the same axis as the ones on which the electric current acts, only their poles are reversed,—the north pole of the one being opposite the south pole of the other, by which the effect of the earth's magnetism is annulled, and they are the more powerfully influenced by the electric current. It is by means of these outer needles that the signals are read: they are prevented from deflecting too far from their vertical or upright position by two ivory studs, one on each side; and thus the signalling is rendered more certain and rapid than if they were allowed to oscillate further

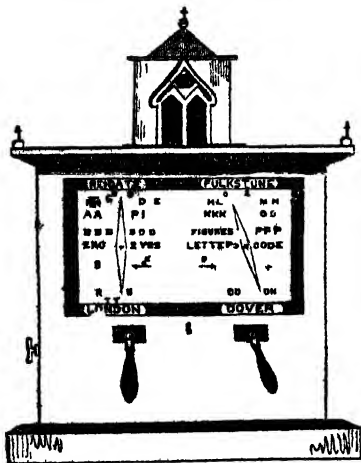


Fig. 7.

The handles at the lower part of the instrument are for moving the barrel in the interior, the one at the side for ringing a signal bell, which is also effected by electricity.

In Figure 8, we are looking at the back of the instrument, the case being removed.

B is the coil of wire for passing a current of electricity round a magnetic needle sus-

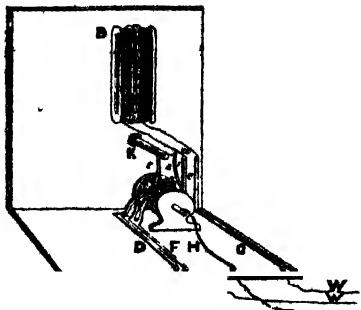


Fig. 8.

pended in it by its axis. In the former drawing, the wire passes but once round the needle; but by winding it round several times, as here shown, the effect is greatly increased. W, W', are the wires which transmit the current to and from the distant station. We will now see, first, how the instrument is calculated to receive signals. C is a cylinder of box-wood, capped at each end with brass; D, F, H, O, are slips of metal, the shape of which is seen clearly on the left side of the barrel; a piece of wood, K, projects from the front of the case, having a metal bar, about an inch in length, inserted through the end, standing across it, as in the figure. Now, if W, W', are connected at the distant station with the two poles of a battery, a current will pass along one of these wires, W, and along the slip of metal, O, to the coil, B, having in its passage round this deflected the needle, thereby making a signal; it will descend by a, down the slip of metal, x, thence to the spring, e (which is a part of the same slip), through the metal bar to s, and thence by F to W', and to the other pole of the battery. We have told you that this return wire, W', is not used in practice: nor is it; but by supposing it to exist here, the direction of the current is more easily understood. We have, by the dotted lines, shown the buried plate attached to this wire. You should look well

at the figure, and read this description of receiving signals several times, till you see it clearly; for though, at first sight, the apparatus appears very complicated, it is not so; these slips of brass, so curiously shaped, being all that is required to receive signals; to send them, the cylinder O is added, the action of which we will now explain. The furthest end of it is joined to one of the handles seen in Fig. 7, by which it is made to revolve in either direction. Supposing, then, we move this handle so as to cause the small metal pin *z* to press against the spring *a*, we can thus remove the end of this spring from the short bar against which it rested, whilst the pin *y* at the other end of the cylinder will touch the curved end of the slip *F* (both these pins are fixed into the metal caps at the ends of the cylinder). The current will now pass from the battery by the spring *H* to the brass cap of the cylinder, thence by the pin *z* to *a*; *a* being removed from the short bar, and the current thus cut off in that direction, it will pass to *x*, which is a part of the same slip as *a*, thence round the coil deflecting the needle, and passing to the next station by the slip *o*, and wire *W*, will deflect the needle there, and return by the earth current to *W*". Although it is a crooked path, the electric current traverses it so quickly that no perceptible time elapses between the movement of the needle at our own instrument and the various needles of all the telegraphs on the line. Each handle has a separate cylinder, and each needle a separate coil, one only being represented for the sake of clearness! Every word of the message sent is spelt letter by letter, according to the number of times that each needle moves. The following is one of the usual alphabets, and (as in Fig. 7) this is commonly inscribed on the face of the instrument. It is the code of a single needle:—

- A—One movement to the left.
- B—Two left.
- C—Three left.
- D—Four left.
- E—One left, one right.
- F—One left, two right.
- G—One left, three right.
- H—Two left, one right.
- I—Two left, two right.
- J—Two left, three right.
- K—Three left, one right.
- L—Three left, two right.
- M—Four left, one right.
- N—One right.

- O—Two right.
- P—Three right.
- Q—Four right.
- R—One right, one left.
- S—Two right, one left.
- T—Three right, one left.
- U—One right, two left.
- V—Two right, two left.
- W—Three right, two left.
- X—One right, three left.
- Y—Two right, three left.
- Z—One right, four left.

With two needles the alphabet is somewhat different; but you will now understand how the movement of the needles can signify words; and we think you must now have a very good idea of the machinery of an electric telegraph. We shall now show you how the alarm is rung by electricity, to give the clerk at the instrument notice that a message is about to be sent to him, that he may be at his post, and ready to watch the needles, and read.

Wonderful as it may appear, an electric current passing round a piece of soft iron will instantly convert it into a magnet but its magnetic properties cease as soon as the current stops. In the telegraph alarm this effect of electricity is thus applied:—A is a piece of soft iron, bent

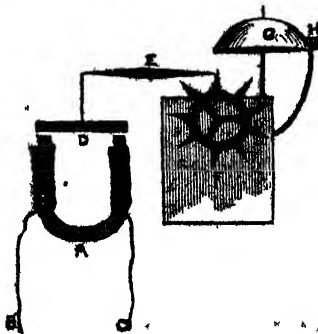


Fig. 9.

into the form of a horse-shoe; some covered copper wire is wound round it, the ends, B and C, being left loose for the purpose of connecting them with the battery. D is a piece of steel, connected with the lever E; the other end of which forms a detent or catch, which falls into one of the notches in the wheel, F. This wheel, when the catch is removed, will revolve by a spring,

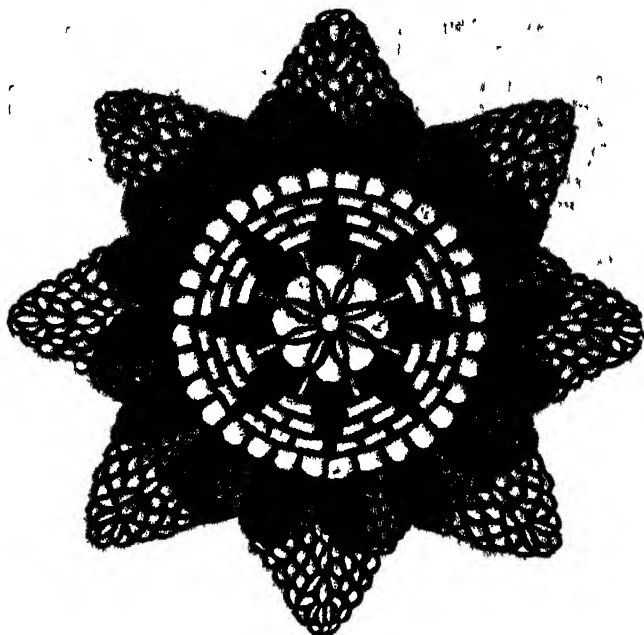
and, like the movement in a common clock, acts on the hammer, H, which strikes the bell, G. B and C are connected with the distant station by a wire, as the needle apparatus. When the operator, therefore, at that station sends a current from his battery along this wire, A will become a magnet, and attract the keeper, D; this, by means of the lever, will release the wheel, F, and the clock-work will cause the hammer to strike the bell. This will call the attention of the operator, who will return the signal and watch the movement of the needles, read the message, and send the reply in the same manner.

This is the whole mechanism of the electric telegraph, which is certainly the grandest of all modern inventions. It has been continually improved, in various ways, since it was first invented, by different scientific individuals; and there are several differently-constructed instruments in use on the different lines of railway. The wires which connect the different instruments are, in England, supported on posts, having small rings of earthenware attached to them, through which they pass. These wires are covered with zinc, and every precaution is taken to insulate them, that the electric current may not escape into the earth on its passage. On the Continent, and in the streets of London, the posts are done away with, and the wires, cased in gutta-percha, are buried in the earth. We must now state that by means of this apparatus, messages have lately been sent under the sea; so that a person in France can converse with one in England! This invention was completed in 1851, when Dover and Calais were thus connected; and the same has recently been effected with regard to Ireland. This is certainly a triumph of art, and shows us how much may be done by the united labours of scientific men; and we may remind our younger readers that, before such great works can be accomplished, the most unwearied diligence and patience must be exercised. Days and years of study, with resolution to overcome every drawback and difficulty, can alone lead to such valuable results; and if our young friends would share the glory, they must also take part in, and imitate the diligence of the great inventors of these modern wonders.

We will conclude this paper by a short

account of the electric cable, or the wire-
repe, that conducts the electric current under the sea. This is formed of four distinct wires, the real conductors of the electricity; each is cased in gutta-percha, and then twisted by steam power into a cable; over this is a coating of hempen rope, which, being tarred, is again covered by another layer of the same; and, lastly, a coating of wire leads into a kind of network encircling the whole; this last being galvanised, or coated with zinc, to keep it from rusting. This forms together a large, heavy, and durable cable, calculated to resist the shock of storms, and other casualties. It lies at the bottom of the sea, and therefore quite out of the reach of the many vessels which daily cross its path; and by its means daily intercourse is carried on between France and England. Such is the electric telegraph; and well worthy is it of the admiration of all; and we trust that this explanation of its various parts will make it cease to be a mystery, to even our youngest readers. But whilst we marvel at the ingenuity which has made the electric fluid subject to the will of man, we must not forget who it is that set those mighty laws which govern the lightning itself (the same fluid in its grandest and most mysterious condition). Man may turn nature's laws to his own use, and ingenuity may seem to command the elements; but let his talents be what they may, they are ever circumscribed by fixed rules, established by nature's Lord; and all the honour of the grandest invention of our day is due to Him alone who divideth wisdom to every man according to the good pleasure of His will, and before whom all the grandeur of science, all the great achievements of art, are as nothing. As the poet of the "Seasons" beautifully says—

"And yet was ev'ry faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general
voice.
Even in the depths of solitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the *gods celestial* *Thee* respond.
The eternal cause, support, and end of All."



ROUND D'OYLEY.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

ROUND D'OYLEY.

Materials.—Evans's Boar's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 8.

8 Chain, unite and work.

1st Row.—1 Dc 4 chain 8 times.

2nd Row.—1 Dc into space made by 4 chain of last row, 6 chain, repeat.

3rd Row.—8 long into space made by 6 chain of last row, 3 chain, repeat.

4th Row.—6 long, beginning on second long of last row, 4 chain, repeat.

5th Row.—4 long, beginning on second of 6 long in last row, 6 chain, repeat.

6th Row.—2 long, beginning on second of 4 long in last 4 chain, 1 long in space made by 6 chain of last row, 4 chain, repeat.

7th Row.—1 long between 2 long of last

row, 6 chain, 1 long with 6 chain after into each of the two next spaces, repeat.

8th Row.—16 double crochet into first space of last row, 3 chain, 1 Dc into next space, 3 chain, repeat.

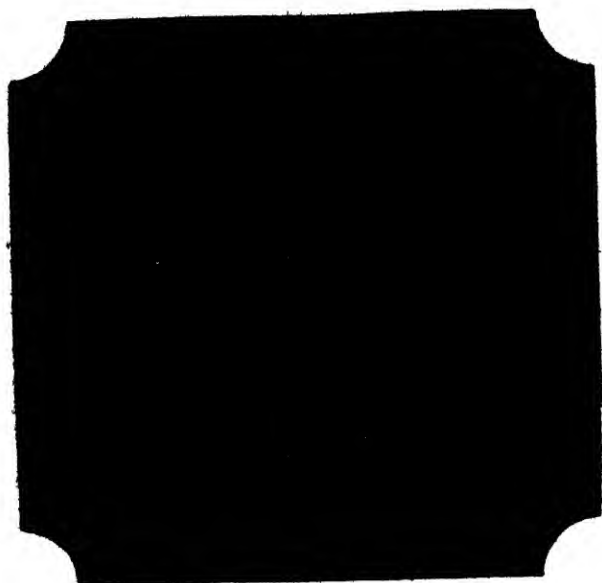
9th Row.—16 Dc on Dc of last row, 4 chain, Dc on Dc, 4 chain, repeat.

10th Row.—16 Dc on Dc of last row, 6 chain, Dc on Dc, 6 chain, repeat.

11th Row.—14 Dc, beginning on second of the 16 in last row, 4 chain, 1 Dc in space made by first 6 chain of last row, 4 chain, 1 Dc in next space, 4 chain, repeat.

12th Row.—12 Dc, beginning as before, 4 chain, 1 Dc in first space, 4 chain, (1 long, 3 chain, 1 long) in middle space, 4 chain, Dc in next space, 4 chain, repeat.

13th Row.—10 Dc, beginning as before 4 chain, 1 Dc, with 4 chain after it in each of the two next spaces, 1 long (3 chain, 1 double long, 3 chain, 1 long with 6 chain after into each of the two next spaces, repeat.



THE PARSONAGE LEAF-MAT.

chain, 1 long) in centre space, 4 chain, 1 Dc, with 4 chain after it in each of the next 2 spaces, repeat.

14th Row—8 Dc, beginning as before, 4 chain, 1 Dc, with 4 chain after it into all but the centre space, in which work (1 double long, 3 chain, 1 double long) 4 chain, 1 Dc, with 4 chain after into the other spaces, repeat.

15th Row—6 Dc, beginning as before, the remainder of the row to be the same as the last.

16th Row—4 Dc, beginning as before, the remainder of the row the same as the last, except that in the centre space work long, instead of double long stitches.

17th Row—2 Dc, beginning as before, 5 chain, 1 Dc in every space, repeat.

This D'Oyley, if worked according to the above, will form a centre, surrounded by leaves, which must be nicely pulled out, and laid one overlapping the other. The effect is very pretty. The above directions are intended for wool; but to work one in the finer material, proceed like our next.

THE PARSONAGE LEAF-MAT

Materials—Of white, black, and six shades of green, each three skeins, and one ball of silver twist.

Begin with white.

Work as far as the 8th row the same as in the D'Oyley before described.

8th Row—Begin with black wool, and work, 14 Dc in space made by 6 chain of last row, 3 chain, Dc in next space, 3 chain, repeat.

9th Row—12 Dc, beginning with darkest green on second of 14 Dc in last row, 4 chain, Dc on Dc, repeat.

SECOND SHADE.

10th Row—10 Dc, beginning on 2nd Dc as before, 6 chain, Dc on Dc, repeat.

THIRD SHADE.

11th Row—8 Dc beginning as before, 4 chain, 1 Dc in space made by first 6 chain of last row, 4 chain, 1 Dc in next space, 4 chain, repeat.

FOURTH SHADE.

12th Row.—6 Dc, beginning as before, 4 chain, 1 Dc in first space, 4 chain (oblong, 3 chain 1 long) in centre space, 4 chain, 1 Dc in next space, 4 chain, repeat.

FIFTH SHADE.

13th Row.—4 Dc beginning as before, 4 chain, 1 Dc with 4 chain after it into all but the centre space in 4th work (1 long 3 chain, 1 double long, 3 chain, 1 double long, 3 chain, 1 long), 4 chain, 1 Dc with 4 chain after it into each of the remaining spaces, repeat.

SIXTH SHADE.

14th Row.—2 Dc beginning as before, the rest of the row the same as the last.

15th Row.—With silver twist, work 1 Dc, 5 chain in each space missing the 2 Dc of last row.

Now with a bit silver twist, tie down every alternate leaf, passing the twist through the end of the leaf and the 4 chain next the two long in the 6th row. Spread out the remaining leaves nicely, and if the above directions be strictly followed, an elegant mat will be the result.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING ORNAMENTS IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

THE term "shell-work" may, perhaps, suggest to our readers those gay, and sometimes gaudy, but often very striking groups of brightly-tinted shell flowers, which we meet with at most watering-places. These certainly form showy ornaments for the table or mantelpiece, but are scarcely adapted for ladies' work; the plaster, stiff wire, rough colours, and actual hard work, being matters by no means fitted for

"Delicate and dainty fingers!"

The shell-work we propose to teach is a very different affair, its lightness and purity of look adapting it peculiarly for wreaths, or sprays for the hair or dress; and the materials of which it is composed, rendering it an elegant drawing-room occupation, as well as one calculated to call forth the artistic taste and inventive powers of the worker; for it is capable of infinite variety.

We shall divide our instructions into two parts, the "simple," and the "ornamental Rice-shell-work." The former will occupy our second article. The shells we use are called "rice-shells," from their resemblance to the



HEAD-PIECE, OF RICE SHELL-WORK.

grains of rice; they are brought from the West Indies, and sold by measure, or by the box, at most conchological repositories. Their Latin name is *Volva Nucis*. These who would study economy, and do not mind making a pilgrimage to East Smithfield, will often obtain them very cheaply from those miscellaneous dealers who purchase the foreign shells and curiosities brought from abroad by sailors. A part of these shells will go a great way.

Before we can set to work the shells must be cleaned and prepared. For this purpose, the first thing to be done is, with a strong yet fine-pointed pin, to free each shell from any grit or dirt which may have accumulated in the interior. Next, with a strong, sharp pair of scissors, a bit of about the size of a pin's point is to be clipped off from the extreme tip of each shell, so as to leave a tiny hole there, not larger than the eye of a middle-sized sewing-needle. This is a manipulation requiring care, as, if it is roughly done, too large an opening will be made, and the symmetry of the shell will

be destroyed. Neither should the worker stoop over the shell while clipping it, for, if the bit of shell snipped off were to fly into the eyes, it would occasion much irritation and pain. Practice will soon enable any one to clip the shells rapidly and evenly.

In order to set about rice-shell-work tidily and systematically, it will be necessary to have a dozen little square cardboard trays or boxes, about three or four inches square, and two inches deep. These can be easily made from white or coloured card-board, and should be so contrived that they may fit into one another, and, all be contained in one large tray or box of similar material, and covered over by one cover.

As the shells are cut, let them be sorted into three divisions, the small, the middle-sized, and the large shells. When all are clipped, put them into three separate basins; pour over them cold water enough to cover the shells, and to stand about an inch above them. Into this water put soda and mottled soap, in the proportion of half an ounce of each to a full pint of water; the soap should be shredded. Cover the basins, and set them on a hob, or in an oven, near a good fire; stir up the whole occasionally, and let it remain until the water is scalding hot, not longer. Then rub the shells gently with the hands, and pour off that water; and having rinsed the shells, add a fresh supply of water, and put in only soap this time. Let it again stand by the fire until hot, stirring it occasionally; then again rub the shells gently between the hands, pour off the soapy water, and rinse them thoroughly with clear, cold water.

Now lay a soft, folded towel on the table; put about a table-spoonful at a time of shells on this towel, and turning another fold of it over, rub them gently, but sufficiently to free them from moisture. Have ready a silk handkerchief, and remove them to this, and polish them with it, and then transfer them to one of the boxes, and setting it on the hob, let it stand there until the shells feel warm, shaking it occasionally in order that all may be equally dried. They will now be ready for use, and ought to have a pearly, white, polished appearance.

Take notice that too much soap or soda, or too great a degree of heat in the water,

or too long a soaking, will make them look yellow; while too much heat when drying will crack them or render them brittle, and too little will leave a moisture about them which will tarnish the other parts of the work.

The next important item to the shells is the silver wire. This is bought on reels, by the ounce, and can be obtained of any of the large gold and silver bullion fringe-makers and wire-drawers in the city. A "Evans's Derby Crochet Cotton" is doubtless well known to most of our readers, we will compare the different sized wires required to the different numbers of this cotton of similar size. The coarsest silver wire we ever need would be about the calibre of No. 10 "Derby Cotton;" the next about that of No. 16; and the finest about the size of No. 24 or No. 30. The two latter are those chiefly used for leaves, flowers, &c., the coarsest being generally only employed for the stem on to which the various component parts of a wreath or spray are to be grafted, or for baskets, or ornamental groups; our aim being lightness, not only of appearance but of weight, we use the thinnest wire we can, consistently with firmness.

The largest shells are chiefly used for baskets; the middle-sized and small ones for flowers and leaves. Each kind is to be contained in its own box.

Into another of the boxes cut some two or three hundred lengths of the middle-sized wire, each piece measuring about two and a-half inches.

Having now made all our preparations, we will set to work, and see how all the various separate portions of the head-dress given at the commencement of this article are made, and how they are put to-

This cut shows the manner in which every shell required for leaves or flowers must be prepared. We call it "wiring the shells." In order to effect it, the shell must be taken between the finger and thumb of the left hand, with its point towards the tip of the finger, and its opening turned upwards; then one of the two-and-a-half inch lengths of wire, which we



directed should be prepared, must be taken in the right hand, and one end of it passed in at the point, and out at the opening of the shell, and a third of it drawn through, and then turned over on itself; the folded wire being then held between the thumb and finger of the right hand, the shell must be turned round and round until the wires are sufficiently twisted together, to hold the shell firmly. In a very short time this manipulation will become so familiar that it will be performed with astonishing ease and dispatch.

Keep the wired shells sorted, laying the smaller ones in a box to themselves, and the middle-sized ones also in a box to themselves, and with the shells all towards one end; for when we come to make up the flowers, &c., it is astonishing how much time will be saved by our being able at once to put our hands on the portion we need.

Having thus wired a hundred or two, or more of shells, according to the purpose we have in view, we next proceed to make them up.

A leaf, like the one represented, may be made of any number of shells, from five to fifteen, or even twenty-five. A very small shell should be chosen for the apex, and then the pairs graduated so as to increase in size towards

the stem. They should all be picked out, and laid ready for use before we begin to form the leaf.

Take the small central, or top shell between the finger and thumb of the left hand, allow the shell itself and about an eighth of an inch of the twisted wire to project above the finger, and have the opening of the shell turned towards you. Take the first pair of shells and insert one on either side of the central one, leaving about the tenth of an inch of twisted wire between the shells and their junction with the wire of the middle shell; then, with the finest wire, bind them all together by

twisting the fine wire neatly round and round the stem, for the distance of nearly a quarter of an inch, when the second pair of shells are to be added, arranged, and bound on in like manner, and at a similar distance; continue thus all the way down, leaving the wire between the shell and the stem a little longer at each pair, keeping all the openings one way, and taking care to bind the stem firmly and compactly, and especially to avoid leaving any projecting ends or points of wire, as these not only look untidy, but are excessively inconvenient if the work is intended for wear.

The flower bud is formed by taking one of the lengths of wire, threading a shell on it, and then a small Roman pearl bead, and then a second shell, and twisting the wire to keep them all firm. It will be perceived by the engraving that the bead comes between the two points of the shells, and that both openings lie the same way.

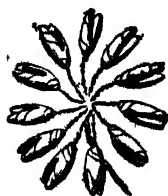
This is what we term a "single," or "simple flower." It is composed of five wired shells of equal size; the openings are all turned inwards, and the wires bound together immediately below the points of the shells firmly and compactly, all the way down to the very extremity.

This double flower is composed of seventeen shells — viz., twelve small ones, and five of a middle size. The five are arranged as in the single flower; the twelve are made up into four leaflets of three each, put together in the way a leaf is commenced; these are bound on to the flower, being arranged evenly round it, and so as to leave about a quarter of an inch of the stem above their junction with it, and the same length of wire between the pair of shells in each



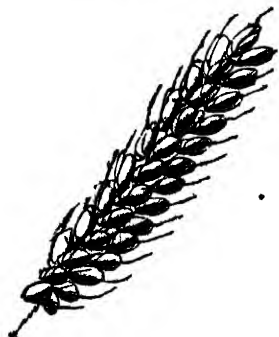
leaflet and the stem. Bend them into their places when the flower is completed.

Another variety of flower is here given, composed of twelve small shells, so arranged as to leave half an inch of wire between the point of each shell and the place where we begin to bind it; all the openings face upwards. The shells are to be arranged



Like the spokes of a wheel.

Wheat-ears may be made of any number of shells, from eighteen to thirty, and



of either small or middle-sized shells. One is taken as an apex, then a pair set one on either side of it, then one in the centre; then another pair, and so on, binding them on, almost close to the point of each shell, and putting in here and there three-quarter-inch lengths of the middle-sized wire, to resemble the beards.

This is a representation of an ornamental group; the shells chosen for it should be the large ones. Three lengths of wire (middle-sized), measuring about four or five inches, must be cut off. A shell is threaded on each wire, the wire folded double, a twist of two wires to it just to maintain the shell in its place, and then



the double wire wound round a good sized pin to give it that spiral form. The three, when done, are bound together at the bottom for about a quarter of an inch, and mounted on an inch or two of the coarsest wire.

In binding leaves, flowers, &c., the fine wire should not be cut off until the leaf, or whatever it may be, is complete, as it is desirable to avoid ends and roughnesses.

We could amplify these notices, but we consider that the engravings will be sufficient to show our readers the kind of groups that can be arranged, and suggest to inventive and tasteful minds a multitude of other combinations.

With regard to their adjustment into sprays, or wreaths, we can say but little, because that is so much a matter of taste. A light and graceful appearance should be aimed at, and the work neither crowded too closely together, nor left too straggling. It will often be advisable to mount a flower on a couple of inches of the coarse wire, in order to lengthen the stem, and it may then be grouped with a bud, or with spiral shells; but no rules can be laid down in an optional matter like this. The foundation stem, or that from which all the sprays of the head-dress given at the commencement of this article hangs, should be of double coarse wire; and the stems of the sprays of single coarse wire. All are to be bound on with the finest wire, and as neatly and as lightly as is consistent with firmness.

Care must be taken not to tarnish the wire by too much handling, especially with warm hands, or by unnecessary exposure to the atmosphere. When not in use, the reels should always be kept enveloped in silver paper.

The leaves of various sizes, the flowers of different kinds, and the other portions, should be consigned each to the boxes appropriated for them, as fast as they are made, and not all heaped together in one inextricable mass.

In our next article we shall describe the "Composite Rice-Shell-Work," which will present to our lady pupils a variety of ornamental arrangement.

This pleasing art is well worthy the pains and patience of all

"Who in work both contentment and happiness find."

SELBORNE HALL.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THERE is an elastic energy in youth which sorrow can never wholly overcome. If the buoyant spirit be for a time depressed, the period of reaction comes at last; and although the first few days after the arrival of Charles Maitland, in London, appeared to him about the most melancholy he had ever passed, it was not long before he began to regard his position with less gloomy forebodings, and to look upon the future with a more hopeful eye. Active occupation, too, which is a wonderful tonic in these maladies of the mind, contributed its usual salutary effect. Much of his time and attention were necessarily directed to the arrangements preparatory to his departure; and with the exception of the evenings, he had but little time for reflection upon the past.

It was a dull November day, of that description which London alone can produce in perfection; a thick drizzling rain was beginning to fall; so dense was the atmosphere, that the lamps had been lighted and were flaming through the heavy yellow fog with an almost supernatural lustre, as Charles Maitland wended his way along the crowded thoroughfare of Oxford Street. He was just about to turn into Stratford Place, when a light touch was laid on his arm. He started and turned round. A female figure, muffled and closely veiled, was standing near him; but there was nothing in either her dress or appearance which afforded him the slightest hint towards recognition.

"What is your business with me?" he said at last.

"You know me not, then; try, now, if you can remember?" and as she said these words the stranger raised her veil.

She was young, and might once have been called beautiful; but the light of youth and beauty seemed to have faded away from her pale face. Her large dark eye shone with a wild lustre; her lips were wan and colourless, and the traces left upon her features by care and sorrow could not readily be mistaken. A dim remembrance flashed for a moment across the memory of Maitland, but faded as it came.

"I do not, indeed know you," he said; "but if there is any way in which I can be of use to you, acquaint me with it, and the fact of your being a stranger will make no difference."

"I am not a stranger;" but I must be more terribly altered than I thought, to have passed so entirely from your memory.

"That voice! I have surely heard it before, and yet it seems impossible. Good heavens, who can you be?"

"Your cousin Constance, once Constance Mortimer! Do you know me now?"

"What! Constance alone in the streets at this hour, without companion or protector! What strange thing is this? Where is your husband?"

"I will tell you all, if you will accompany me to my home; it is not far from hence, in Bryanstone Street. I am in great misery and sorrow; but something tells me you have been sent for my deliverance;" and as she spoke these words, the poor girl burst into tears.

"Nay, Constance, be calm. I will call a carriage and see you to your house. How is it they never told me a word of all this at Selborne? I had no other idea than that you were well and happy."

"Well and happy! To the meaning of those words I have been long a stranger. My poor father, as you are aware, broke off all intercourse with our relations, and I was unwilling, in my altered circumstances, to make any attempt to resume it, which I feared might subject my motives to misconstruction."

"Altered circumstances! All this seems very strange. But let me hand you into the carriage. When we are at home you shall tell me all."

Thus it was that Maitland, for the first time, became acquainted with the circumstances under which his uncle had died. But he heard, too, from the lips of Constance, a story as sad and sorrowful in its details as it was unexpected. It told of unkindness, amounting to cruelty, on the part of him for whom Constance had given up so much; of poverty, broken health, and wounded feelings; the truth of all of which, in the eyes of the narrator, as well as in the humble mode of which she seemed the solitary occupant, were only too painfully manifest.

"I must see this man, Constance," he said; "you shall not remain under his roof an hour longer than is absolutely necessary."

"Alas! whither am I to go? What will become of me? He allows me a pittance, which is barely sufficient for my support. He is now constantly absent for whole months together; and when he does return, his acts of violence often make me shudder."

"You shall go to Selborne, my poor Constance; I will write to my mother this very night."

"I am most grateful for your kindness, but he would consent to nothing of that kind. Some time since he uttered the most frightful imprecations because I wished to write to Lady Maitland myself."

"Is he in town now, do you suppose? How long may it be since you have seen him?"

"Not for a week. He is, I believe, in London; but he lives principally at some club, the name of which he carefully conceals from me. I have never been able to find it out."

"Do none of the servants know his haunts?"

"No. When he is in town he comes but once a week, and that generally late in the evening."

"Upon what day generally?"

"Saturday almost always."

"This is Saturday. I will wait, upon the chance of his making his appearance; and in the meantime you can tell me any further particulars of your sad story you may wish me to hear."

But the agitation and exertion, with the recurrence of her thoughts to the melancholy past, had been too much for the poor sufferer. She fainted away, and her features assumed an aspect of such death-like pallor, that Maitland, alarmed, rang the bell violently for assistance.

"O, sir! it's nothing," said a coarse-looking servant, who made her appearance in answer to the summons. "Mistress is often taken poorly in this way."

"I wish you would go at once and call a doctor," said Maitland.

"She'll come to in a few minutes. I have often seen her much worse," replied the

many moments elapsed before consciousness gradually returned; and a sudden flush, succeeding to the death-like paleness, mantled over the neck, and mounted to the brow of Constance as a loud knock pealed on the street door.

"Tis he, Charles; for God's sake say nothing unkind," she faintly ejaculated, as she sank back on the sofa quite exhausted. She looked more wan and wasted than ever; her eyes were full of tears as she turned them with an imploring glance towards the door, which was flung open in another instant. Maitland turned at the sound, and there, face to face with the astonished visitor, stood COLONEL TREVELYAN!

"Why! it is Trevelyan!"

The Colonel smiled quietly, and bowed with an air of grave politeness. While Constance, looking distractedly from one to the other, exclaimed, "Trevelyan! No, his name is Montague—Herbert Montague. This, Charles, is my husband."

The young sailor started as if a serpent had stung him, while the Colonel, with an air of easy nonchalance, proceeded to inquire after his health and the welfare of his friends at Selborne.

The effrontery of the man took Maitland so much by surprise, that it was some moments before he could find his voice.

"You look surprised, my dear sir," said the Colonel, seating himself in a chair with gentlemanlike composure.

"I am surprised, sir," said Maitland, sternly, repressing with difficulty the indignation which nearly choked him.

"You must be aware that a *non-doguerre*, in cases like the present, is occasionally indispensable."

"I beg you will explain yourself. I do not quite understand."

"Nay, I think it is to me the explanation is due. May I inquire to what fortunate circumstance I am indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"This lady, sir, is a connection of my family—a circumstance of which it is impossible you can be in ignorance."

"I hear it now for the first time; but I should, with great deference, conceive my connection with her gives me a claim superior to any you can advance."

"Possibly it may; but when a husband's so far outrages every feeling—even of com-

This proposition proved correct. Not

mon humanity—his claim may be considered to have virtually terminated."

"Stay," said the Colonel. "There is evidently a little misconception here. I think you mentioned the word 'husband,' just now."

"I did. Is she not your wife?"

"Oh! not at all," replied Trevelyman, assuming an air of profound astonishment at an imputation so unwarrantable.

"Then what is all this? Why are you here? You cannot be so black-hearted a villain—"

"No hard words, my young friend, if you please. I will tell you the precise object of my present visit. I have proposed certain conditions to that lady. I presume she has acquainted you with them."

"No, she has spared me that trial."

"Then I wish simply to understand whether you, madam, will consent to view this matter in the light I have placed it before you?"

"Never!" almost shrieked Constance, with a sudden energy, which could scarcely have been expected from one in her condition.

"Then you may starve," said Trevelyman, in a voice hoarse with passion.

Constance burst into tears.

"Sir," said Maitland, turning with stern indignation upon Colonel Trevelyman, "I cannot allow any more of this, whatever the nature of those claims may be. This lady is under my care at present. You see her condition; if you have one generous feeling in you, do not distress her further."

"Then," replied the Colonel, "as you appear to have some influence, perhaps you will be good enough to assist me in having the matter amicably arranged; as, indeed, it should have been long since."

"I do not quite understand you."

"A word or two will make you quite *au fait* in the whole matter. This lady, your relative, as you say"—and here the Colonel smiled—"has in her possession certain papers, which, although quite valueless to her, are of importance to me. I wish to recover them; and if she gives them up, I have proposed to settle two hundred a-year upon her—an arrangement which I consider, upon the whole, extremely advantageous"—and as he spoke the Colonel stretched out his legs, looked

at the toes of his boots, and waited for an answer.

"What may be the nature of those documents?" inquired Maitland.

"Oh, nothing but a few letters relating to some love passages which once took place, at a time when neither of us were so wise as we are at present," replied Trevelyman, carelessly.

"He wants me to give him my marriage certificate," sobbed the unhappy Constance.

"There is no such document in existence, that I am aware of," replied Trevelyman, quietly.

"Do you mean to say we were never married?" spoke, or rather screamed, his victim.

"Married, indeed!" replied Colonel Trevelyman, raising his eyebrows. "If you call that a marriage which was performed by a servant disguised as a parson, I suppose we were."

"Can this indeed be true?" Then turning with clasped hands and streaming eyes to Maitland—"Speak to him, I implore you. It is false! We were married in the sight of heaven."

"Where did this ceremony take place?"

"At a friend's house in the Edgeware Road."

"Then, indeed, my poor Constance, I fear you have become the victim of a scoundrel."

Trevelyman's eye gleamed for a moment with sudden fury, but his intuitive sagacity showed him the necessity of self-control. He mastered his passion as Constance burst out into a fresh fit of hysterics, and said quite calmly—

"Well, do you think it probable we can come to any arrangement on the basis I proposed? If not, the sooner this scene, which must be painful to us all, is ended the better."

"Colonel Trevelyman, let us understand one another. Did these papers contain no proofs of your villany, you would scarcely be ready to pay so large a price for their possession. You shall not have them."

"As you please, sir," said Trevelyman, with a malignant smile.

But at this moment the unhappy Constance, whose feelings during this discussion were wrought to the highest pitch of agony, started suddenly up, and plucking a small packet, flung it suddenly on the table, closed

to where Maitland was standing. With a nervous grasp, he clutched the papers; but at the same moment Colonel Trevylyan sprang forward and seized his arm.

"Back, sir!" said Maitland, in a tone of stern indignation, before which the practised effrontery of the hardened reprobate seemed for an instant to quail. But the pause was only a momentary one. The rage of Trevylyan, at seeing the prize elude him almost at the instant it seemed within his reach, got the better of his discretion. He attempted to wrest the packet from the hand which contained it; but Maitland, seizing him by the collar, hurled him to the door.

"Enough!" he said, pointing to the couch on which lay the panting victim of his treachery. "This is no place for scenes of violence. Beware!"

Slowly did the countenance of the Colonel, which was livid with evil passions, resume its composure. At length he said, slowly and in measured accents, "Those papers are my property. In this place I seek no quarrel. Restore them, and I forget all that has taken place,—retain them, and you abide by the consequences."

"I prefer the latter alternative," replied Maitland, as he placed the packet in his breast, and carefully buttoned his coat over it.

"Then I wish you a very good morning;" and with an evil smile, Colonel Trevylyan opened the door, and strode down stairs.

Relieved by his absence, the attention of Maitland was once more turned to the unhappy girl, whom he vainly endeavoured to console and reassure. But his efforts were all fruitless. One fainting fit followed upon another. A doctor was at last sent for; who had no sooner seen the patient than he ordered her at once to bed, with strict directions that she should be kept in perfect quiet.

Scarcely had Charles Maitland reached his lodgings, and having deposited the packet in a place of safety, was endeavouring to compose himself after the painful scene he had just witnessed, when a loud knock was heard at the door, and his servant made his appearance, with a card, to say that a gentleman wished to speak with him immediately on urgent business.

"Show the gentleman up, and bring lights to the parlour."

In a few minutes a tall man, having a military air, and dressed in the extreme of the fashion, was ushered in. He bowed with grave politeness as Maitland, rising to receive him, inquired to what he was indebted for the honour of his visit.

"I am come to you on behalf of Colonel Trevylyan," was the reply.

"With what object?"

"Oh, merely to request you will be so good as to refer me to some friend, who will act on your behalf, in this painful business which has arisen between you."

"Are you in possession of the facts?"

"In full possession of all the facts," was the prompt reply.

"And you are of opinion it is a case of that description which will justify Colonel Trevylyan in the course he now adopts?"

"Certainly. When a blow has passed, there is no alternative."

"Very well. I shall give you a note to Captain Wenham, whom you will probably find at the Guards' Club about this hour." And having penned the necessary communication, Maitland rang the bell.

His visitor rose, and making a ceremonious obeisance, withdrew to the door.

"I should, perhaps, have mentioned," he said, as he turned the handle slowly round, "that in case you give up certain letters of Colonel Trevylyan's, he will be contented with an apology."

"I have already given you my only answer."

"Very well. Then I have the honour to wish you a very good morning;" and smiling ominously upon Maitland, the visitor made his exit.



For she was timid as the wintry flower,
That, whiter than the snow it blooms among,
Droops its fair head submissive to the
power

Of every angry blast which sweeps along,
Sparing the lovely trembler, while the
strong

Majestic tenants of the leafless wood
It levels low. But ah! the pitying song
Must tell how, than the tempest's self more
rude,

Fierce wrath and cruel hate their suppliant
prey pursued.

Psyche, by Mrs. Tighe.

A MITHER'S BLETHEER ABOUT HER BAIRN.

THAT wean o' mine 'll drive me daft,
I solemnly declare;
If I had bodiam in the house,
It couldna plague me sair.
He waukens up at skreich o' day,
Then rest wi' him there's nane,
But rumblin', tumblin', up an' down—
It's no a common wean!

He's never out o' mischief, an'
He never seems to tire;
See! there he's on the fender's edge;
He'll tumble in the fire!
He's at the door now! catch him, or
He'll whamle down the stair;
He's got the puir cat now, the wretch
Is ruggin' out its hair.

Losh! now he's got his father's book
Wide open on the knee,
And just observe the solemn look
That's in his bonnie e'e.
He canna read, yet looks as grave
As chiel in gown and bawn;
But mair than he looks wise on things
They dinna understan'.

An unco wean; yet fyte on him,
He only laughs an' craws,
Like his father when he's teasing me;
An' when I tak' the taws
An' gie'm a skelp, I'm vexed, an' wish
I'd let the bairn alane,
For he looks sae strange-like in my face,
I couldna do't again.

Gude keep us a'! the bairn's asleep,
His wee head on his arm;
Now, wha could look in that sweet face
An' think o' doin't harm,
Although it's fashous whyles!—eh me!
His wee cheek's like the rose,
Or the crimson on the far hill-top
When gloamin's gaun to close.
Sleep round, wee pet! ye're but a type
O' busy warldly man,
Whose hands are thrang, whose head is fu'
Wi' mony a scheme an' plan;
He rests na day nor night, until
His bustlin' life is past,
An' sleep—Death's sleep—upon him creeps,
As on my bairn at last.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY WORDSWORTH.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Rubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device!
Such are thoughts! A wind-swept meadow
Mistaking a troubled sea,
Such is life; and death a shadow
From the rock Eternity!

THE WORKER TO THE DREAMER.

Fling away thy idle fancies,
They but weaken heart and brain,—
Break the pleasant dreamy letters
Of romance's shining chain.
Come out from the misty kingdom—
Thou hast lingered there too long.
Come out girded as for battle,
Armour true, and spirit strong.

Sit no longer by the waters—
Hearkening to their murmurs sweet—
Up! while yet the morning shinneth—
Then go forth with earnest feet!
Cast away thy idle dreamings;
Work with ardour, willing, brave,
For, oh dreamer! life is action;
And to act,—a duty grave.

Steep and rugged is the mountain,
Yet the faithful toilers say,
When they gain its hallow'd summit,
"Blessed was our weary way."
So to thee, when thou hast battled
Bravely, nobly, for the right—
Will thy labour, though a burden,
Seem, with sweet content, but light.

Truth and error wage a warfare,
Constant in this world of ours;
We have need of champions fearless—
Come from dreamland's rosy bowers!
Cast away thy idle fancies;
They will cumber thee in life,
Be henceforth a warrior mighty—
Earnest in a glorious strife!

DON'T LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE.

Don't look on the dark side! Turn over the leaf—
See—a beautiful picture awaits you.
Why study with care the pale outlines of grief,
When life-tinted hope may elate you?

Don't look on the dark side! Your sadness and gloom
Will spread like a pestilence round you;
Such moping is selfish; give cheerfulness room—
Let the balm of its atmosphere bound you.

Don't look on the dark side! There's brightness enough

In the world, if you only but view it:
To fret is ungrateful; your way may be rough,
But complaining, with briars will strew it.

Don't look on the dark side! Or, if 'tis all dark,
If night and a storm both are given;
Remember, though clouds veil each luminous
spark,
The stars are yet shining in Heaven!

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.



Divide this figure into four equal parts, each of the same figure.

ENIGMAS

1

I'm black and white, found in every town and county in Great Britain, because I am the most common name you meet with.

2

A word of three syllables seek till you find,
That has in it the twenty-six letters combin'd

CHARADES

1

Give me my first, I'll be content,
My second give to be carees d,
Give me my whole, by goodness sent,
And I shall be supremely blest

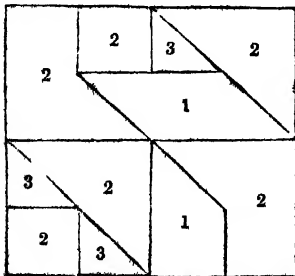
2

My first is in the ohicken's breast,
My second in the wave,
My third in suit of scarlet drest,
For which his life he gave.

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME

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PRACTICAL PUZZLE—Arrange the pieces as shown below —



ANSWERS—1, Rule Britannia 2, Isle of Beauty 3, Auld Lang Syne 4, Home, sweet home. There's a good time coming!

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS—1 51,500 steps —
2. The answer will be the number of terms in an arithmetical series whose sum is 26292, first term 6, and common difference $\frac{1}{2}$

$$s = \left\{ 2a + (n-1)d \right\} \frac{n}{2}$$

$$\text{or } 26292 = \left\{ 12 + (n-1)\frac{1}{2} \right\} \frac{n}{2} = 6n + \frac{n^2}{4} - \frac{n}{4}$$

$$105168 = 24n + n^2 - n$$

$$n^2 + 23n = 105168$$

$$n^2 + 23n + \left(\frac{23}{2}\right)^2 = \frac{401201}{4}$$

$$n + \frac{23}{2} = \pm \frac{640}{2}$$

$$\therefore n = 318$$

The time required is 318 weeks, or 6 years, one of which is leap-year.

GEOGRAPHICAL PARADOXES—1 The two places must be directly under the two poles, for to the north pole the sun rises about the 21st of March, and does not set till the 23rd of September. and the ensuing twilight continues till the sun is 18 degrees below the horizon—i.e., till about the 18th of November, then dark night continues till about the 29th of January, at which time day-break commences, and the morning twilight continues till sunrise on the 31st of March. Hence, between sunrise and sunset, 6 months elapse, between day-break and the end of twilight about 288 days, but total darkness continues only 77 days N.B. When the sun rises to the north pole, he sets to the south, *et contra*, and because he rises but once and sets but once in the year, there can be but one day and one night during the whole year—2 If by neither day nor night is meant twilight, the places may be in any part of the Frigid Zones But if we are to understand that the sun neither rises nor sets for 24 hours, the places must be 90 degrees from the sun. Thus, if the sun be in the equator, then the places are directly under the poles, for, at those times, the sun circuits about their horizon for 24 hours, half above and half below it, hence, during that time, it is there neither day nor night—3 Directly under the south pole, which has not only the least, but the greatest, and all intermediate degrees of longitude, since they all meet in the poles. Or thus all places that lie under the first meridian have both the greatest and least degree of longitude, for when the utmost extent of longitude ends, its least denomination begins—4 Suppose one place to lie directly under either of the poles, a second 10 degrees on this side, and a third 20 degrees on the other, under the same meridian circle, then they will all differ in latitude, and likewise in longitude, since the pole contains all degrees of longitude—5 In some high latitude, about the longest day when the time from sunrise to sunset amounts to several months.

* This only refers to the old way of reckoning the longitude. It is now made to end at 180 degrees both ways.

OUR FAMILY COUNCIL.

We had intended, with this number of the *Family Friend*, to present our fair readers with the first "Fly-leaf for the Work-Table," announced in our last; but owing to some defect in the printing machinery, by which we could not obtain copies sufficient to supply our numerous friends, we are compelled to postpone its distribution for a fortnight. To compensate for this disappointment, we have issued another number of the "Serf's Daughter," which will be given, gratis, to all subscribers of the *Family Friend*.

"I am the youngest of four sisters, and all of us, owing to circumstances, are self-educated. As we frequently go into society, will you tell us how we may make ourselves agreeable?" ELLEN T. thus invokes our friendly advice, and right willingly we respond, for—

"A young maiden's heart
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many germs
Hid by the cunning hand of nature, there
To put forth blossoms in their fittest season."

We will recommend our young reader, if she does not already possess a copy of Catherine Talbot's valuable *Miscellanies*, to procure one, and she will there find, amidst a cluster of those gems which adorn the female character with especial grace, the following excellent observations:—"Let but your whole behaviour flow uniformly from one fixed principle of duty, and you may always be secure. Be, therefore, equally affable to all kinds of people; study to please even those who are far from pleasing you; make yourself agreeable to those whose praise you are sure you do not seek; study to oblige the heavy, the low, the tedious; and in whatever company you are, never aim at what is called shining. Do all this, and you may very allowably strive to please in agreeable company too; and may be satisfied that you act from sociable good humour, and not from vanity."

A "SEREN," not one of the family so celebrated by Homer in his *Odyssey*, but a rational, matter of fact inquirer, wishes to have some particulars regarding the human voice, and its changes in age. We may inform her that there are seven distinguishing characters of voice in men and women. In men, they are termed bass, baritone, tenor-robusto, or full-tenor, and tenor-legiardo, or counter-tenor. Those of women are termed contralto, mezzo-soprano, and soprano. The compass will be found to vary according to the length of the vocal chords and windpipe, the longest possessing the power of producing the greatest number of notes. Thus, one voice may comprise a range of twelve notes, and another of

sixteen, and yet both may be of the same character. The change which occurs in the voice in the decline of life is the result of the ossification of the cartilages of the larynx, and the hardening of its ligaments, which produces a hoarse and cracked sound.

MARY ANN C. has a natural disinclination for adulterated food, and desires to know how alum or earthy matters may be detected in bread. The presence of alum may be recognised by macerating a suspected portion for about two hours, in distilled water, by which the whole of the salts is removed, and obtained in solution. The solution should then be made to run through filtering paper, which retains the bread, and the clear solution is to be tested with those re-agents which indicate the presence of alum, or its constituent parts, namely, *muriate of barytes* for sulphuric acid, and *ammonia* for the *alumina*.

"What," writes GEORGINA W., "is the origin of the belief that the Robin and the Wren undertake the office of covering dead bodies with moss or leaves?"

We cannot tell our fair inquirer more than that this lovely tradition is of ancient date. It is alluded to by Shakspeare; and Drayton says:—

"Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charity."

Webster mentions the wren and the robin as coadjutors in this office—

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of untimely men."

Probably our correspondent received the suggestion from that delightful story of our childhood, "The Babes in the Wood."

"And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long
They sang them this song—
'Poor babes in the wood!'"

GEORGE LEWIS, who evidently takes a lively interest in the welfare of the female race, sends us the following paragraph from an American newspaper, the *Boston Olive Branch*, on which young women are employed as compositors. "Our rooms," it states, "are well carpeted, and the girls do not come till nine or ten o'clock in the morning, retiring in good season, seldom making even seven or eight hours a-day. Smart compositors can, in that time, earn from six dollars to eight dollars a-week. We have also one female clerk out of the three we employ. Added to this, one desk has been occupied by a female editor as our assistant, at a salary of \$300.00. She has spent seven hours a-day in the office for five days in the week. We generally have in our office an organ and a pianoforte, and we have music at the

meal hours, when the ladies feel to like playing."

"Why," adds Mr. George Linton, with a closing burst of enthusiasm, "why do not the females of England follow such an example?" Simply, we opine, because Englishwomen are more inclined to the quiet performance of household duties, than those of their sex whose occupations, as thus stated, proclaim them to be of "sterner mould," and because Englishmen could hardly reconcile with the chivalry of manhood, the encouragement of such laborious pursuits in those who are "unapt to toil and trouble in the world."

"But," Mr. Linton may urge, "many of our countrywomen toil more severely than the American lady-compositors." Granted; but because an evil exists there is no reason that it should be perpetuated. There are constant ameliorations in the nature of female employments, and we trust in the good sense of the country for a continued improvement in this respect. We would like always to see woman in her proper sphere of action, the delight of home, the oracle of all the social virtues, not the victim of employments ill-suited to her tender frame; and best

"Fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet."

"How can I procure a situation in a Government office?" is the moderate request of H. J. S. As we are not initiated into the mysteries of *bureaucracy*, we can scarcely give an opinion; but H. J. S. had better, perhaps, obtain an introduction to some persons already belonging to one or more of the Government offices, and ascertain through them which places are the most desirable, and when vacancies have occurred, in order to apply for them; and all we can add is, that if our correspondent's deserts be equally good as his handwriting, he has our best wishes for his success.

T. J. J., evidently a young man with beard,

"Just enough to speak him
Drawing towards a man,"

is desirous of cultivating the same, but is met by the reproaches of his friends, who probably see no charms in it, whether fashioned like "the husk of a chestnut," or as the beard of the hero in Hudibras,—

"That tawny, was the equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face."

"What," exclaims the aggravated T. J. J., "am I to do?"

Why make a virtue of necessity, and like the famous William Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, cut it off.

"And pray how did this happen?"

Why, this ecclesiastic had cherished for years a tall and flowing beard, which he highly valued. When the period of his induction into the bishopric of Clermont had arrived, he went in state to take possession of his cathedral, but found to his as-

tonishment that the gates of the chancel were closed against him; and through the lattice-work he perceived three members of the chapter waiting to receive him in a manner not the most gratifying to his dignity. One of the trio held in his hand a razor, another a pair of scissors, and a third the book of statutes of the church of Clermont, opened at these words, "*de barba rasis.*" The bishop remonstrated, but to no purpose. The only answer returned to him by the canons was, "*be shaved or stay out.*"

Several of our friends desire us to recommend depilatory powders and lotions for the removal of superfluous hair from the face. We cannot, however, depart from our general practice of abstaining from advice in such cases; for most of the remedies advertised are inefficacious, and are also frequently highly injurious. They can only act by chemically destroying so much of the hair as is protruded beyond the surface of the skin. That which is still within the tube of the bulb, and the bulb itself, is unaffected by them, unless their action is very violent; and, of course, to a greater or less degree, they are, from this circumstance, dangerous. The consequences, it soon reappears. These preparations also, besides containing quicklime and other simply acid substances, often have arsenic in their composition, rendering them, in addition to their harshness of action, and liability to do local mischief, or engender disease in the part, apt to cause constitutional trouble.

"But how, then, are we to remove these blemishes?" some correspondent may inquire.

First, consider well whether they really are defects. A reference to others, will show that very often certain peculiarities harmonize well with the general style of feature, complexion, &c., so that, instead of being detrimental, they are even effective in producing an agreeable *ensemble*.

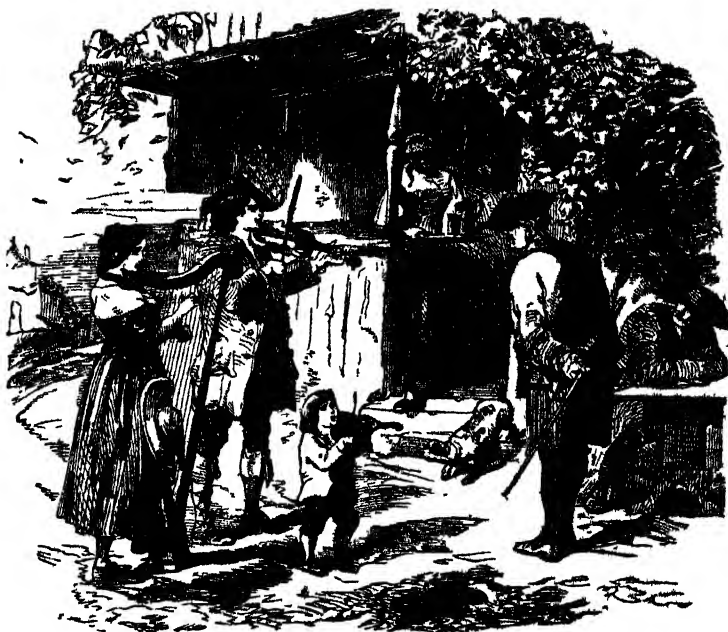
"But, Mr. Editor, you cannot call this beauty?"

Beauty, my dear madam, is very difficult to be understood; indeed some one has said:—

"True beauty never was defined;
And features, painted to the mind,
Are perfect only to the blind,
Who never scan the image o'er."

Perhaps you remember the story of the painter who, desirous of producing with his brush a faultless female face, selected for his models the most striking individual features he could obtain—the eyes from one, the nose from another, the mouth from a third, and so forth; but the portrait, when finished, was sadly deficient in every trace of beauty. But secondly, to the point: if you are not satisfied with what you may think an imperfection, perhaps the best remedy is the use of tweezers; and, with diligence and patience, the hair may be got rid of for a longer time than by any other means.

In our next Family Council, we shall give answers received from various correspondents to the questions proposed in our last.



HAYDN'S FIRST LESSONS IN MUSIC.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

CHAPTER I.

IN a small and insignificant dwelling in the village of Rohrau, on the borders of Hungary and Austria, lived, at the beginning of the last century, a young pair, faithful and industrious, plain and simple in their manners, yet esteemed by all their neighbours. The man, an honest wheelwright, was commonly called "merry Jobst," on account of the jokes and gay stories with which he was always ready to entertain his friends and visitors, who, he well knew, relished such things. His wife was named Elizabeth, but no one in the village, and indeed many miles round it, ever called her anything but "pretty Elschen." Jobst and Elschen were indeed,

to say the truth, the handsomest couple in the country.

The Hungarians, like the Austrians and Bohemians, have great love for music. "Three fiddles and a dulcimer for two houses," says the proverb, and it is a true one. It is not unusual, therefore, for some out of the poorer classes, when their regular business fails to bring them in sufficient for their wants, to take to the fiddle, the dulcimer, or the harp; playing on holidays by the highway or in the taverns. This employment is generally lucrative enough, if they are not spendthrifts, to enable them, not only to live, but to lay by something for future necessities.

"Merry Jobst" was already revolving in his own mind some means to be adopted for the bettering of his very humble fortunes, when Elschen one day said to him, "Jobst! it is time to think of making

something more for our increasing family!" Jobst gave a leap of joy, embraced pretty Elschen, and answered, "Come then! I will string anew my fiddle and your harp; every holiday we will take our place on the roadside before the tavern, and play and sing merrily; we will give good wishes to those that listen to and reward us, and let the surly traveller, who stops not to hear us, go on his way!"

The next Sunday afternoon merry Jobst and pretty Elschen sat by the highway before the village inn; Jobst fiddled, and Elschen played the harp and sang to it with her sweet clear voice. Not one passed by without noticing them; every traveller stopped to listen, well pleased, and on resuming his journey threw at least a silver twopenny in the lap of the pretty young woman. Jobst and his wife, on returning home in the evening, found their day's work a good one. They practised it regularly with the like success.

After the lapse of a few years, as the old singing-master of a neighbouring town passed along the road one afternoon, he could not help stopping, admiring and amused at what he saw. In the same arbour, opposite the tavern, stood merry Jobst fiddling as before, and beside him pretty Elschen, playing the harp and singing; and between them might be seen a little chubby-faced boy about three years old, who had a small board, shaped like a violin, hung about his neck, on which he played with a willow twig as with a genuine fiddle-bow. The most comical and surprising thing of all was, that the little man kept perfect time, pausing when his father paused and his mother had a solo, then falling in with him again, and demeaning himself exactly like his father. Often, too, he would lift up his clear voice, and join distinctly in the refrain of the song. The song pretty Elschen sang, ran somewhat in this way:—

"The Spring it is come—and the blithe earth is green,
Birds and flowers are abroad, and how glistering the scene!
O'er the broken stones sparkling, the stream murmurs nigh,
And how fresh from the mountains the breezes sweep by.

"The bees hum around us, the lambs frolic too,
And golden clouds spot in the heavens' deep blue!

The young mountain shepherd, his shawm he hath wound,
And the maiden steps softly, and follows the sound.

"The bell in yon valley breaks faint on the air,
Stranger! haste not away! pause and breathe first a prayer,
And give thanks to our Maker, on whom good men call—
Who created in love, and sustaineth us all."

"Is that your boy, fiddler?" asked the teacher, when the song was at an end. Jobst answered,

"Yes, sir, that is my little Seperl."*

"The gay fellow seems to have a taste for music."

"Why not? If it depends on me, I will take him, as soon as I can do so, to one who understands it well, and can teach him. But it will be some time yet, as, with all his taste and love for it, he is very little and awkward."

"We will speak further of it," said the teacher, and went his way. Jobst and Elschen began their song anew, and the little Joseph imitated his father on his fiddle, and joined his infant voice with theirs when they sounded the "Hallelujah."

The friend came from this time twice a week to the house of merry Jobst to talk with him about his little son, and the youngster himself was soon the best of friends with the good-natured old man. So matters went on for two years, at the end of which the teacher said to Jobst, "It is now the right time, and if you will trust your boy with me, I will take him, and show him what he must learn, to become a brave lad and a skilful musician."

Jobst did not hesitate long, for he saw clearly how great an advantage the instruction of Master Wolfert would be to his son. And though it went harder with pretty Elschen to part with Seperl, who was her favourite and only child, yet she gave up at last, when her husband observed—
"The boy is still our own, and if he is our only child, we are—Heaven be praised!—both young, and love each other!"

So he said to Wolfert, the next time he came—"Agreed! here is the boy! treat him well—and remember that he is the apple of our eye."

* The diminutive for "Joseph" in the dialect of the country.

"I will treat him as my own!" replied the teacher. Elseben accordingly packed up the boy's scanty wardrobe in a bundle, gave him a slice of bread and salt, and a cup of milk—embraced and blessed him, and accompanied him to the door of the cottage, where she prayed to Heaven for her child, and then returned to her chamber. Jobst went with them half the way to Haimburg, and then also returned, while Wolferl and Joseph pursued their way till they reached Wolferl's house, the end of their journey.

Wolferl was an old bachelor, but one of the good sort, whose heart, despite his gray hairs, was still youthful and warm. He loved all good men, and was patient and forbearing even with those who had faults, for he knew how too often weak and fickle is the heart of man. But the wholly depraved and wicked he disliked, as he esteemed the good, and shunned all companionship with them; for it was his opinion "that he who is thoroughly corrupt, remains so in this world at least; and his conversation with the good tends not to his improvement, but, on the contrary, to the destruction of both."

Such lessons he repeated daily to the little Joseph, and taught him good principles, also how to sing, and play on the horn and kettledrum; and Joseph profited thereby, as well as by the instruction he received in music, and cherished and cultivated them as long as he lived.

In the following year, 1737, a second son was bestowed on the happy parents, whom they christened Michael.

Years passed, and Joseph was a well-instructed boy; he had a voice as clear and fine as his mother's, and played the violin as well as his father; besides that, he blew the horn, and beat the kettledrum, in the sacred music prepared by Wolferl for church festivals. Better than all, Joseph had a true and honest heart, had the fear of God continually before his eyes, and was ever contented, and wished well to all, for which everybody loved him in return; and Wolferl often said with tears of joy—"Mark what I tell you, God will show the world, by this boy Joseph, that not only the kingdom of Heaven, but the kingdom of the science of music shall be given to those who are pure in heart!" The more Wolferl perceived the lad's wonderful

talent for art, the more earnestly he sought to find a patron, who might better forward the youthful aspirant towards the desired goal; for he felt that his own strength could reach little further, when he saw the zeal and ability with which his pupil devoted himself to his studies. Providence ordered it in good time that Herr Reuter, chapel-master and music director in St. Stephen's Church, Vienna, came to visit the Deacon at Haimburg. The Deacon then told Herr Reuter of the extraordinary boy, the son of the wheelwright Jobst Haydn, the pupil of old Wolferl, and thus created in the chapel-master a desire to become acquainted with him. The Deacon would have sent for him and his protector, but Herr Reuter prevented him with "No, no, most reverend sir! I will not have the lad brought to me; I will seek him myself, and, if possible, hear him when he is not conscious of my presence or my intentions; for if I find the boy what your reverence states, I will do something, of course, to advance his interests." The next morning, accordingly, Herr Reuter went to Wolferl's house, which he entered quietly and unannounced. Joseph was sitting alone at the organ, playing a simple but sublime piece of sacred music from an old German master Reuter, visibly moved, stood at the door and listened attentively. The boy was so deep in his music that he did not perceive the intruder till the piece was concluded, when accidentally turning round, he fixed upon the stranger his large dark eyes, expressive of astonishment indeed, but sparkling a friendly welcome.

"Very well, my son!" said Herr Reuter at last; "where is your foster-father?"

"In the garden," said the boy; "shall I call him?"

"Call him, and say to him that the chapel-master, Herr Reuter, wishes to speak with him. Stop a moment! you are Joseph Haydn, are you not?"

"Yes, I am, Master."

"Well then, go."

Joseph went and brought his old master, Wolferl, who, with uncovered head and low obeisance, welcomed the chapel-master and music-director at Saint Stephen's, to his humble abode. Herr Reuter, on his part, praised the musical skill of his protégé, inquired particularly into the lad's attainments, and examined him formally

himself. Joseph passed through the ordeal in such a manner, that Reuter's satisfaction increased with every answer. After this he spent some time in close conference with old Wolfertl; and it was near noon before he took his departure. Joseph was invited to accompany him and spend the rest of the day at the Deacon's.

Eight days after, old Wolfertl, Jobst, and pretty Elschen, the little Michael on her lap, sat very dejectedly together, and talked of the good Joseph, who had gone that morning with good Herr Reuter to Vienna, to take his place as chorister in St. Stephen's Church.

The clock struck eight, and all were awake in the Leopoldstadt. A busy multitude crowded the bridge—market women and mechanics' boys, hucksters, pedlars, hackney coachmen and elegant horsemen, passing in and out of the city; and through the thickest of the throng might be seen winding his way quietly and inoffensively, the noted Wenzel Puderlein, hairdresser, burgher and house-proprietor in Leopoldstadt. Soon he passed over the space that divides Leopoldstadt from the city, and with rapid steps approached, through streets and alleys, the place where his most distinguished customers resided, and whom he came every morning to serve.

He stopped before one of the best looking houses; ascended the steps, rang the bell, and when the housemaid opened the door, stepped boldly, and with apparent consciousness of dignity, through the hall to a side door. Here he paused, placed his feet in due position, took off his hat modestly, and knocked gently three times.

"Come in!" said a powerful voice. Wenzel, however, started, and hung back a moment, then taking courage, he lifted the latch, opened the door, and entered the apartment. An elderly man, of stately figure, wrapped in a flowered dressing-gown, sat at a writing-table; he arose as the door opened, and said—

"Tis well you are come, Puderlein! Do what you have to do, but quickly, I request you! for the Empress has sent for me, and I must be with her in half an hour." He then seated himself, and Wenzel began his hairdressing without uttering a word (how contrary to his habit!) well knowing that a strict silence was enjoined on him in the

presence of the first physician to Her Imperial Majesty.

Yet he was not doomed long to suffer this greatest of all torments to him, the necessity of silence. The door of the chamber opened, and a youth of about sixteen or seventeen years of age came in, approached the elderly man, kissed his hand reverently, and bade him good morning.

The old gentleman thanked him briefly, and said, "What was it you were going to ask me yesterday evening, when it struck eleven, and I sent you off to bed?"

The youth, with a modest smile, replied, "I was going to beg leave, my father, if your time permitted, to present to you the young man I would like to have for my teacher on the piano."

"Very well; after noon I shall be at liberty; but what has recommended him to you?"

"An admirable piece, which I was yesterday so fortunate as to hear him play at the house of Mdle. de Martinez."

"Ah! your honour means young Haydn," cried Puderlein, unwittingly, and then became suddenly silent, expecting nothing less than that his temerity would draw down a thunderbolt on his head. But, contrary to his expectation, the old nobleman merely looked at him a moment, as if in surprise, from head to foot, then said mildly, "You are acquainted with the young man then; what do you know of him?"

"I know him!" answered Puderlein. "Oh, very well, your honour; I know him well. What do I know of him? Oh, much; for observe, your honour, I have had the favour to be hairdresser for many years to the chapel-master, Herr Reuter, in whose house Haydn has long been an inmate—it must now be ten or eleven years. I have known him, so to speak, from childhood. Besides, I have heard him sing a hundred times at St. Stephen's, where he was chorister, though it is now a couple of years since he was turned off."

"Turned off? and wherefore?"

"Ay; observe, your honour, he had a fine clear voice, such as no female singer in the operà; but getting a fright, and being seized with a fever, when he recovered, his fine soprano was gone! And because they had no more use for him at St. Stephen's, they sent him away."

"And what is young Haydn doing now?" asked the Baron.

"Ah, your honour, the poor fellow must find it hard to live by giving lessons, playing about, and picking up what he can; he also composes—or what do they call it?—sometimes. Well, what avails it that he torments himself? He lives in the house with Metastasio, not in the first story, like the court poet, but in the fifth; and when it is winter, he has to lie in bed and work, to keep himself from freezing; for, observe, he has indeed a fireplace in his chamber, but no money to buy wood to burn therein."

"This must not be! this shall not be!" cried the Baron von Swieten, as he rose from his seat. "Am I ready?"

"A moment, your honour—only the string around the hair-bag."

"It is very well so: now begone about your business!" Puderlein vanished. "And you, help me on with my coat; give me my stick and hat, and bring me your young teacher this afternoon." Therewith he departed, and young von Swieten, full of joy, went to the writing-table to indite an invitation to Haydn to come to his father's house.

Meanwhile, Joseph Haydn sat, sorrowful, and almost despairing, in his chamber. He had passed the morning, contrary to his usual custom, in idle brooding over his condition; now it appeared quite hopeless, and his cheerfulness seemed about to take leave of him for ever, like his only friend and protectress, Mdlle. de Martinez. That amiable young lady had left the city a few hours before. Haydn had instructed her in singing, and in playing the harpsichord, and by way of recompense, he enjoyed the privilege of board and lodging in the fifth story, in the house of Metastasio. Both now ceased with the lady's departure; and Joseph was poorer than before, for all that he had earned besides, he had sent conscientiously to his parents, only keeping so much as sufficed to furnish him with decent, though plain clothing.

Other patrons and friends he had none! Metastasio, who was nearest him, knew him only by his unassuming exterior, and was too indolent to inquire particularly into his circumstances, or to interest himself in his behalf. He had briefly observed to the poor youth, that since Mdlle.

Martinez had left Vienna and his lessons were over, he could look about till the end of the month for other lodgings; and Joseph was too retiring, if not too proud, to answer anything else than that "he thanked the Signor for the privilege hitherto enjoyed, and would look out for another home." But where? Thought he now, and asked himself, sobbing aloud, "Where—without money?" Just then, without any previous knocking, the door of his chamber was opened, and with bold carriage, and sparkling eyes, entered Master Wenzel Puderlein.

"With me!" cried the *friseur*, while he stretched his curling-irons like a sceptre towards Joseph, and pressed his powder-bag with an air of feeling to his heart, "With me, young orphan! I will be your father,—I will foster and protect you! for I have feeling for the grand and the sublime, and have discerned your genius—and what you can, with assistance, accomplish; I know, too, your inability to cope yet with the world,—for you have not my experience of men. I will lead you to art—I myself; and if before long you are not in full chase, and have not captured her, why you must be a fool, and I will give you up!"

"Ah, worthy Master von Puderlein!" cried Haydn surprised; "you would receive me now, when I know not where to go, or what to do? Oh! I acknowledge your goodness! but how have I, a poor musician, deserved it? and how shall I thank you?"

"That is nothing to you!" said Puderlein shortly; "all that will appear in due time! Now sit you down on the stool, and do not stir till I give you leave. I will show the world what a man of genius can make of an indifferent head!"

"Are you determined, then, to do me the honour of dressing my hair, Master von Puderlein?"

"Ask no questions, but sit still."

Joseph obediently seated himself, and Wenzel began to dress his hair according to the latest mode. When he had done, he said with much self-congratulation, "Really, Haydn, when I look at you and think what you were before I set your head right, and what you are now, I may, without presumption, call you a being of my own creation. But I am not so conceited; and only remark to you, that though you have walked so long like a man on two legs, you have first been

enabled by me to present the *visage* of a man! Now pay attention; you are to dress yourself as quickly as possible, or, to express myself in better language, you are to put yourself *prestissimo* into your best trim—and collect your moveables together, so that I can have them taken away this evening. Then betake yourself to the Leopoldstadt, to my house on the river side, No. 7; then knock at the door, make my compliments to the young lady my daughter, and tell her you are so and so, and that Master von Puderlein sent you, and if you are hungry and thirsty call for something to eat and a glass of Ofener or Klostereuburger; after which you may remain quiet till I come home, and tell you further what I design for you. Adieu!"

Therewith Master Wenzel Puderlein rolled himself out of the door, and Joseph stood awhile with his hair admirably well dressed, but a little disconcerted, in the middle of his chamber. When he collected his thoughts at length, he gave thanks with tears to God, who had inclined the heart of his generous protector towards him, and relieved his bitter necessity; then he gathered, as Puderlein had told him, his few clothes and his music together, dressed himself carefully in his best, shut up his chamber, and after he had taken leave, not without emotion, of the rich Metastasio, walked away cheerfully and confidently, his heart full of joy, and his head full of new melodies, towards the Leopoldstadt and the house of his patron.

The consequences of this change in the fortunes of Haydn will appear in another chapter.

A DAINY DISH.

MR. CURZON, during a visit to one of the monasteries on Mount Athos, was treated to the following dainty dish, expressly prepared for him:—

At sunrise I received a visit from the Superior, who came to wish me good day. After some conversation on other matters I inquired about the library, and asked permission to view its contents. The Superior declared his willingness to show me all that the monastery contained.

"But first," said he, "I wish to present you with something excellent for your breakfast; and from the special good will that I bear towards so distinguished a guest,

will stay to see you eat, for it is really an admirable dish."

"Well," thought I, "a good breakfast is not a bad thing."

I therefore expressed my thanks for the kind hospitality of my lord abbot, and he, sitting down opposite to me on a divan, proceeded to prepare his dish.

"This," he said, producing a shallow basin, half filled with white paste, "is the principal and most savory part of this famous dish; it is composed of cloves of garlic pounded down, with a certain quantity of sugar. With it I will now mix the oil in just proportions, some shreds of fine cheese (it seemed to be of the white acid kind, which resembles what is called *caccia cavallo* in the south of Italy, and which almost takes the skin off your fingers, I believe), and sundry other nice little condiments; and now it is completed."

He stirred the savory mess round and round with a large wooden spoon, until it sent forth over room, and passage, and cell, over hill and valley, an aroma which is not to be described.

"Now," said the Superior, crumbling some bread into it with his large and somewhat dirty hands, "this is a dish worthy of an emperor. Eat, my friend, my much-respected friend; do not be shy. Eat; and when you have finished the bowl you shall go into the library and anywhere else you like; but you shall go nowhere till I have had the pleasure of seeing you do justice to this delicious food, which, I can assure you, will not be met with everywhere."

I was sorely troubled in spirit. Who could have expected so dreadful a martyrdom as this? Was an unfortunate fellow ever dosed with such a medicine before? I made every endeavour to escape the honour.

"My Lord," I said, "it is a fast; I cannot this morning do justice to this delicious viand; it is a fast. I am under a vow; Englishmen must not eat that dish in this month. It would be wrong; my conscience won't permit, although the odour is certainly most wonderful! Truly an astonishing flavour! Let me see you eat it, Ofather!" I continued, "for behold I am unworthy of anything so good."

"Excellent and virtuous young man!" said the Abbot, "no, I will not eat. I

will not deprive you of this treat. Eat it in peace, for know, that to travellers, all such vows are set aside. On a journey it is permitted to eat all that is set before you, unless it is meat that is offered to idols. I admire your scruples; but be not afraid, it is lawful. Take it, my honoured friend, and eat it; eat it all, and then we will go into the library."

He put the bowl into one of my hands and the great wooden spoon into the other, and in desperation I took a dose, the recollection of which still makes me tremble.

What was to be done? Another mouthful was an impossibility. I was overcome with despair. My servant saved me at last. He said "that English gentlemen never ate such rich dishes for breakfast, from religious feelings, he believed; but he requested that it might be passed by, and he was sure I should like it very much later in the day."

The Superior looked vexed, but he applauded my principles; and just then the bell sounded for church.

"I must be off, excellent and worthy English lord," said he; "I will take you to the library, and leave you the key. Excuse my attendance on you there, for my presence is required in the church."

So I got off better than I expected; but the taste of that ladleful stuck to me for days. I followed the good Abbot to the library, where he left me to my own thoughts.

ARTICLES OF DOMESTIC USE.

BY A TRAVELLER IN DISTANT COUNTRIES.

TEA.

WITH the single exception of sugar, there is, perhaps, no article of domestic consumption reaching us from tropical climates which, from very small beginnings, has attained at length to such an enormous extent as the use of tea in this country.

The introduction of the teas of China into Great Britain may be dated from the first opening of our trade to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope. A few parcels may have found their way in, with other luxuries, through the Portuguese and Dutch traders, who, for a considerable period, monopolised the traffic between the Eastern and Western worlds; but until our own ships doubled the dreadful "Cape

of Storms," and thus brought the costly goods of India and China home to our doors, tea could scarcely be said to have been known in England.

For a long period, however, the price demanded placed it quite out of the reach of many but the wealthy; and it is related of an elderly country lady in the latter part of the last century, that having received a present of some tea from a London friend, she proceeded to boil it, and having strained off the liquor, served up the leaves to table, which were eaten with butter and pepper like spinach, and, of course, highly relished.

Until early in the present century, tea could only be purchased from chemists; and in country towns to this day it is to be bought at all druggists. From being a mere luxury, or a medicinal drink, it has become a most necessary addition to the store of every housewife in the three kingdoms; and poor indeed must those be who cannot now afford to take the grateful and refreshing beverage. From a war-price of fifteen shillings the pound, it has gradually declined, until, in consequence of the late reduction of duty, it is no longer a luxury. From an occasional package or two, bought from the Portuguese traders at their weight in gold, the consumption of tea in this country now amounts to millions of pounds annually, giving employment to upwards of a hundred ships to convey it hither.

The Chinese appear to have cultivated tea from the earliest period; and amongst all classes of the people it has ever been held in the highest repute as a wholesome beverage. The following directions for "making tea," whilst it shows the importance attached by that nation to every particular connected with the subject, may, at the same time, possess interest in the eyes of many a careful housewife:—"Whenever the tea is to be infused for use," says Tung-po, a Chinese writer, "take water from a running stream and boil it over a lively fire. That from springs in the hills is said to be the best, and rain water the next, while well-water is said to be the worst. A lively fire is a clear and bright charcoal fire. When making an infusion, do not boil the water too hastily. At first it begins to sparkle like crabs' eyes, then somewhat like fishes eyes, and lastly it boils up like pearls innumerable, springing

and waving about. This is the way to boil the water."

We gather from the same learned writer that there are six different kinds of tea most highly esteemed amongst Chinese lovers of that beverage, and they are such as may be recommended to the notice of advertising vendors of the article, as more poetical and suggestive than those in common use. There is the "First spring Tea," the "White Dew," the "Cora Dew," the "Dewy Shoots," the "Mons. Shoots," and the "Revista-garden Tea."

"Tea," says the above author, "is of cooling nature, and if drunk too freely will produce exhaustion and lassitude. It is an exceedingly useful plant. Cultivate it, and the benefit will be widely spread. Drink it, and the animal spirits will be lively and clear. The chief rulers, dukes, and noble esteem it. The lower people, the poor and beggarly, will not be destitute of it."

Such are the opinions held respecting this plant in the place of its greatest production, and beyond a doubt most right; are they maintained. But although China is the great producing country of tea whence are derived the supplies of the world, it is nevertheless capable of being grown and manufactured in several other countries. Indeed, the tea plant is far more generally diffused than was formerly supposed to be the case. Not only is it met with in its natural state over the greater part of China, but also in Japan, Cochin China, in Nepal, Assam, and several parts of the great Himalayan range of mountains. It has been successfully cultivated in the island of Ceylon, where I have seen it flourishing at an altitude of about four thousand feet; whilst in the province of Assam, so congenial are the soil, climate and aspect, that some of the finest teas ever imported into this country have been received from the plantations of the Assam Tea Company.

In speaking, however, of the culture and preparation of tea for this market, I shall confine myself strictly to the methods adopted in China. Until very recently, it was believed the prime qualities of green and black teas were made from two distinct varieties of the tea plant; the former from that known as the *Thea Viridis*, the latter from the *Thea Bohol*. It is now well known that from those two varieties

both black and green teas are indiscriminately produced; the only element needed being a modification of the processes.

In the neighbourhood of Canton a very inferior black tea is produced, the ordinary bohea; and still further are the districts producing the better descriptions of black teas. The provinces in which the green teas are produced lie much further to the north—they are the districts of Fokein and Hwang-chow. According as the tea countries are situated will their produce be conveyed to Shanghai or Canton for shipment to foreign ports. The former is nearest to the green tea districts, from which it is situated about six hundred miles.

The country in which this cultivation is carried on is more or less mountainous, often of a highly picturesque character, and generally extremely fertile. The most favourite localities of the plant are along the sunny slopes of steep declivities, where a sufficiency of good soil is to be found, and where rains are abundant at certain seasons of the year. So steep, indeed, are some of these slopes, that it is related that monkeys are sometimes employed to gather the leaves; in other cases the boys are lowered down the hill-sides by means of chains. The best ground is admitted to be that which is slightly undulating, as in that case the rains do not wash away the soil from the roots, and the plants are more easily tended.

In the northern districts of China the vicissitudes of the temperature are great, ranging from below the freezing point in December and January, to 92° and 110° in the warm months. Rains fall heavily from April until June, and it is during the first of these that the youngest and finest teas are gathered. The seeds are usually ripe some time in October, and when gathered are carefully packed in baskets, between layers of damp sand, and in that state remain until the sowing time arrives in March, when they are sown either in nurseries or in patches, to replace plants which have died off. When the nursery plants are a year old, they are placed out in the farm in rows, four feet apart each way, three or four seedlings being placed together to provide against failures. This operation takes place during the first rains, the ground having been well prepared by weeding, &c.

Until the plants have reached their third year no crop is expected from them, and it is not often so early that a gathering takes place. Although well able to bear most of the sudden variations of temperature in these hilly regions, the young plants occasionally require some extra care during very severe weather. When the frost is sharp, it is usual to protect them by wrapping bands of rice-straw about their branches and stems.

After the third year picking may be begun. This operation is usually performed during showery weather, when the moisture of the atmosphere enables the plants to put forth fresh leaves without any great effort, and so prevents any ill effects from being felt by the drain upon its vigour. The first gatherings are esteemed the finest teas, for taking place as they do when the leaves are tender and imperfectly formed, they are not very productive in quantity, but extremely delicate in flavour, and beautiful in appearance. This early picking is replaced by other leaves of larger growth, forming a second quality, and so on, until the last gatherings of the season yield a coarse heavy tea, of inferior value. It is these early gatherings which are so highly prized by the Chinese connoisseurs of tea, and by whom they are designated "first-spring tea," "coral dew," "dewy shoots," &c.

The utmost vigilance is required on these tea-farms to eradicate all vestiges of weeds, which is done by hoes, or by the hand, when the ground is very steep. When properly cleaned, as they usually are, and when the plants have arrived at full maturity, these tea plantations have a most charming appearance. The utmost regularity is observed in the formation of the rows of plants, which are laid out with geometrical precision, and yet not so as to weary the eye, for their branches—growing with a graceful negligence and beauty—wear a most natural semblance.

This beauty is greatly heightened when the plants put forth their blossom, which, by the delicacy of their form and colour, appear in rich contrast to the dark green fringe. The flowers are formed in clusters on the upper sides of the primary branches; but although very beautiful, they do not last for many days.

The approach of the crop-time is marked



TEA-GATHERING IN CHINA.

by many busy preparations. Stores and drying-houses are cleaned and put in order. Firing-pans are set up; bamboo tables are erected. Baskets, trays, and bags are looked up, and arranged in proper working order, and the farm wears an appearance of bustling activity. In that densely-populated country there is never any scarcity of labour. A strike for wages is never heard of; and in all human probability, the same rate of pay is given the Chinese labourer on the tea-farm in the present day, as was paid two thousand years ago.

Everything being in readiness, I will now describe the several processes of gathering, curing, and packing. For this purpose, I will discard the idea of the employment of any of the monkey tribe, and assume that none but members of the human family are occupied at the task. The labourers are sent out at early dawn in gangs, with baskets to receive the leaves as gathered; their labours are superintended

by an experienced hand, whose judgment is required to guide the extent to which the young plants may be stripped of their first crop of leaves; and the younger the trees, the more carefully must this operation be performed.

The basket of tender leaves being brought into the curing-house, I will suppose them to be intended for the manufacture of *green tea*, which is a much more simple and expeditious process than the making of *black tea*. The leaves are spread out in the first instance rather thinly, upon bamboo-tables, or trays, to dry off all superfluous moisture. After lying there for an hour or two, according to the weather, they are removed into the curing-rooms, where the roasting-pans are arranged in proper order. There an experienced workman takes them in certain quantities, and, throwing them into the pans—under which a brisk charcoal fire is kept—stirs them about constantly with his hand. They are not long undergoing this process, giving out a thick vapour, and emitting a sharp crackling sound, until they become quite moist and flaccid.

From the firing-pans, the leaves are removed by means of small hand-baskets to the rolling-table, where a number of other workmen are stationed. These men take up in one hand as many of the leaves as they can grasp within it, and pressing them tightly, so as to force out any remaining free moisture which may be in them, they contrive at the same time to give a sort of twist to the leaves, which afterwards assists them in rolling up into their peculiar forms. These balls are frequently examined and passed on from one workman to the other, each of whom treats them in the same way, until they reach the hands of the superintendent of the party, who examines each ball most attentively before approving of it. If he deems it sufficiently manipulated, it is shaken out loosely, and removed in flat trays to the roasting-pan. In this pan, having a slow, steady fire under it, the tea is kept constantly stirred with the hand for an hour or upwards, by the end of which time the green colour of the leaves will have become fixed, though not of such an intense brilliant green as it afterwards assumes.

When it has been sufficiently fired, it is removed to another room, where the next

operation, that of sizing, goes on. In this part of the premises, a number of workpeople are employed with small sieves, having meshes of various sizes, through which the tea is then passed, with a view of sorting it into the fine, the small, the middling, and the coarse and large. This operation being completed, it is again passed to the firing-pans, in order to give it a greater degree of curl and crispness, which the sieving is apt to remove; and these being finished, sorters are placed upon it to re-sort it into the various kinds of swankey, hyson, &c.

In the preparation of black tea, the process, although essentially the same in principle, is so modified as to change the beautiful bright green of the leaves to the dark colour required. Most of my readers may at some time have observed, that when pale green vegetable matter is allowed to remain in heaps, a partial decomposition takes place, which has the effect of converting the green colour to a dark hue, approaching to a black. The Chinese bring this effect about by somewhat similar means, just stopping the decomposition at the proper time, to prevent any injury to the flavour of the tea.

When the leaves are brought in from the fields, for the purpose of making black tea, they are allowed to remain on the bamboo trays for twelve hours at least, instead of for one or two as in the case of green tea. The workpeople then gather up quantities of the leaves in their hands, press them pretty tightly together, and then fling them into the air above their heads, and allow them to fall again on the tray, and scatter about. This is repeated for a number of times, after which they are suffered to remain together on another tray, in heaps, for an hour or two, during which time they undergo a considerable change in their colour, and emit a rather pleasant fragrance. After this they are passed into the firing-pan, where they remain for a few minutes, and are then taken out of doors and spread in the open air upon bamboo tables, on which they are suffered to remain for two or three hours, during which time they are kept continually turned and examined. They are, after this, subjected to a second firing for about three or four minutes, and then removed to the bamboo table, rolled up into balls, and after being tossed about

as before, once more pass through the firing-pans.

By this time they have assumed a tolerably black appearance, without having lost their fragrance, and require no further treatment beyond a finishing drying, which they receive over a very slow fire, and afterwards are passed through the sieves in a manner similar to the green, and subsequently assorted in various kinds and qualities. The packing and finishing the chests for the market is the next process, and this is not long in hand. Indeed, the tea may be packed so soon as it has cooled from its last drying over the slow charcoal fire.

In addition to the mode already described of preparing the green teas, there is another method pursued, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Canton, upon a very low class of teas, which consists in imparting a bright freshness to their dull qualities, by artificial, and by no means harmless means. During the firing of this description of tea, a mixture of turmeric and water is sprinkled on them, and afterwards a compound of gypsum, or sulphate of lime and Prussian blue, which latter being a mixture of iron and Prussic acid, cannot, of course, be considered otherwise than as deleterious. It is reckoned, that with every hundred pounds of tea thus fictitiously coloured, the consumer swallows fully half a pound of Prussian blue.

The tea having been thus prepared for sale, soon changes hands. Between the grower and the shipper to foreign parts, there are as many intermediate agents as, in this country, between the farmer and the retailer of flour. The tea-farmer disposes of his chests at a fixed price to an up-country agent, who travels through the various tea districts; and having collected a large quantity, disposes of it in his turn to the wholesale dealers in the large provincial towns and cities. These again send the "chops" of tea, as they are called, to the seaport either of Shanghai or Canton, where they are made over to the regular tea mandarin, who again deal with the English or American shippers. The marks by which the various "chops" of tea are known in Canton, are not given by the growers, but by the up-country agents, who mix their purchases together in such a way as they believe will produce a pleasant and acceptable quality; after which they place on

the chests constituting a "chop," the mark or brand by which it is afterwards sold. A chop usually consists of about 600 chests.

The task of removing these bulky packages from the places of production to the port of shipment, above one hundred miles, is at all times a tedious and laborious undertaking. For a considerable part of the distance the goods, slung on a bamboo pole, have to be carried between two men; and as this load prevents them from travelling any great distance in one day, and their road lies over very mountainous tracts of country, it may be imagined how tedious such a mode of transport must necessarily be. A portion of the journey is made by canals in long, flat-bottomed boats, towed by men walking along the banks, or propelled by poles; whilst the remainder is completed by means of river navigation.

By far the greater part of the commerce of the two chief ports, Canton and Shanghai, consists of the trade in tea; next to which may be ranked the silk trade. Until very recently, the interior of China was completely closed against foreigners of all kinds, and it was consequently most difficult to gather any really trustworthy information regarding the culture of any article of Chinese produce. Of late years, however, a more perfect knowledge of the language and manners of the people has enabled several Englishmen to pass freely through many of the most interesting districts of the country.

One of the most successful of these travellers has been employed by the East India Company to collect tea-plants and seeds, together with tools, implements, and skilled labourers, for the purpose of introducing an extensive cultivation of this valuable leaf in one of the northern provinces of Upper India, the district of Kumaon, where both from temperature, soil, altitude, and humidity, it is confidently expected, as good an article may be produced, as in any part of the Chinese territories.

During the present session of Parliament, the Legislature have remitted a fraction of the customs' duty on this most useful household article, with a total remission in prospect. Beyond a doubt this will prove a great boon to all classes, more especially those in the humble walks of life. It is a great and striking proof of the value attached to tea as a beverage, that while coffee,

which has been comparatively lightly taxed, has only increased two or three per cent. during the past five years, the former paying a duty on importation into this country of fully two hundred per cent., has increased in its consumption to the extent of twelve per cent.

Before closing this chapter, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to know something of the derivation of the various names by which the ordinary teas of China are known. Hyson signifies literally "flourishing spring," that being the time when this particular description of leaf is gathered. Bohea signifies "large tea," which it really is. Pekoe derives its name from the Chinese word *Pak-ko*, or "white down," the fine teas of this sort being covered by a white ordinary down. Congou takes its name from *Koong-foo*, "labour," or "assiduity;" and Souchong, from *Seau-choong*, "small," or "scarce sort." In a future number we shall treat upon Coffee.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

THE IMPERIAL WORK-BAG.

Materials.—Three skeins of French Vertu-lay silk, twelve skeins of gold thread, No. 2, and imperial trimmings.

This truly elegant little bag is made in three pieces—namely, the two sides, and the band connecting them. The pattern is in gold, on a green ground. The clasp is gilt, and the trimmings are of green and gold intermixed, and are studded with small emeralds. The sides being alike, the description of one will suffice.

Make a chain of 16, fasten off. Now begin with another chain of 15. Sc on the first chain of 16, and with 15 Ch. Fasten off at every row.

2nd Row.—3 Oh, Sc on all the other row, 4 Ch. Work in the ends in every row.

3rd Row.—Begin to use the gold. 2 Ch, 20 silk, 2 gold, 3 silk, 2 gold, 3 silk, 2 gold, 21 silk.

4th Row.—3 Ch, 7 silk, 2 gold, 3 silk, 2 gold, 3 silk, 2 gold, 2 silk, + 4 gold, 1 silk, + twice, 4 gold, 2 silk, 2 gold, 3 silk, 2 gold, 3 silk, 2 gold, 8 silk, 2 chain. Observe that the first and last Sc stitches of a row are always worked on the chain stitches of the previous row.

5th Row.—1 Ch, 5 s, 2 g, 2 s, 4 g, 1 s, 4

g, 1 s, 4 g, 2 s, 2 g, 3 s, 2 g, 3 s, 2 g, 2 s, 4 g, 1 s, 4 g, 1 s, 4 g, 2 s, 2 g, 5 s, 2 chain.

6th Row.—1 Ch, 5 s, 4 g, 2 s, 2 g, 3 s, 2 g, 3 s, 2 g, 18 s, 2 g, 3 s, 2 g, 3 s, 2 g, 2 g, 2 s, 4 g, 6 s, 1 Ch.

7th Row.—1 Ch, 3 s, 2 g, 2 s, 2 g, 29 s, 1 g, 18 s, 2 g, 3 s, 2 g, 3 s, 1 Ch.

8th Row.—2 Ch, 3 s, 4 g, 10 s, 2 g, 20 s, 2 g, 21 s, 4 g, 3 s, 2 Ch.

9th Row.—1 Ch, 6 s, 2 g, 12 s, 2 g, 15 s, 1 g, 3 s, 2 g, 22 s, 2 g, 6 s, 1 Ch.

10th Row.—1 Ch, 21 s, 2 g, 10 s, 1 g, 3 s, 2 g, 2 s, 3 g, 31 s, 1 Ch.

11th Row.—1 Ch, 3 s, 2 g, 17 s, 2 g, 3 s, 1 g, 4 s, 3 g, 1 s, 3 g, 2 s, 3 g, 8 s, 2 g, 17 s, 2 g, 3 s, 1 Ch.

12th Row.—1 Ch, 3 s, 4 g, 16 s, 5 g, 5 s, 3 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 4 g, 6 s, 4 g, 16 s, 4 g, 3 s, 1 Ch.

13th Row.—2 Ch, 5 s, 2 g, 17 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 g, 4 s, 4 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 4 g, 6 s, 5 g, 17 s, 2 g, 5 s, 2 Ch.

14th Row.—1 Ch, 15 s, 1 g, 7 s, 2 g, 3 s, 8 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 3 g, 9 s, 5 g, 26 s, 1 Ch.

15th Row.—1 Ch, 5 s, 2 g, 9 s, 3 g, 4 s, 4 g, 2 s, 2 g, 1 s, 2 g, 7 s, 8 g, 5 s, 4 g, 22 s, 2 g, 4 s, 1 Ch.

16th Row.—1 Ch, 4 s, 4 g, 8 s, 5 g, 2 s, 4 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 13 g, 5 s, 2 g, 22 s, 4 g, 3 s, 1 Ch.

17th Row.—1 Ch, 6 s, 2 g, 9 s, 6 g, 1 s, 4 g, 1 s, 2 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 1 s, 2 g, 3 s, 6 g, 2 s, 4 g, 25 s, 2 g, 5 s, 1 Ch.

18th Row.—18 s, 7 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 2 g, 4 s, 3 g, 1 s, 4 g, 6 s, 6 g, 4 s, 4 g, 24 s.

19th Row.—5 s, 2 g, 12 s, 3 g, 1 s, 4 g, 1 s, 3 g, 5 s, 9 g, 7 s, 7 g, 2 s, 6 g, 17 s, 2 g, 5 s.

20th Row.—4 s, 4 g, 13 s, 2 g, 2 s, 2 g, 3 s, 4 g, 2 s, 2 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 2 g, 4 s, 1 g, 1 s, 8 g, 1 s, 8 g, 15 s, 4 g, 4 s.

21st Row.—5 s, 2 g, 11 s, 6 g, 6 s, 5 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 4 g, 4 s, 6 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 3 g, 16 s, 2 g, 5 s.

22nd Row.—18 s, 9 g, 5 s, 3 g, 4 s, 10 g, 2 s, 4 g, 1 s, 1 g, 3 s, 1 g, 2 s, 3 g, 23 s.

23rd Row.—4 s, 2 g, 12 s, 6 g, 4 s, 1 g, 1 s, 6 g, 3 s, 4 g, 9 s, 3 g, 1 s, 1 g, 2 s, 3 g, 2 s, 4 g, 17 s, 2 g, 4 s.

24th Row.—3 s, 4 g, 16 s, 2 g, 3 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 3 g, 3 s, 3 g, 1 s, 2 g, 3 s, 4 g, 2 s, 1 g, 3 s, 5 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 g, 16 s, 4 g, 3 s.

25th Row.—4 s, 2 g, 12 s, 6 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 2 s, 2 g, 8 s, 3 g, 2 s, 8 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 5 g, 3 s, 1 g, 18 s, 2 g, 4 s.



IMPERIAL WORK-BAG, BY MRS. PULLAN.

26th Row.—17 s, 7 g, 2 s, 5 g, 1 s, 2 g, 6 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 2 s, 10 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 4 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 5 g, 19 s.

27th Row.—3 s, 2 g, 11 s, 6 g, 4 s, 1 g, 1 s, 4 g, 1 s, 12 g, 5 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 2 s, 8 g, 2 s, 3 g, 3 s, 6 g, 1 s, 5 g, 13 s, 2 g, 3 s.

28th Row.—2 s, 4 g, 11 s, 6 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 7 g, 5 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 4 g, 4 s, 2 g, 1 s, 3 g, 5 s, 4 g, 2 s, 5 g, 11 s, 4 g, 2 s.

29th Row.—3 s, 2 g, 15 s, 2 g, 1 s, 4 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 4 g, 5 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 7 g, 4 s, 2 g, 7 s, 3 g, 1 s, 2 g, 2 s, 2 g, 12 s, 2 g, 3 s.

30th Row.—19 s, 2 g, 1 s, 5 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 3 g, 4 s, 3 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 9 g, 2 s, 1 g, 2 s, 3 g, 3 s, 2 g, 5 s, 3 g, 17 s.

31st Row.—4 s, 2 g, 12 s, 5 g, 1 s, 3 g, 2 s, 1 g, 2 s, 2 g, 3 s, 4 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 6 g, 4 s, 7 g, 3 s, 4 g, 1 s, 4 g, 11 s, 2 g, 4 s.

32nd Row.—3 s, 4 g, 11 s, 5 g, 1 s, 3 g, 6 s, 2 g, 2 s, 4 g, 2 s, 1 g, 2 s, 10 g, 1 s, 5 g, 3 s, 4 g, 2 s, 3 g, 10 s, 4 g, 3 s.

33rd Row.—4 s, 2 g, 11 s, 5 g, 2 s, 2 g,

11 s, 4 g, 2 s, 1 g, 4 s, 4 g, 3 s, 7 g, 3 s, 4 g, 1 s, 3 g, 12 s, 2 g, 4 s.

34th Row.—17 s, 5 g, 3 s, 1 g, 11 s, 3 g, 3 s, 1 g, 4 s, 1 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 8 g, 2 s, 2 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 3 g, 19 s.

35th Row.—6 s, 2 g, 9 s, 4 g, 5 s, 6 g, 11 s, 1 g, 4 s, 1 g, 2 s, 4 g, 2 s, 2 g, 2 s, 6 g, 17 s, 2 g, 5 s.

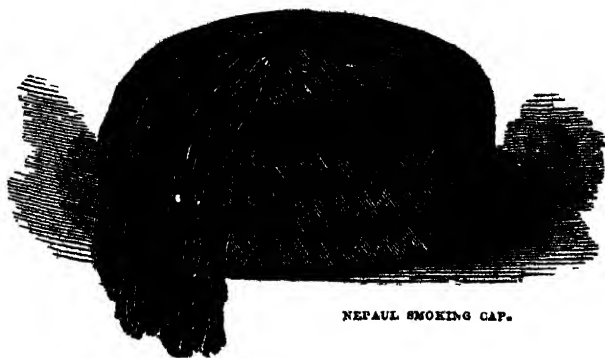
36th Row.—5 s, 4 g, 8 s, 2 g, 6 s, 8 g, 6 s, 7 g, 2 s, 1 g, 2 s, 3 g, 1 s, 1 g, 2 s, 9 g, 1 s, 2 g, 13 s, 4 g, 4 s.

37th Row.—Miss first and last stitches of last row, as you now begin to diminish. 5 s, 2 g, 9 s, 1 g, 7 s, 9 g, 3 s, 10 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 6 g, 5 s, 4 g, 4 s, 2 g, 13 s, 2 g, 4 s.

38th Row.—Miss as in last. 15 s, 1 g, 6 s, 4 g, 1 s, 6 g, 2 s, 10 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 5 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 g, 5 s, 6 g, 17 s.

39th Row.—Miss 2. 5 s, 2 g, 13 s, 4 g, 1 s, 6 g, 1 s, 12 g, 2 s, 5 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 2 s, 5 g, 10 s, 2 g, 5 s.

40th Row.—Miss 1. 3 s, 4 g, 12 s, 4 g, 2 s, 9 s, 1 s, 2 s, 1 s, 4 s, 7 s, 1 s, 5 s.



NEPAUL SMOKING CAP.

2 s, 4 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 1 g,
1 s, 2 g, 2 s, 4 g, 9 s, 4 g, 3 s.

41st Row.—Miss 1. 3 s, 2 g, 13 s, 2 g,
1 s, 2 g, 2 s, 1 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 3 g,
1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 5 g, 1 s, 11 g, 1 s, 10 g,
10 s, 2 g, 3 s.

42nd Row.—18 s, 3 g, 10 s, 2 g, 1 s,
3 g, 1 s, 6 g, 1 s, 10 g, 1 s, 10 g, 15 s.

43rd Row.—Miss 1. 6 s, 2 g, 10 s,
4 g, 2 s, 6 g, 4 s, 1 g, 2 s, 6 g, 1 s,
9 g, 3 s, 8 g, 8 s, 2 g, 5 s.

44th Row.—Miss 1. 4 s, 4 g, 13 s, 6 g,
2 s, 2 g, 4 s, 2 g, 1 s, 4 g, 2 s, 7 g,
5 s, 7 g, 7 s, 4 g, 3 s.

45th Row.—Miss 1. 4 s, 2 g, 6 s, 5 g,
1 s, 5 g, 1 s, 6 g, 5 s, 4 g, 1 s, 1 g,
1 s, 4 g, 9 s, 3 g, 10 s, 2 g, 3 s.

46th Row.—13 s, 4 g, 2 s, 5 g, 1 s,
8 g, 3 s, 4 g, 1 s, 2 g, 32 s.

47th Row.—Miss 1. 6 s, 2 g, 3 s, 3 g,
3 s, 1 g, 2 s, 1 g, 3 s, 9 g, 1 s, 5 g,
2 s, 2 g, 8 s, 4 g, 11 s, 2 g, 5 s.

48th Row.—Miss 1. 4 s, 4 g, 2 s, 5 g,
1 s, 1 g, 2 s, 1 g, 3 s, 8 g, 1 s, 1 g,
1 s, 2 g, 3 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 g, 2 s, 1 g,
2 s, 6 g, 10 s, 4 g, 3 s.

49th Row.—5 s, 2 g, 3 s, 4 g, 2 s, 2 g,
1 s, 1 g, 4 s, 7 g, 1 s, 1 g, 6 s, 1 g,
1 s, 5 g, 2 s, 3 g, 3 s, 2 g, 9 s, 2 g,
4 s.

50th Row.—Miss 1. 9 s, 2 g, 3 s, 1 g,
1 s, 3 g, 6 s, 4 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 6 g,
2 s, 3 g, 1 s, 6 g, 13 s.

51st Row.—Miss 1. 5 s, 2 g, 1 s, 6 g,
3 s, 2 g, 5 s, 4 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 6 g,
6 s, 2 g, 1 s, 7 g, 5 s, 2 g, 5 s.

52nd Row.—Miss 1. 3 s, 8 g, 2 s, 1 g,
1 s, 3 g, 9 s, 4 g, 3 s, 5 g, 5 s, 2 g,
1 s, 7 g, 4 s, 4 s, 3 s.

53rd Row.—4 s, 2 g, 2 s, 6 g, 1 s, 5 g,
6 s, 5 g, 1 s, 7 g, 5 s, 1 g, 1 s, 8 g, 5 s,
2 g, 4 s.

54th Row.—10 s, 4 g, 1 s, 6 g, 5 s, 5 g,
2 s, 6 g, 5 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 5 g, 11 s.

55th Row.—Miss 1. 5 s, 2 g, 6 s, 1 g, 1 s,
3 g, 1 s, 5 g, 1 s, 5 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 5 g, 5 s,
1 g, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 4 g, 4 s, 2 g, 5 s.

56th Row.—4 s, 4 g, 4 s, 3 g, 4 s, 5 g,
1 s, 4 g, 2 s, 1 g, 3 s, 3 g, 3 s, 2 s, 1 g,
2 s, 4 g, 3 s, 4 g, 4 s.

57th Row.—Miss 1. 4 s, 2 g, 5 s, 2 g, 1 s,
2 g, 2 s, 5 g, 1 s, 4 g, 1 s, 8 g, 3 s, 3 g, 1 s,
1 g, 1 s, 3 g, 6 s, 2 g, 4 s.

58th Row.—Miss 1. 10 s, 4 g, 2 s, 1 g,
1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 3 g, 2 s, 8 g, 4 s, 3 g, 17 s.

59th Row.—Miss 1. 4 s, 2 g, 3 s, 4 g, 1 s,
2 g, 9 s, 1 g, 1 s, 6 g, 6 s, 2 g, 1 s, 4 g,
5 s, 2 g, 4 s.

60th Row.—Miss 1. 2 s, 4 g, 3 s, 8 g, +
1 s, 1 g, + 3 times, 1 s, 2 g, 1 s, 5 g, 7 s,
7 g, 3 s, 4 g, 2 s.

61st Row.—3 s, 2 g, 5 s, 7 g, 1 s, 3 g,
2 s, 3 g, 4 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 6 s, 1 g, 1 s, 4 g,
5 s, 2 g, 3 s.

62nd Row.—11 s, 5 g, 2 s, 4 g, 1 s, 3 g,
6 s, 1 g, 5 s, 1 g, 16 s.

63rd Row.—8 s, 2 g, 9 s, 7 g, 7 s, 5 g,
7 s, 2 g, 8 s.

64th Row.—7 s, 4 g, 9 s, 6 g, 18 s, 4 g,
7 s.

65th Row.—8 s, 2 g, 12 s, 3 g, 20 s, 2 g,
8 s.

66th Row.—All silk.

67th Row.—8 s, 2 g, 35 s, 2 g, 8 s.

68th Row.—7 s, 4 g, 33 s, 4 g, 7 s.

69th Row.—Like 67th.

70th Row.—All silk.

71st Row.—10 s, + 2 g, 3 s, + 6 times, 2 g, 10 s.

72nd Row.—9 s, + 4 g, 1 s, + 6 times, 4 g, 9 s.

73rd Row.—Like 71st.

Now do 8 rows of plain silk.

For the band, make a chain of 180 stitches, and do two plain rows.

1st Pattern Row.—+ 8 g, 9 s, + 15 times.

2nd Row.—+ 3 g, 4 s, 1 g, 4 s, + repeat as before in this and following rows.

3rd Row.—+ 4 g, 3 s, 1 g, 3 s, 1 g, +

4th Row.—+ 4 g, 2 s, 3 g, 2 s, 1 g, +

5th Row.—+ 3 g, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 2 s, +

6th Row.—+ 3 g, 1 s, 7 g, 1 s, +

7th Row.—+ 3 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, +

8th Row.—+ 5 g, 1 s, 3 g, 1 s, 2 g, +

9th Row.—+ 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 2 s, 3 g, 2 s, 1 g, +

10th Row.—+ 3 g, 2 s, 5 g, 2 s, +

11th Row.—+ 1 s, 1 g, 3 s, 5 g, 2 s, +

12th Row.—+ 1 s, 1 g, 4 s, 3 g, 3 s, +

13th Row.—+ 6 s, 3 g, 3 s, +

Now two plain rows.

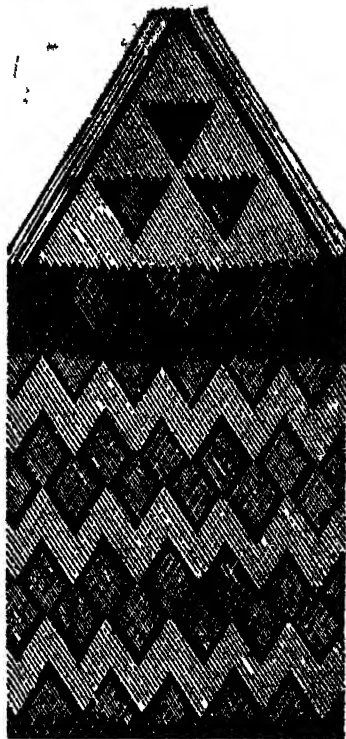
This bag must be made up nearly like a miniature carpet-bag, the band gradually sloped at the ends. Line it with watered silk.

Nepaul. Smoking Cap.

Materials.—Three skeins of black netting silk, and one of blue ditto (French). 18 skeins of gold thread, No. 1. A passementerie tassel, combining gold, blue and black, and some black silk and calico.

THE rage that there is, at present, for all articles in embroidered netting, its beauty and delicacy, and, above all, its extreme simplicity, will render the novel application of this style of work popular among our friends; while as the habit of smoking is (alas, for us!) becoming daily more general, it is to be hoped that those preventatives of the annoyance of it which our continental neighbours adopt, will become as universal as among them. The great *lightness* of netted work in comparison with crochet or velvet, commends it especially to those who dislike any weight on the head.

The cap is commenced in the centre of the crown, eight stitches being made, and formed into a round. On each of these, two are worked; you then increase in the same way as in the purse we have given in previous numbers, by netting *two* in every small stitch, and *one* in every other until the necessary size is obtained. This should



DARNING PATTERN.

be 2½ inches in each of the eight divisions, *not stretching them out*. Hitherto the netting had formed a perfect octagon: to make it round, it will be necessary to continue the work without any increase, until the piece is 7½ inches across. By stretching it out it will now be also 2½ round. The crown being done, continue

without any increase for the head, which is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep.

The darning is done in gold thread and blue silk. The white lines represent the gold darning. The spots only are in silk; all this part may be done from the diagram on the preceding page, and which gives it stitch for stitch. A piece of *toile cir*, or stiff paper should be tacked underneath the netting, previous to its being darned.

To make it up, a cap, of the dimensions we have given, should be made of the twilled calico, and covered on both sides with black satin. The netting is stretched over this, sewed down round the edge, and the tassel added.

SELBORNE HALL.

CHAPTER X.

A RENCONTRE.

CAPTAIN WENHAM, of the Guards, was one of those shrewd, sensible, and clear-headed men, who are altogether above the prejudices of their class. He was gifted with the rare capacity of being able to look at a subject in all its bearings, and pronounce an opinion, not only sound in a mere worldly point of view, but based upon higher considerations than those which, too often, are the only actuating principles of men of the profession to which he belonged. So, when the card of Sir Charles Aubrey was brought to him, he merely bowed with cold politeness, and said—

"As I have not had the pleasure of meeting my friend Maitland for some time, I should feel obliged by a more detailed account of the circumstances under which this quarrel has arisen."

"A blow has been given, which, in the opinion of all men of honour, can only be atoned for in the one way."

"But as this case has been put into my hands, I cannot consent to allow my judgment to be in any way influenced by what others may think."

"I am the bearer of a hostile message; do you accept it on the part of your friend, or do you not?" said Sir Charles Aubrey.

"Certainly not as at present advised—that is to say, being in complete ignorance of all the antecedents."

"Then sending me to you was but an aggravation of the original insult."

"By no means. I am ready to take any step which I may consider advisable."

"But the only step which, under the circumstances, can be deemed advisable by any man of sense or experience, is an immediate meeting."

"In that I differ from you. Your principal, it appears, has been thrashed. Now, Sir Charles, you will not, I hope, misconceive me if I ask a question?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, may he not have deserved it?"

"Nothing can justify a blow—no circumstances whatever."

"In that I cannot altogether concur with you. But this is a point which we shall not stay to argue."

"Then, what do you mean to do?"

"What I mean to do, is shortly this. A blow, as you say, has been given. Now, from what I know of my friend Maitland, it is by no means probable he would have struck anyone, unless either in self-defence, or in some case of gross injury."

"It was nothing of the kind."

"Then, as I presume you do know what it really was, pray inform me?"

"Am I to understand you refuse to go further?"

"Most decidedly I do, without the facts."

"In that case, to save time and trouble, I will acquaint you with what Colonel Trevvlyan has mentioned to me;" and thus compelled, Sir Charles Aubrey proceeded to lay before Captain Wenham those particulars with which the last chapter has made the reader acquainted.

"And so you really think, as a gentleman and a man of honour, that this is a case which will justify such a proceeding as you propose to adopt?"

"Of course I do," replied Aubrey, opening his eyes very wide with astonishment.

"Then I am sorry to say I entirely differ from you. I am of opinion that Colonel Trevvlyan has only got what he deserved; and having placed himself in such an unfortunate position, he must be prepared for the consequences."

"These are sentiments which I never expected to hear from the lips of a member of your profession."

"Stay, sir," replied Captain Wenham, with dignity; "my profession is bound to

regard the law of God, and that of man. It would appear, from what you have stated, that Colonel Trevelyhan has had but little respect for either; he has deceived a lady who trusted to him; he has made an attempt to recover by violence the proofs of his deception, and he now seeks to wipe out his offence by blood. My friend shall not meet him."

"Then your friend and yourself are a couple of——"

"Utter one single insulting expression," said Wenham, with a sternness which awed his visitor, "and I call in a policeman, to whom I shall give you in custody."

"You may make it a police business if you choose: that is not the way gentlemen deal with such matters."

"That is the way I deal with this."

"Then I shall wish you a good evening. My principal will doubtless adopt such measures as may seem expedient. I have no doubt he knows how to deal with such shuffling;" and saying these words Aubrey flung himself out of the room.

In the meantime the reflections which had occupied the mind of Charles Maitland, as may be supposed, were far from being of an agreeable nature. He found himself suddenly involved in a quarrel, the consequences of which it was impossible to foresee, and at a time, too, when his own affairs required the utmost vigilance and attention. But there was a silent monitor within his own heart which told him that he had done nothing more than his duty, and that if he had acted otherwise, or taken a less bold and decided part, the consequences might have been deeply serious to a helpless being, who had the strongest claims upon his affection and his friendship. While he sat revolving these things in his mind, and occupying himself in the attempt to write one or two letters, in none of which, however, could he get further than the commencement, a cabriolet rattled at a violent pace through the silent street, and a thundering knock pealed upon the door.

"That must be Wenham," he thought, as he rose to ring the bell. He was not wrong in his conjecture. A hasty step was heard on the stairs, the door was flung open, and his friend entered.

"I am glad to see you; I only wish I was about to put your friendship to some other less trying test," said Maitland.

"Pooh! friendship, unless you can use it, where is its value? I am only too glad to be able to serve you. This looks a very bad business."

"It is a most melancholy affair indeed. But what arrangement have you made? When are we to meet?"

"My dear fellow, there is to be no meeting."

"No meeting! How can that be?"

"It seems to me that this man has put himself in a position in which it is best to leave him."

"But if he will not remain in it?"

"You shall not give him the opportunity of fighting his way out of it: that is a point on which I have quite made up my mind."

"I am very far from being a fire-eater, as you know; but having struck him I must give him what the world calls 'satisfaction.'"

"You must give him nothing of the kind. If the facts I have heard are true—and Wenham briefly narrated them—"you are entitled to refuse him a meeting, and I have done so on your behalf."

"But, my dear friend, is it possible?"

"Perfectly; and if you have any further trouble in this painful affair, I should most strongly recommend you to hand the gallant Colonel over to a policeman. So, I have given you my advice; and now you may go to sleep without any apprehension of being obliged to get up at an early hour. So good night to you. Let me see you in the course of to-morrow at the club, or, if you have time, come and dine with me."

"I will, with pleasure," said Maitland; and Captain Wenham took his departure.

Thus foiled in his sanguinary intentions, the rage of Trevelyhan knew no bounds. The indignity to which his passion had exposed him was one not easily to be brooked by so proud a nature. For some time he vented his wrath in reproaches against his second, by whom it was difficult to persuade him the affair had not been entirely mismanaged. But the character of Captain Wenham as a man of personal courage and experience was too well known and too firmly established to permit the intrusion of any doubt as to the cause whence his refusal had proceeded; and, as is not unfrequently the case, when viewed through the distempered medium of a mind warped by evil passions, the offence which he had committed seemed of a far less grave character to the Colonel

than to any unprejudiced observer; and his mortification was as deep as his anger was violent.

"I shall chastise him in public the very first opportunity," he said, gnashing his teeth with fury.

"You had better do nothing of the kind; it is not the sort of affair which, should it get wind, will do you much good."

"It can't do me much harm," replied Colonel Trevylyan; and in one sense he was right, for his moral reputation was not of a nature that could be easily affected by further injury. But so far as regarded his position among his associates, he was altogether erroneous in the conclusion at which he had arrived, for within a few days after the conversation we have just recorded his name came rather unpleasantly before the public in the columns of a morning paper, in connection with a charge of assault preferred against him by Lieutenant Maitland of the royal navy. The worthy magistrate, however, who presided upon the occasion, was pleased, in consideration of the severe punishment which Trevylyan had received at the hands of the gentleman whom he had assailed, to inflict a trifling penalty; and not long after the occurrence of this event, an attentive reader of the Gazette might have seen the promotion of Major Martingale to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, *vice* Trevylyan, who retires from the service.

Such are the sad consequences which vice ever brings in its train. The injury inflicted upon the helpless being he was bound to protect, involved the Colonel thus; and his dangerous passions became the further means of placing him in a position which the wise advice of a judicious friend had, as we have seen, enabled Charles Maitland to turn to his more utter discomfiture than ever could have been produced by the result of the hostile meeting he had contemplated.

CHAPTER XI.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

THE result of the famous pic-nic party, which had taken place at Castleton Park, proved, as we have seen, disastrous; so far, at least, as one of the actors was concerned. The astonishment of the old Peer was only

to be exceeded by his mortification when he learned the unsuccessful issue of his son's proposal; and had it not been for the evidence of his own senses—which left him but little room to doubt the impression that the beauty of Violet created—Lord Castleton would have been disposed to entertain grave suspicions as to Clarence's sincerity in the transaction; but the full explanation which he made, together with his evident chagrin at a disappointment as signal as it was unexpected, satisfied the peer that in this matter his son had acted with perfect good faith. There was nothing, therefore, to be done, but to retreat from the scene of discomfiture as soon as possible.

"I must confess," said the Earl, at the conclusion of the conference, "I have been greatly disappointed. I thought you would have managed matters better. What do you intend doing with yourself now?"

"I shall go to town, of course. I only wish I had gone a little sooner."

"I wish you had," said Lord Castleton, drily; "but what will you do when you get there?"

"I shall amuse myself as I best can; it will be slow enough."

"I give you fair notice, I shall help you out of no further difficulties. You had better not get into them."

"Certainly not. That is to say——"

"What?" said his father.

"I mean, I shall live quietly, and all that sort of thing."

"I would advise you; and I would recommend you, further, to see if you cannot make a judicious marriage. I mean such a one as will relieve me from the necessity of any further embarrassment arising from your extravagance."

"It seems not so easy a thing to do as I calculated," replied Mr. Capel.

"It is perfectly easy. You have only to look quietly about you, and you will find plenty of young ladies who will entertain no objections to a coronet in prospective."

"The wearer counts for nothing, of course; it is the bauble and not the man."

"Far from it. 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,' and I see no reason in the world why you should have any difficulty in finding some lady with an income sufficient to support your rank, and good taste enough to appreciate you."

"I will see what I can do to please you. Anything for a quiet life," replied Mr. Capel.

Having arrived in town, and finding himself the solitary occupant of the gloomy and spacious mansion in Berkeley Square, Mr. Capel found his time hang rather heavily on his hands. At his favourite club, everything was dull and monotonous. The fashionable men, in whose society he was wont to delight, were all out of town; and the slow men—stout majors, and superannuated lieutenant-colonels—as they sat drinking their pints of wine in their accustomed corners, were dreary objects of contemplation to the sprightly guardsman. "I will go to Brighton and see what effect the sea air will have on my spirits," said Mr. Capel; and to Brighton he went.

Now, at the time we speak of, there stood in one of the southern suburbs of that marine retreat, not very far from St. Peter's Church, a goodly brick house, with a flat roof, and substantial pillars at the door. In front lay a garden, well stocked with such flowers as flourish in luxuriance near the sea. On one side there was a commodious stable, and large offices lay in the rear. Any one who looked at that house must have seen at a glance, that it was one of respectability—the sort of place a man of fancy would people with rubicund elderly gentlemen; fond of rare old crusted port—of good dinners—and everything else of that description.

The name of the mansion was Sea-View; why it was so called, we shall not pause to determine, for the cupolas and minarets of the old pavilion, to say nothing of the adjoining houses, effectually prevented any prospect whatever of that element from which its name was derived. The door of Sea-View Lodge was bright green, and the brass knocker so highly polished, that when the sun was shining full upon it, the visitor who came to knock, might, without any great stretch of imagination, have anticipated it would burn his fingers. The windows, too, were very bright and shining; and through them you could see transparent draperies, to which curtains of gorgeous damask seemed to impart a roseate hue. We would entreat our readers to fill in the rest of the picture for themselves. We have given but a rapid outline, a pen-and-ink sketch, as it were, of a sub-

ject worthy of being drawn in coloured chalk, and highly finished.

The proprietor of this mansion was a wealthy stockbroker, who, having spent nearly all the years of his life in the successful endeavour to amass wealth, had retired from the busy scene of his labours to enjoy himself as much as possible for the remainder of his existence. Mr. Thompson was generous, benevolent, and hospitable; he gave frequent dinners, and delighted in driving up and down the cliff, in his roomy yellow chariot, with his beautiful daughter Elia by his side. In the eyes of her fond parent this young lady was perfection itself, and in the eyes of a good many other people into the bargain; for besides being really pretty and young—her father had married late in life, and was left a widower—she was reputed to have fifty thousand pounds when she married, with the probability of nearly as much more when the worthy stockbroker retired from this mortal scene.

In that splendid monument of regal extravagance, which is known by the name of the Pavilion, the inhabitants of Brighton give annually a series of festivities, denominated the subscription balls. A long list of lady patronesses makes its appearance in the columns of the "Herald," from whom tickets may be had at the moderate charge of half-a-guinea a-head. A band comes down from London; refreshments are provided on a liberal scale by one of the eminent pastry-cooks; and thither flock all the beauty, rank, and fashion of this marine metropolis.

It was in this scene that Mr. Clarence Capel one evening found himself, somewhat to his own surprise. He had been dining at the "Bedford," with some friends of his own tastes, whom he had chanced to meet, and he had been prevailed upon to accompany them to the ball. He had not been long in the room before the beauty of Miss Julia Thompson attracted his attention. He inquired who she was; and the information he obtained proved so satisfactory, that not many minutes elapsed before he found himself her partner in a dance, making himself—for such is the inconstancy of human nature, especially in a guardsman—just as agreeable as if he had never been crossed in love, or there was not such a being on earth as Violet Clare.

If the man of fashion was attracted by the beauty of the Brighton belle, that young lady was no less pleased by the attentions of her partner; besides being the best dressed, he was also, beyond all question, the best-looking man in the room. What marvel, then, that the young lady decided in her own mind that his appearance and manners were more elegant and fascinating than those of any of her other partners, whether past or present? But when she became informed of the fact, that he was the eldest son of a peer of the realm, and would, in the course of nature, in all probability, arrive at that dignity himself, she took an early opportunity of acquainting her father with the fact; and he, on being introduced to the handsome guardsman, gave him an invitation to dine on the following Saturday, at Sea-View Lodge. Now, although John Thompson had, in his day, been a warm man upon 'Change, and knew his exact position in the world, and the respect which a rich Englishman may at all times command, he was not without his little weaknesses. He participated in the failing for which his class is sometimes remarkable; in a word, Mr. Thompson had a predilection for the aristocracy; and as it was not every day that the son of an earl dined at Sea-View Lodge, Mr. Thompson determined to entertain him like a lord—as, in point of fact, he did. But although it was the first time that Mr. Capel had dined with a stockbroker, it was by no means the last. The wine was better than some he had often tasted at more *riche* banquets in May-Fair or Belgravia—the dinner was as good as the wine; and the charms of Miss Julia—although, perchance, less refined than those of some of the more aristocratic beauties around whom he had flattered—were not to be lightly regarded. In short, Mr. Capel began seriously to think, that a more favourable opportunity for carrying into effect the wishes of his father would not be likely soon to occur. He consulted his looking-glass, and found there were several gray hairs on his head, and that crows'-feet were beginning to make their appearance under his eyes. "I will marry Julia Thompson," said Mr. Clarence Capel. "I will propose to her in the morning." The young officer kept his word. He was accepted on the spot, and

referred by the young lady to her father; but as he had been invited to dine that day at Sea-View Lodge, he determined to wait until the heart of his future father-in-law had expanded under the generous influence of his favourite old wine, before he opened his budget. As soon, therefore, as the butler had replenished the decanters and made his exit, Mr. Clarence Capel commenced a somewhat rambling preliminary discourse upon the subject which lay nearest to his heart.

Mr. Thompson, however, cut the matter very short. "I am a plain man," he said; "there's nothing like coming to the point at once; that's the only way to do business. You like my daughter, and have told her so; she likes you, and has told you so, and authorized you to speak to me. Eh, now, that's the long and the short of your story, ain't it?"

"You have stated the matter very clearly and concisely," replied Mr. Capel, feeling immensely relieved.

"I don't object to the match,—I rather approve of it," said Mr. Thompson; "that is to say, if settlements, and all that sort of thing, are advantageous."

The countenance of Mr. Clarence Capel underwent a sensible alteration.

"I give my daughter thirty thousand pounds down, which will revert to you in case you survive her," Mr. Thompson said, as he cracked a filbert.

"Nothing could be more handsome."

"And something more hereafter," added the old gentleman.

"My dear sir, your kindness really overwhelms me."

"Now that I have stated my views thus frankly upon this subject, may I inquire what are yours?"

"Of course, nothing shall be wanting on my part to make your daughter happy," said Mr. Capel.

"Oh! of course, of course; but that is not what I mean; so come to the point, for I am a plain, straightforward man of business. What do you propose to settle?"

Here was a poser. Settle indeed, when the family estates were eaten up by mortgages, post-obits, and securities of every possible description! Mr. Clarence Capel looked exceedingly blank.

"I believe there are large estates in your family," continued Mr. Thompson.

"Yes," returned Clarence; "but they are not mine as yet. Indeed, I have nothing, except a small allowance my father gives me."

"Humbug! That alters the affair considerably. You are aware that in matters of this kind an equivalent is always expected?"

"Indeed! You will pardon my ignorance; for this is the first time I have found myself in a situation so interesting."

"I shall see about it. Perhaps I had better communicate with your father," said Mr. Thompson, finishing the decanter of port. "And now, shall we join the ladies?"

Into the details of the correspondence which ensued, it is not necessary for us to enter; but the result was, that the man of money, disgusted at what he considered the avarice of the man of rank, broke off the match, desired his daughter to return her lover's letters, and wrote a polite note requesting that in future he would discontinue his visits at Sea-View Lodge. But Mr. Clarence Capel was not to be baffled a second time; having made his ground good with the young lady, he resolved to maintain his position; and he did so with so much success, that upon a certain winter's night, while the inmates of the lodge were buried in profound repose, a carriage, with four post-horses, might have been seen—if there had been any one to look at it—coming quietly to the neighbourhood; and shortly after its arrival two figures, closely muffled, might have been seen passing out of the garden gate. They were met by a gentleman, and safely deposited in the carriage, while he himself mounted the box, and in another second the whole party were whirled along the London road at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

Upon the following morning, when Mr. Thompson came down to his matutinal repast, his daughter was not in her accustomed place to make the tea, nor, what was still more extraordinary, was she to be found in her apartment; but upon her dressing-table lay a small note, which briefly intimated the particulars of her departure. Mr. Thompson, for some time, was very angry, as a matter of course; and for several days he said vehemently he would never see the young lady again, that he would also change his will, and leave every shilling he had in the world to the

Dorcas Institution. But reflection came to his aid. What was done could not be undone. Matters might have been worse; his daughter, in the natural course of events, might wear a coronet. So she was forgiven; her fortune was settled upon her, but tied up very strictly; and the wedding, thus irregularly performed, was solemnized duly at St. George's, Hanover Square.

CHAPTER XII.

A FADING FLOWER.

Six months have passed away. Charles Maitland has rejoined his ship. The pleasant spring-time has again come, and soft breezes from the gentle south are murmuring through the foliage of the forest trees that wave around the old Manor House. The flowers are bursting into blossom, and vegetation diffuses its richness over wood and wold. But in that quiet retreat there lies one to whose languid pulses the fragrant breath of spring can give no vigour, upon whose wasted cheek, and hollow eye, the freshness of the morning sunshine falls in vain.

Constance Mortimer, betrayed, forsaken, broken in heart and spirit, has come to the old Manor House to die.

The change of scene, the softening influence of the sweet air, the perfect repose, and the unwearied solicitude of her kind-hearted relatives, had been at first not without their beneficial effects. A soft bloom returned for a while to the faded cheek, and the lustre of the once beautiful eye beamed again with something like its former light; but these symptoms of amelioration were only transient. The doctor shook his head from the first, and pronounced the case too far gone to admit of any hope; and the Maitlands no longer entertained any; but they vied with each other in anxious endeavours to soothe and tranquillize the fleeting existence of one whose life had been clouded by so many sorrows, and who was soon to be in freedom from the rack of this rough world. But the offices of affection and of friendship had proved almost, if not altogether, ineffectual. From the moment that Constance first learned the cruel deception which had been practised upon her, a profound melancholy settled upon her spirits,

and although among the papers which had been received by Charles Maitland was found what appeared to be a genuine marriage certificate, yet the doubt that had been thrown upon its authenticity by Trevelyan embittered her very soul, and caused a poignant anguish of spirit, which not all the affectionate and tender sympathy of Lady Maitland, could alleviate.

"If I could only know that terrible revelation was as false as his vows of affection have been to me, I could die in peace," the poor sufferer exclaimed, as she lay one evening, propped up with pillows, by the open casement, and following with a wistful eye the sun, which was slowly sinking behind the purple hills.

"My darling, that was spoken in a moment of weariness. Sir Peregrine has been incessant in his endeavours to ascertain where the witness is to be found; and his lawyer gives him great hopes that the search will be successful."

"Ah! I should indeed be thankful. But I fear more than I can express, that it will be all in vain."

"No," replied Lady Maitland. "I believe we shall succeed. Keep up your spirits only for a little while, and all will be right."

"Have you heard anything of Charles lately? If he were here, I should have hope that my memory at least might be saved from the stain of this reproach."

"My poor Constance, there is no reproach; not a shadow of it can fall on you. But you may rest assured that nothing which is possible shall be left undone. You cannot think how incessant and active William's exertions have been."

"You are all only too kind—too good. But what is that? I surely saw some dark object moving among those trees," and as Constance spoke, she pointed with her hand to a clump of evergreens which stood not very far from the window.

"It is nothing, my dear Constance. Your nerves are sadly shaken. Suppose now we close the window, and you try and take a little tea?"

"I am quite sure I saw a person moving among those bushes, as if to hide himself from observation."

"Well, then, we'll shut the window. I will ring the bell for Sir Peregrine; and

if there are any intruders on the grounds, we shall soon have them sent away."

"It might have been the gardener, or some of the labourers," suggested Violet Clare, who, while this conversation was going on, seemed to have fallen into a deep reverie. "Shall I go out and see, in order to satisfy you, Constance?"

"No! I am not alarmed now; but there was something which, at the moment, caused a sudden suspicion to thrill through me. It has passed away now. I believe I am a little faint; give me a glass of water."

At this moment the Baronet made his appearance, with an unusually anxious expression of countenance. There was a cloud on his brow, which deepened as his wife informed him of the origin of Constance's sudden indisposition.

"It is all imagination," he said; "give her a cup of tea. The poor girl's nerves are sadly shaken. Would it not be better to try and get her into bed?"

"So we shall shortly. But where is William? I have not seen him since dinner."

"Out about the grounds somewhere, I suppose; or it may be down with Waddinghead, at the Vicarage."

"I cannot imagine what he finds so agreeable in the Curate's conversation. For my part, I think he is excessively dull," interrupted Miss Clare. But the subject of their conversation now made his appearance; and dropping into his usual seat next his cousin, nothing more was said about what had startled Constance, until after she had retired for the night. Then it was that the Baronet, laying down the newspaper, took off his spectacles; and, looking at his wife, said, in a tone of unusual gravity—

"How near were you to the window when this person was seen?"

"Oh, we were sitting close beside it. We saw no one; and I am quite sure it was all the poor girl's imagination."

"Not so much as you suppose," replied the Baronet, placing his hand upon the paper, with an emphatic gesture.

"Then, in the name of wonder, who was it? Why are you so grave and mysterious?"

"The fact is," continued Sir Peregrine, "that a person has been observed for the

last three days lurking about the woods; no one can make out who he is; but I have my own suspicions. He was seen early this morning by the keeper; but made off in an instant. And what makes the matter still more odd, a stranger, it appears, is staying at the village inn. He seldom stirs out during the daytime, and no one knows who he is, or what his occupation may be."

"But has that anything to do with the matter?"

"Everything," replied the Baronet. "I have but little doubt that the stranger and the person about these grounds are one and the same individual."

"And whom do you suppose it to be?"

"That wretch Trevelyman," replied Sir Peregrine.

"Impossible!" exclaimed all his auditors, in a breath.

"By no means; and you must be very cautious how you allow poor Constance to appear at any of the windows for the future. He has evil intentions of some kind, or he would not be here."

"I shall take better care for the future."

"How do you think she is this evening? Has the doctor seen her to-day?"

"She was pretty well until this appearance startled her. But she is terribly anxious about the certificate; and no wonder, poor lady."

"Do you think there is any chance of discovering the missing witness?"

"Trippett informs me he has at last got traces of him, and that he has set one of the detectives on his track; so that I am, on the whole, tolerably sanguine about it."

"Let us hope it may be all right. I think this discovery would do her more good than any medicine."

"It is the most nefarious case that ever came within my knowledge. But we shall see," replied Sir Peregrine, taking up the paper. He had, however, hardly resumed it, and replaced his spectacles in their proper position, when there was a violent ringing of bells, and a great commotion in the hall.

William Maitland sprang in an instant to the door.

"They have him!" he exclaimed.

"Who! what!" shouted the Baronet, flinging down the paper, and rushing to

the door with an agility little to be anticipated in one of his age.

In the centre of the great hall stood Mr. Price the gamekeeper, a sturdy, athletic fellow, in a velvet jacket and leggings. His nervous gripe was on the collar of a man of middle size, rather shabbily attired, and of a marvellously ill-favoured aspect.

"Who have we got here, Price?" inquired Sir Peregrine.

"Please your honour, this is the party as has been about the place these three days. I ketched him in the long wood, after a stiff bit of running; and I fetched him straight to your honour."

"Had we not better go into your own room. The disturbance may alarm poor Constance," suggested William Maitland.

"Quite right—bring him in here, Price. And you, ladies, please to go up stairs; you shall have your curiosity amply satisfied in the morning."

"Now, sir," said Sir Peregrine, when his bidding had somewhat reluctantly been performed, and he found himself in his *salcum*, with the intruder before him, "what may be your business in my park at such an hour as this?"

"I ain't going to run, and the door is locked; make this fellow let me go," was the reply.

"You may release him, Price, and stand outside the door. I shall call you in case your assistance is wanted."

When the keeper had retired, his prisoner shortly stated that he had meant no harm; but as for what had brought him there, that was a matter which he should not disclose.

"Then I shall commit you on the spot as a rogue and a vagabond," replied Sir Peregrine.

This threat seemed not without its effect; the stranger shifted his position, and looked uneasily from one to the other of his auditors.

"Surely, the best course for yourself would be, to tell us why you are here, a trespasser on a place you have no right to enter," said William Maitland.

"My intention is honourable," replied the man.

"We are the best judges of that; your appearance is suspicious—and your silence still more so."

"Then all I can say is this, that I am following a party who has wronged me. I mean no harm."

"Who is that party?" inquired Sir Peregrine.

"That's none of your business. I mean no offence."

"Very well, then I shall give you exactly ten minutes, and if within that time you do not make up your mind to answer such questions as I shall put to you, off you go this very night to gaol," said the Baronet, taking out his watch, and placing it on the table before him.

"It is hard," said the man, looking round the room as if to convince himself whether there were any means of escape. "It is hard to be dragged in here and forced to speak, whether one will or no."

"What is your name, sir?"

There was no reply.

"Five minutes are nearly gone: what is your business here?"

"Well, then, I am trying to meet a gentleman of my acquaintance as is in these parts."

"And who may he be, pray?"

"His name," said the man, "is Trevvlyan."

"Ha!" said the baronet; "and yours, let me know?"

"That I will not tell you without good reasons."

"Well, then, will you tell us what may be the nature of your business with Mr. Trevvlyan?"

"He owes me a trifle of money, that's the long and the short of it."

"And how much, may I ask?"

"A matter of five-and-twenty pounds, or so."

"Well, I suppose if you get this sum, you don't much care where it comes from? My money would be as good as his."

"Why, you see, for the matter of that—the Colonel has been a kind master to me—I would not wish to do him any injury; but a bargain's a bargain. This here was a joint affair 'twixt him and me: all I want is my own, and I would rather have it from him if I could get it."

"And why do you seek him at this place?"

"I heard he has been about the neighbourhood for some time."

"Just as I thought; and you have not been able to see him?"

"No; although I've been up early and late, he contrives to keep out of my way."

"Here you are then, caught trespassing at a late hour in my park; you are in my power. You cannot find the man you seek. Now, if I give you your money, will you tell us a little more of this affair?"

"I would rather see the Colonel first."

"But that you cannot do; you had better listen to reason."

The man pondered for some time, and at last he said—

"Well, you shall hear all I know; but you won't let me be a loser by it?"

"Certainly not; you shall be paid in the morning."

"Why not now?"

"Because it is necessary to ascertain whether your information is correct."

"I was employed by the Colonel some time ago about a little affair."

"Of what nature?"

"It was a marriage."

"With whom?"

"With a young lady, the daughter of an old General, Mortimer, who lived in Cumberland Place."

"And what was your employment?"

"Why, you see, the Colonel asked me to get some one to act as a clergyman; but it was not to be known on any account."

"And you did his bidding?"

"Why, I did, and I did not."

"What do you mean? Speak a little more intelligibly."

"The Colonel, you see, desired me to get him some one who was not a clergyman, but who would do as well."

"And you did so?"

"I got him one that did the work; but there was this difference, that he was what he pretended to be. And when I told the Colonel, some time after, he went nearly wild with fury."

"Oh, you did tell him then? And why?"

"Because I thought it would place him in my power, and give me a hold on him if I ever wanted money; but he has somehow slipped through my fingers latterly."

"I see," said the Baronet. "Now what proof can you give me that this information is correct?"

"I can find you the party."

"Very well, that will be perfectly satisfactory."

"And you'll pay me the money?"

"Certainly. But perhaps you'll answer some other questions. Did you ever hear of a certain James Smith in connection with this transaction?"

"Why, yes. I think I did."

"Can you tell us where he is likely to be found?"

"I think I could give a guess. He was a witness, was he not?"

"He was. Where is he now?"

"In this room. I am the man!"

"That is all we require. You shall have your money in the morning, and be made comfortable in the meantime. Here, Price, take good care of this person, and see that his wants receive proper attention. Nay, my good fellow, you need not collar him now. He will make no attempt to slip through your fingers this time, I'll be bound."

The grateful joy of Constance when she heard this glad intelligence, which was imparted to her gradually, knew no bounds. Her name, she felt, was now rescued from any shadow, and she could sleep in peace. For some hours after the facts came to her knowledge, all her former health and beauty seemed suddenly to have returned. A brilliant flush had mounted to her wan cheek, and her eye was glittering with a bright but mournful lustre. As evening drew on, however, this light of joy faded away. The powerful stimulant of sudden emotion proved too great for her exhausted frame. She fainted away, and it was many minutes before she could be restored even to a partial consciousness. When recovered by the aid of restoratives, her mind was evidently wandering. The scenes of her early life rose up before her, and with them came the memory of him who had been so fondly loved. "Herbert!" she said, "ah, why do you look so strangely on me? Oh, how he is altered! Is this a dream—a strange dream?" As she spoke a flood of golden sunlight streamed in through the open window, and made her face shine like that of a spirit; but with the sunshine came a shadow. The friends who stood near her saw it gradually settle over all her features, and they knew that her hour was come. The silver chord was loosed, and the gentle spirit which had endured with meek fortitude so much trouble and sorrow, passed away to a home of rest.

Beneath the ivied shadow of the old church at Selborne, there lies a quiet grave. The morning sunlight falls upon it, and flowers, tended by careful hands, peep from the green grass, so heavy with dew. All is peace in the little inclosure, in the smiling valley, and in the azure sky—peace as deep and still, as that which has fallen on the broken heart of her who suffered once so bitterly.

CURIOUS FACTS.

THERE exists altogether only sixty-seven species of pouch-bearing animals, and of those, forty-three are peculiar to Australia, and the rest (with two or three exceptions in America) are confined to New Guinea and the islands lying to the northward of New Holland. Of the ten Australian quadrupeds that are not pouch-bearing, two belong to the order of the toothless, and are cousins to the sloth and ant-eater; one is carnivorous; five are nibblers, cousins to the rabbit; and two are finger-winged after the manner of the bat.

Silk is, from its nature, more susceptible of absorbing moisture than any other fibrous article. In fact, it approaches, in this respect, to the quality of sponge: well dried silk, when placed in a damp situation, will very rapidly absorb five or six per cent. of moisture; and, being very dear, and being always sold by weight, this property gives large opportunity for fraud; yet it is not the only channel for mal-practices. Silk, as spun by the silk-worm, contains amongst its fibres, in very minute portions, a quantity of resin, sugar, salt, &c., to the extent generally of twenty-four per cent. of the entire weight.

At a bird exhibition, lately held at Ath, in Belgium, one hundred and sixty-three birds responded to the calls made on them to sing when ordered. The first prize was gained by a bird which repeated its song five hundred and thirty-three times within the hour.

Contagion in families is by no means of rare occurrence. A whole family is frequently short-sighted. Ganbuis cites the case of a man whose little finger began to grow inwardly, and became quite bent towards the palm of his hand. The eldest of his two sons, when of the age at which his father became affected with the deformity, observed that his little finger began to bend toward the palm; different remedies were applied, but in vain. The second brother, fearing the same fate, began long before the fatal period, to use all possible preventive means, but without effect. At the same age his little finger became bent like those of his father and brother.

The chart used by Columbus has been purchased for the Spanish Government, at the sale of Baron Walkenaer's library, for two hundred pounds.

THE GRAVE OF MACAURA

BY MRS. DOWNING.

And this is thy grave, Macaura,
 Here by the pathway lone,
 Where the thorn-blossoms are bending
 Over thy mould'ring stone.
 Alas! for the sons of glory;
 Oh! thou of the darken'd bow,
 And the eagle plume, and the belted clans,
 Is it here thou art sleeping now?
 Oh! wild is the spot, Macaura,
 In which they have laid thee low—
 The field where thy people triumph'd
 Over a slaughter'd foe;
 And loud was the Banshee's wailing,
 And deep was the clansmen's sorrow,
 When, with bloody hands and burning tears,
 They buried thee here, Macaura!
 And now thy dwelling is lonely,
 King of the rushing horde;
 And now thy battles are over,
 Chief of the shining sword;
 And the rolling thunder echoes
 O'er torrent and mountain free,
 But alas! and alas! Macaura,
 It will not awaken thee!
 Farewell to thy grave, Macaura,
 Where the slanting sunbeams shine,
 And the brier and waving fern
 Over thy slumbers twine!
 Thou, whose gathering summons
 Could waken the sleeping glen;
 Macaura, alas, for thee and thine,
 'Twill never be heard again!

TO MUSIC: TO CALM HIS FEVER.

BY HERRICK.

CHARM me to sleep and melt me so
 With thy delicious numbers,
 That, being ravish'd, hence I go
 Away in easy slumbers.
 Oh, make me weep
 My pains asleep,
 And grant me such repose,
 That I, poor I,
 May think thereby
 I live and die midst roses.
 Fall on me like the silent dew,
 Or like those maiden showers
 Which, at the peep of day, do strew
 A baptism o'er the flowers.
 Melt, melt my pains
 With thy soft strains,
 That, ease unto me given,
 With full delight
 I leave this light,
 And take my flight for Heaven.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

BY BRYANT.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother nature laughs around;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming
 ground?
 There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and
 wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
 The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
 And the wild-bee hums merrily by.
 The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows play on the bright green
 vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And here they roll on the easy gale.
 There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the
 flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the
 sea.
 And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isle,
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!

A FRIEND.

How many lovely things we find
 In earth, and air, and sea—
 The distant bells upon the wind,
 The blossom on the tree;
 But lovelier far than chime or flower,
 A valued friend in sorrow's hour.
 Sweet is the carol of a bird
 When warbling on the spray,
 And beautiful the moon's pale beam
 That lights us on our way;
 Yet lovelier friendship's look and word
 Than moonlight, or than warbling bird.
 How prized the coral and the shell,
 And valued, too, the pearl;
 Who can the hidden treasures tell
 O'er which the soft waves curl?
 Yet dearest still a friend to me
 Than all in earth, or air, or sea.

HUMILITY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade when all things rest:
 "In lark and nightingale we see
 What honour hath humility.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

To Candy Fruit.—After peaches, plums, citrons, or quinces have been preserved, take the fruit from the syrup; drain it on a sieve; to a pound of loaf sugar put half a teacup of water; when it is dissolved, set it over a moderate fire; when boiling hot, put in the fruit; stir it continually, until the sugar is candied about it; then take it upon a sieve, and dry it in a warm oven, or before a fire; repeat this two or three times if you wish.

Strawberries Preserved.—Strawberries for bottling or preserving, except for jam, should be ripe, but not in the least soft. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. The sugar should be double refined, although refined sugar does very well: the only difference is in the colour of the preserve, which is not so brilliant as when done with other than crushed or loaf sugar. To each pound of sugar put a teacup of water; set it over a gentle fire, and stir it until it is all dissolved; when boiling hot put in the fruit, having picked off every hull and imperfect berry; let them boil very gently in a covered kettle, until by cutting one open you find it cooked through. That will be known by its having the same colour throughout. Take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes, and let them remain until cold; boil the syrup until quite thick; then let it cool and settle; put the fruit into jars or pots, and strain or pour the syrup carefully over, leaving the sediment, which will be at the bottom of the pitcher. The next day, cover with several papers, wet with sugar, boiled to candy; set them in a cool, airy place. Strawberries keep perfectly well, made with seven pounds of sugar to ten of fruit: they should be done as directed above, and the syrup cooked quite thick. A pint of red currant-juice, and a pound of sugar for it, to three pounds of strawberries, make the syrup very beautiful.

Strawberry Jam, or Marmalade.—Pick ripe strawberries free from every hull; put three quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit; crush them together to a smooth mass; then put it in a preserving kettle, over a gentle fire; stir it with a wooden or silver spoon, until it is jelly-like and thick; let it do slowly for some time, then try some on a plate; if when cold it is like jelly, it is enough. Put it in small jars or tumblers, and secure as directed. Currant-juice, with a pound of sugar to a pint, to four or five pounds of strawberries, and the required quantity of sugar, makes the jam very nice. Half a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit will make very fine jam, or marmalade, which is the same,

cooked until it is very thick, and reduced; take care that it does not burn.

To Preserve Strawberries Whole.—Another excellent way is to make the syrup boiling hot; and having picked fine large strawberries free from hulls (or, if preferred, leave them and half an inch of the stem on), pour it over them; let it remain until the next day; then drain it off, and boil again; return it hot to the fruit; let them remain for another night; then put them into the kettle, and boil gently for half an hour; cut one in two; if it is done through, take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; boil the syrup until thick and rich; then put the fruit into glass jars; let the syrup cool and settle; then pour it carefully off from the sediment, over the fruit.

Cherries Preserved.—Take fine large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound; set it over the fire, until it is dissolved, and boiling hot; then put in the juice and cherries; boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich, and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars or pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open until the next day; then cover as directed. Sweet cherries are improved by the addition of a pint of red currant-juice, and half a pound of sugar to it, for four or five pounds of cherries.

To Dry Cherries.—Take the stems and stones from ripe cherries; spread them on flat dishes, and dry them in a hot sun, or warm oven; pour whatever juice may have run from them, a little at a time, over them; stir them about, that they may dry evenly. When they are perfectly dry, line boxes or jars with white paper, and pack them close in layers; strew a little brown sugar, and fold the paper over, and keep them in a dry place, or put them in muslin bags, and hang them in an airy place.

Currants Preserved.—Take ripe currants, free from stems; weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teacup of sugar to each pound of fruit; boil the syrup until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently, until they are cooked and clear; take them into the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick; then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into the hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich; put it in pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

Strawberries Stewed for Tarts.—Make a syrup of one pound of sugar, and a teacup of water; add a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam rises; then put in a quart of berries, free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear, and the syrup is quite thick. Finish as directed for tarts, with fine puff paste.

Raspberries.—These may be preserved wet, bottled, or made jam or marmalade of, the same as strawberries. Raspberries are very good, dried in the sun, or a warm oven. They are very delicious stewed for table or tarts.

Currant Jelly.—Pick fine red but not long ripe currants from the stems; bruise them, and strain the juice from a quart at a time, through a thin muslin; wring it gently, to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to each pint of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer; when cold, if it is not quite firm enough, boil it for a few minutes longer. Or pick the fruit from stems; weigh it, and put it into a stone pot; set it in a kettle of hot water, reaching nearly to the top; let it boil until the fruit is hot through; then crush them, and strain the juice from them. Put a pound of white sugar to each pint of it; put it over the fire, and boil for fifteen minutes; try some in a saucer; when the jelly is thick enough, strain it into small white jars, or glass tumblers; when cold, cover with tissue paper, as directed. Glass should be tempered by keeping it in warm water for a short time before pouring any hot liquid into it, otherwise it will crack.

Blackberries.—Preserve these as strawberries or currants, either liquid or jam, or jelly. Blackberry jelly or jam is an excellent medicine in summer complaints or dysentery; to make it, crush a quart of fully ripe blackberries with a pound of the best loaf-sugar, put it over a gentle fire and cook it until thick, then put to it a gill of the best fourth-proof brandy, stir it awhile over the fire, then put it in pots.

Blackberry Syrup.—Make a simple syrup of a pound of sugar to each pint of water, boil it until it is rich and thick, then add to it as many pints of the expressed juice of ripe blackberries as there are pounds of sugar; put half a nutmeg grated to each quart of the syrup; let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes, then add to it half a gill of fourth-proof brandy for each quart of syrup, set it to become cold, then bottle it for use. A table-spoonful for a child or a wineglass for an adult is a dose.

Barberries.—Preserve them the same as currants; or they may be preserved in molasses. Pick them from the stems, and put them into a jug or jar with molasses to cover them. The acid soon destroys all taste of molasses. The small winter or frost grape may be done in the same manner.

Gooseberries Preserved—Take the blossom from the end and take off the stems; finish as directed for strawberries or currants.

To Keep Red Gooseberries.—Pick gooseberries when fully ripe, and for each quart take a quarter of a pound of sugar and a gill of water; boil together until quite a syrup, then put in the fruit, and continue to boil gently for fifteen minutes; then put them into small stone jars; when cold cover them close; keep them for making tarts or pies.

Plums.—There are several varieties of plums. The richest purple plum for preserving is the damson; there are of these large and small; the large are called sweet damsons, the small ones are very rich flavoured. The great difficulty in preserving plums is that the skins crack and the fruit comes to pieces; the rule here laid down for preserving them obviates that difficulty. Purple gages, unless properly preserved, will turn to juice and skins; and the large horse plum (as it is generally known) comes completely to pieces in ordinary modes of preserving; the one recommended herein will keep them whole, full, and rich.

To Preserve Purple Plums.—Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it as directed in these receipts; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off; make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off; make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums. Small damsons are very fine, preserved as cherries or any other ripe fruit; clarify the syrup, and when boiling hot put in the plums; let them boil very gently until they are cooked, and the syrup rich. Put them in pots or jars; the next day secure as directed.

To Preserve Plums without the Skins.—Four boiling water over large egg or magnum bonum plums, cover them until it is cold, then pull off the skins. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a teacup of water for each pound of fruit; make it boiling hot, and pour it over; let them remain for a day or two, then drain it off and boil again; skim it clear, and pour it hot over the plums; let them remain until the next day, then put them over the fire in the syrup; boil them very gently until clear; take them from the syrup with a skimmer into the pots or jars; boil the syrup until rich and thick; take off any scum which may arise, then let it cool and settle, and pour it over the plums. If brown sugar is used, which is quite as good except for green gages, clarify it as directed.

ENIGMAS.

1.

When tempests deform the smooth face of the sky,
All winter neglected and naked I lie;
But as soon as approaches the beautiful May,
When the fields and the meadows and nature
look gay,

'Tis then I step forth, *à-la-mode*, like the fair,
With my long silken train, and all plaited my
hair.

When thus I'm adorn'd, and drest in my fly,
Oh, behold! what a beautiful creature am I.
Of an object so striking, ye gazers beware;
Come not within reach of so fatal a snare,
For with malice prepenae, and a desperate will,
I'm bent to destroy, and determin'd to kill.

2.

Pray, ladies, who in seeming wit delight,
Say what's invisible, yet never out of sight?

3.

A word there is five syllables contains,
Take one away, no syllable remains.

CHARADES.

1.

The praise of genius and of gems
Will in my first appear;
A negative's reverse, you'll own,
Is in my second clear;
And in my third has oft been seen
A beauteous dame and would-be queen.

2.

My first doth affliction denote,
Which my second was born to endure;
My third is a sure antidote
That affliction to soften and cure.

3.

My first is a blessing and comfort through life,
And smaller you'll own is my second;
The whole's a misfortune admits no relief,
None greater I ever heard reckon'd.

GEOGRAPHICAL PARADOXES.

1.

There are three remarkable places on the continent of Europe, that lie under three different meridians; and yet all agree in both latitude and longitude.

2.

There are two remarkable places belonging to Asia, that lie under the same meridian, at a small distance from each other: and yet their respective inhabitants, in reckoning their time, differ an entire natural day every week.

3.

There is a particular place on the earth where the winds, though frequently veering round the compass, always blow from the north point.

RIDDLES.

1.

You may put me in yourself by drinking, or yourself in me. Give me one head, and I wish for nothing; another head will make me meditative; and another makes me ominous.

2.

What sort of man can a lady wear on her hand?

3.

Your horse must be led to my first; he will go willingly to my second (though it is fearful to the stoutest-hearted man); and he may live sometimes in my whole with his master.

ANAGRAMS.

NAMES OF RIVERS IN EUROPE.

1. There can.

2. On him.

3. Let Sam.

4. Rise.

5. Robe.

6. A nose.

Miss A., Five.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1.

I am a word of five letters. Read me forwards, and I am an English name, and what you pass on a journey; backwards, I prove a Turk. My two first letters, read forwards, form a French pronoun; my three first, backwards, make a French article; my last two, read the same, form an Italian pronoun. Tell me what I am.

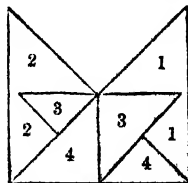
2.

If a fisherman were to tell his comrades to proceed in their occupation, what Spanish instrument would he name?

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME.

PAGE 254.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.—Divide the figure in the direction shown by the lines, and you will have four pieces of the same size and shape.



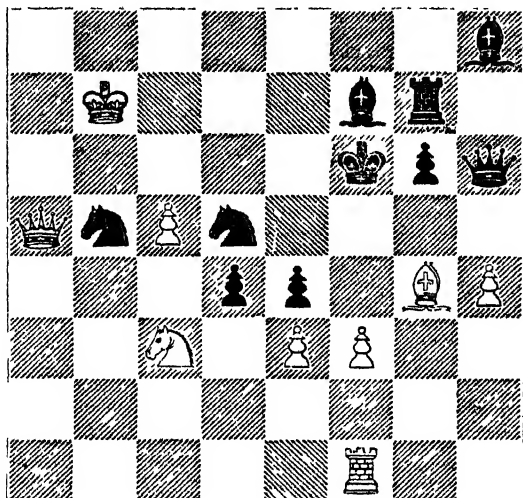
ENIGMAS—1. Smith. 2. Alphabet.

CHARADES—1. House-wife. 2. Craw-fish.

EDITED BY HERR HARRWITZ.

PROBLEM No. XXVI.—By Mr. M'COMBE.—White to move, and mate in five moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAME XXVI—We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers the following game, which Mr. Harrwitz played a few days ago with one of our juvenile readers, probably the best player of his age in the world. The aptitude, many ingenuities developed for the game, becomes truly astonishing when we consider that the boy is no more than eight and a-half years old. Mr. Harrwitz gives him Q. R. and first move. (Before playing over this game, remove White's Q. R.)

Black—Master Hudson.

White—Mr. Harrwitz.

1. K. P. 2.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3.
3. Q. P. 2.
4. Q. P. 1.
5. Q. P. 1.
6. K. B. to Q. Kt. 5.
7. Q. Kt. to B. 3.
8. Q. B. to Q. 2 (a).
9. K. P. 1.
10. P. takes P.
11. Q. B. to K. 3.
12. Q. Kt. P. 4.
13. K. B. to R. 4.
14. Q. to Q. 2.
15. Q. B. to Kt. sq.
16. Castles.
17. K. B. takes P.
18. E. takes P.
19. E. to K. sq.
20. K. R. P. 1.
21. K. Kt. to Kt. 5.
22. B. takes Kt.
23. H. takes Kt. (b).
24. H. to Q. sq.
25. Q. to K. 2.
26. K. B. P. 1.
27. Q. R. takes B. P.
28. Q. R. to B. 4.
1. Q. B. P. 2.
2. Q. Kt. to B. 3.
3. K. P. 1.
4. Castles.
5. Q. Kt. to B. 3.
6. Q. to Q. R. 4 (ch.)
7. Q. Kt. to Q. sq.
8. Q. to Q. Kt. 3.
9. K. B. P. 1.
10. Kt. takes P.
11. K. B. takes P.
12. Q. R. P. 1.
13. Q. takes P.
14. Q. R. to K. B. 2.
15. Q. to Q. R. 4.
16. Q. Kt. P. 2.
17. P. takes B.
18. Q. to B. 2.
19. Castles.
20. Q. B. to Q. 2.
21. Kt. takes Kt.
22. Q. B. to B. 3.
23. H. takes B.
24. K. B. to B. 5.
25. R. to K. Kt. 5.
26. K. R. to K. 4.
27. Q. P. 1.
28. Q. P. 1.

29. Q. R. to K. Kt. 4 (c).
30. R. takes R.
31. Q. takes K. P. (ch.)
32. R. to Q. 3.
33. K. R. P. 1 (d).
34. R. to Q. B. 3.
35. K. to R. sq.
36. Q. takes Q. P.
37. K. B. P. 1 (e).
38. R. to K. B. 3.
39. R. to K. B. 7.
40. R. takes Q.
41. Q. R. P. 2.
42. R. to K. 7.
29. B. takes Kt.
30. P. takes R.
31. K. to R. 2.
32. K. B. to B. 3.
33. B. takes P.
34. Q. to Q. R. 2. (ch.)
35. Q. R. to Q. 2.
36. K. R. to Kt. 6.
37. B. takes P.
38. B. to K. Kt. 4.
39. Q. B. to B. J.
40. B. takes Q.
41. K. B. to K. 6.
42. K. R. to K. B. 7.

And after some 15 more moves, the game was drawn.

NOTES TO GAME XXVI.

(a). A very ingenious conception. He threatens to play Q. Kt. to Q. 5, and if White then took K. B. with Q., to play Q. Kt. to B. 7, checkmating.

(b). Fore-seeing that if White takes Q. R. with B., he would win K. B. by attacking Q. and B. with Kt.

(c). Our young friend saw that he could not save his Kt. for if he played B. back again to B. 6, White would reply with R. to Q. 3.

(d). He gives up that P. to place his R. at Q. B. 3.

(e). To prevent the threatened move of Q. to K. B. 7, in which case he would take K. B. with R., and then B. with Q.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXV.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>WHITE.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q. takes P. (ch.) 2. H. takes P. (ch.) 3. P. takes P. in passing—Mate. | <p>BLACK.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P. takes Q. 2. K. B. P. 2. |
|---|--|

OUR FAMILY COUNCIL.

We are pleased to find, from the letters we receive, that the FAMILY FRIEND is held in esteem by many a kindly housewife. We must not, however, claim the merit of this distinction to ourselves. The valuable receipts which have been forwarded to us from various parts of the country, have enabled us to sustain this reputation, and thus to prove how much good may be realised by united endeavours. With this acknowledgment to our friends, we will give the reply of J. M. C., to whom we addressed an inquiry of CAROLINE G.: "What is the secret of French pastry-making?" It consists, our informant states, in bringing the butter and dough to exactly the same consistency. This is effected by temperature for the butter, by water for the dough; cooling down the one, and softening the other. When so done, the butter in one mass is rolled into the dough; it then spreads under the rolling-pine equally as the dough spreads, each in its own plane. Folded over and over again, the two keep distinct; and thus the flakes are obtained.

"In addressing a lady or gentleman, with whom I may be slightly acquainted, in the street, should I take off my hat?"

Certainly, Mr. DAVIS, you should take your hat entirely off, and cause it to describe a circle of at least ninety degrees from its original resting-place! For a solution of your other questions, we must refer you to your own observations in society. Select good examples, and be guided by them. Young says—

"Few to good breeding make a just pretence;
Good breeding is the blossom of good sense."

Therefore especially cultivate the mind and heart; the proper government of behaviour and conduct will necessarily follow.

"What is the difference between singing and piping birds?" inquires a young "AMATEUR." We reply that birds *sing* when, without respect to any particular tact, they carol their twittering or chirping notes, intermixed with louder ones, as is the case with the Liskin and the Redbreast. And they *pipe* when their song consists of distinct round flute-like tones; thus the Linnet pipes, and also the instructed Bullfinch.

A "SUBSCRIBER" wishes to know the proper food for Parrots. These birds may be fed upon rolls steeped in milk. Biscuit also is not hurtful; but *meat*, as well as all kinds of pastry and sweetmeats, render them unhealthy; and even if they survive upon this for several years, they become sickly, their plumage gets disordered, they frequently bite out their feathers, especially upon the wings. Little drink is required, as they should be always supplied with succulent food.

"I have a young friend," writes J. E. C., "who has a habit of exaggerating her language to such

a degree as to become painful. May I request a few lines from you on the subject?"

We have already, on several occasions, alluded to this vice, for such, indeed, it must be termed; and the amiable qualities inherent in the fair sex lose all their charms in the individual to whom the use of "horrible" expressions is habitual. Besides the moral evil attendant on a practice of exaggerated speech, it is a great mistake to suppose that it makes a person more agreeable, or that it adds to the importance of her statements. The value of a person's words is determined by her manner of using them. "I like it much," "it is well done," will mean more, in some mouths, than "I am infinitely delighted with it," "It is the most exquisite thing you ever saw," will in others. Such large abatement are necessarily made for the statements of these romancers, that they really gain nothing in the end, but find it difficult, sometimes, to obtain credence for so much as is really true; whereas a person who is habitually sober and discriminating in her use of language, will not only inspire confidence, but be able to produce a great effect by the occasional use of a superlative.

"Which is the best method of mounting and varnishing drawings and prints?"

It is difficult to say which is the best receipt, where "diversity confounds election;" but J. P. will, we think, find the following useful:—Stretch a piece of linen on a frame, to which give a coat of isinglass, or common size. Paste the back of the drawing, leave it to soak, and then lay it on the linen. When dry, give it at least four coats of well-made isinglass size, allowing it to dry between each coat. Take Canada balsam diluted with the best oil of turpentine, and, with a clean brush, give it a full flowing coat.

JAMES HARDING is desirous of becoming a painter, and we honour the wish, especially if our correspondent is endowed with patience. "Can you," he asks, "give me any instructions for commencing? I am anxious to attain success."

Undoubtedly you are, and so are all enthusiasts. We do not blame the inspiration, but recommend that it should be tempered with prudence—

"Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height."

The following general rules by Mr. George Field, a competent authority, will probably aid your studies:—1. Let the ground of your work be properly cleaned, prepared, and dry. 2. See that your colours are equally well ground and duly mixed. 3. Do not mix much more, nor any less paint than is necessary for the work you are engaged upon. 4. Keep the paint well mixed while the work is going on. 5. Have your paint of due thickness, and lay it on evenly and equally. 6. Do not apply a succeeding coat of paint before the previous one is sufficiently dry. 7. Do not employ a lighter colour over a darker. 8. Do not

add dryers to colours long before they are used. 9. Avoid using any excess of dryer, or a mixture of different sorts. 10. Do not overcharge your brush with paint, nor replenish it before it is sufficiently exhausted. 11. Begin with the highest parts, and proceed downwards with your work. 12. Do your work, to the best of your ability, honestly, for such you will find the best policy.

A "MOTHER" addresses us on the subject of her son, whom she describes as "wild and reckless, yet possessing good qualities. What can she do with him?" Try again, we answer, the power of a mother's endurance. Keep a hold upon his affections, and encourage him to confide to you, without reserve, all his errors and his enjoyments. There is frequently, in the most apparently incorrigible youth, indications of a warmth of heart that should not be overlooked. A powerful writer has also said, that "the finest, richest, and most generous species of character, is perhaps that which early presents the most repulsive surface. Within the rough rind, the feelings are preserved unsophisticated, vigorous, and healthy. The *noli me tangere* outside, keeps out that insidious swarm of artificial sentimentalities, which taint and adulterate, and may finally expel all natural and vigorous emotions from within us. The idea of a perfect man, has always been figured forth in our minds by the emblem of the lion coming out of the lamb, or the lamb coming out of the lion." A German poet has well depicted the early-unfolded lineaments of the ruling sex:—

"Boys are driven &
To wild pursuits by mighty impulses:
Out of a mother's anxious hand they tear
The leading-strings, and give the reins to nature,
Even as the sportive hoof of the young horse
Raises the dust in clouds."

In answer to "MARION," who, in page 223, inquires "how roses may be preserved through the winter," C. K. says:—"Cut a just opening bud in a slanting direction from the parent stem, then quickly mould hot sealing-wax close around the end for about an inch up, then carefully place it in a close box, which you must put somewhere, so as to be entirely secluded from *all air*. About Christmas, for the first time open the box; with a sharp knife cut off the wax, again slanting, put the roses instantly into tepid water, allow them to rest there for the space of about half a minute, then place them into cold water. Be careful not to let them be exposed too much to the sunlight, or either too cold or too hot a room. I have ever found this to succeed, so that I have had (to the wonder of all visitors) roses in full beauty in the midst of winter. Should it so happen, from any inattention or draught of air, that the flowers have lost their colour, I have heard that to hold them over the fumes of charcoal, is certain to restore to them their pristine beauty of colour."

"EMMA," who inquired for a receipt to remove

iron moulds in a delicate print (page 223), is instructed by a "Country Subscriber" to hold the iron mould on the cover of a tankard of boiling water, and rub on the spot a little juice of sorrel and salt, and when the print has thoroughly imbibed the juice, to wash it slightly in ley.

X. Y. Z. replies to E. DAVIS (page 228), and sends what he terms a "safe" receipt for cleaning oil paintings. In cases of simple dirt, washing with a sponge, or soft leather, with soap and water, judiciously applied, is sufficient. Varnishes are removed by friction or solution. Ox-gall is even more efficacious than soap.

We have received several receipts in answer to the request of F. O. LEMPIER (page 223), for the most efficient mode of producing hair; but as they seem to have proceeded from interested sources, we decline inserting them. We prefer recommending our correspondent to be careful of his general health, and to avoid the use of all nostrums, no matter their pretensions, whether they are pomatums, in using which the directions advise that the hands should be covered with gloves, or they might give rise to an inconvenient growth of hair on the hands, or whether they are mixtures that can change white kid into fur gloves, caution is in all cases necessary, for—

"Void of all honour, avaricious, rash,
The daring tribe confound their boasted trash—
Tincture or syrup, lotion, drop, or pill,
All tempt the wick to trust the lying bill;
There are among them those who cannot read,
And yet they'll buy a patent and succeed;
Will dare to promise dying sufferers aid,
For who, when dead, can threaten or upbraid!"

We are now reminded that some questions are submitted to our Family Council for solution.

M. S. B. wishes for a receipt for making Flemish oak stain, used for leather work.

KATE M. desires to know where the materials required in wax-figure modelling may be purchased.

E. B. requests a receipt for a *thoroughly good* raised pie—"not the crust, but the ingredients," adds our comfortable friend, "not forgetting the preparation of the inside." Will some one cognizant with the mysteries of the table lend her experience?

"Which is the best method of cutting and polishing pebbles?" inquires H. G. W.

JAMES S. requests some instructions in making twisted, or as some call them, Elizabethan chair-rails.

A receipt for cleaning light and dark-coloured kid gloves, for "KATHLEEN."

"One of the Unlearned" is desirous of knowing which is the correct definition and the etymology of the term "surname," or, as he adds, "sir-name." Will some of our readers enlighten our correspondent on this subject?



HAYDN RECEIVING A VISIT FROM THE BARON VON SWIETEN.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN young von Swieten came half an hour later to ask for the young composer, Signor Metastasio could not inform him where "Guseppo" might have gone. How many hours of despondency did this forgetfulness of the wise man and renowned poet prepare for the poor, unknown, yet incomparably greater genius,—Haydn!

When Joseph after a long walk stood at length before Puderlein's house, he experienced some novel sensations, which may have been naturally consequent upon the thought that he was to introduce himself to a young lady, and converse with her; an idea which, from his constitutional bashfulness, and his ignorance of the world, was

rather formidable to him. But the step must nevertheless be taken. He summoned all his courage and went and knocked at the door. It was opened, and a handsome damsel of eighteen or nineteen presented herself before the trembling Joseph.

The youth, in great embarrassment, faltered forth his compliments and the message from Master Wenzel. The pretty Nanny listened to him with an expression both of pleasure and sympathy—the last for the forlorn condition of her visitor. When he had ended, she took him, to his no small terror, by the hand, without the least embarrassment, and leading him into the parlour, said in insinuating tones, "Come in, then, Master Haydn, it is all right; I am sure my father means well with you, for he concerns himself with every duncie he meets, and would take a poor wretch in, for having only good hair on his head! He has often

spoken to me of you, and you may rely upon it, he will assist you; for he has very distinguished acquaintances. But you must yield to his humours a little, for he is sometimes a little peculiar."

Joseph promised he would do his best, and Nanny went on, "You must also accommodate yourself to my whims, for, look you, I lead the regiment alone here in the house, and even my father must do as I will. Now, tell me, what will you have? Do not be bashful; it is a good while since noon, and you must be hungry from your long walk."

Joseph could not deny that such was the case, and modestly asked for a piece of bread and a glass of water.

"Pshaw!" cried Nanny, laughing; and tripped out of the room. Ere long she returned, followed by an apprentice boy, whom she had loaded with cold meats, a flask of wine, and a pair of tumblers, till his arms were ready to sink under the burden, although he dared not complain,—for he had been in the family long enough to be sufficiently convinced of Mademoiselle Nanny's absolute dominion. Nanny busily arranged the table, filled Joseph's glass, and invited him to help himself to the cold pastry or whatever else stood awaiting his choice. The youth did not await a second invitation, but commenced, at first timidly, then with more courage; till, after he had at Nanny's persuasion emptied a couple of glasses, he took heart to attack the cold meats more vigorously than he had done for a long time before; making at the same time the observation mentally, that if Mademoiselle Nanny Puderlein was not quite so noble and accomplished as his former patroness, the honoured *Mlle. de Martinez*, still, so far as youth, beauty, and polite manners were concerned, she would not suffer by a comparison with the most distinguished dames in Vienna.—In short, when Master Wenzel Puderlein came home an hour or so after, he found Joseph in high spirits, with sparkling eyes and cheeks like the roses—already more than half in love with the pretty Nanny.

Joseph Haydn lived thus many months in the house of Wenzel Puderlein, burgler, house proprietor, and renowned *friseur* in the Leopoldstadt of Vienna, and not a man in the Imperial city knew where the poor, but talented and well-educated artist and

composer was gone. In vain he was sought for by his few friends; in vain by young von Swieten; in vain, at last, by Metastasio himself; Joseph had disappeared from Vienna without leaving a trace. Wenzel Puderlein kept his abode carefully concealed, and wondered and lamented like the rest over his loss, when his aristocratic customers asked him, whom they believed to know everything, if he could give them no information as to what had become of Joseph. He thought he had good reasons, and undoubted right, to exercise now the hitherto unpractised virtue of silence, because, as he said to himself, he only aimed at making Joseph the happiest man in the world! But in this he would labour alone; he wanted none to help him; and even his protégé was not fully to know his designs till he was actually in possession of his good fortune.

Joseph cheerfully resigned himself to the purposes of his friend, and was only too happy to be able, undisturbed, to study Sebastian Bach's works, to try his skill in quartettos—to eat as much as he wished, and day after day to see and chat with the fair Nanny. It never occurred to him, under such circumstances, to notice that he lived in a manner as a prisoner in Puderlein's house; that all day he was banished to the garden behind the house, or to his snug chamber, and only permitted to go out in the evening with Wenzel and his daughter. It never occurred to him to wish for other acquaintance than the domestics and their nearest neighbours, among whom he was only known as "Master Joseph;" and he cheerfully delivered every Saturday to Master Wenzel the stipulated number of minuets, waltzes, &c., which he was ordered to compose. Puderlein carried the pieces regularly to a dealer in such things in the Leopoldstadt, who paid him two convention guilders for every full-toned minuet—and for the others in proportion. This money the hairdresser conscientiously locked up in a chest, to use it, when the time should come, for Joseph's advantage.

With this view, he inquired earnestly about Joseph's greater works, and whether he would not soon be prepared to produce something which would do him credit in the eyes of the more distinguished part of the public.

"Ah—yes—indeed!" replied, Joseph;

"this quartetto, when I shall have finished it, might be ventured before the public; for I hope to make something good of it! Yet what shall I do? No publisher will take it; it is returned on my hands, because I am no great lord, and because I have no patron to whom I could dedicate it!"

"That will all come in time," said Puderlein smiling; "do you get the music ready, yet without neglecting the dances; I tell you a prudent man begins with little, and ends with much; so to work!"

And Joseph went to work; but he was every day deeper and deeper in love with the fair Nanny; and the damsel herself looked with very evident favour on the dark, though handsome youth. Wenzel saw the progress of things with satisfaction; the lovers behaved with great propriety, and he suffered matters to go on in their own way, only interfering with a little as-sumed surliness, if Joseph at any time forgot his tasks in idle talk, or Nanny her house-keeping.

But not with such eyes saw Mo-jo Ignatz, Puderlein's journeyman and factotum hitherto; for he thought himself possessed of a prior claim to the love of Nanny. No one knows how much or how little reason he had to think so, for it might be reckoned among impossibilities for a young girl of Vienna, who has reached the age of fourteen, to determine the number of her lovers. The Viennese damsels are remarkable for their prudence in what concerns a love affair. However that may have been, it is certain that it was gall and wormwood to Ignatz to see Joseph and the fair Nanny together. He would often fain have interposed his powder-bag and curling irons between them, when he heard them singing tender duets; for it must be owned that Nanny had a charming voice, was very fond of music, and was Joseph's zealous pupil in singing.

At length he could no longer endure the torments of jealousy; and one morning he sought out the master of the house to discover to him the secret of the lovers. How great was his astonishment when Master Wenzel, instead of falling into a violent passion and turning Joseph out of doors without further ado, replied with a smile,

"What you tell me, Mo-jo 'Natz, look you, I have long known, and am well pleased that it is so."

"Nein!" cried Ignatz, after a long pause of speechless astonishment; "Nein, Master von Puderlein! you should not be pleased. You seem as if you knew not that I—I, for several years have been the suitor of your daughter."

It was Wenzel's turn to be astonished, and he angrily replied, "I knew no such thing; I know not nor will I know any such thing. What—Natz! are you mad? the suitor of my daughter! What has come into the man? Go to! Mind your powder-bag and your curling irons, and serve your customers, and set aside thoughts too high for you; for neither my daughter nor myself will wink at such folly."

"Oho, and have you not both promised? There was a time, Master von Puderlein, when, you and mademoiselle your daughter—"

"Hold your tongue and pack yourself off."

"Master von Puderlein, you are a man of honour; are you doing me justice for my long years of faithful service? I have always taken your part. When people said 'von Puderlein is an old miser and a block-head,' I have always said, 'that is not true,' even if it has been often the truth that people said."

"Have done, sir, will you?"

"Master von Puderlein, be generous; I humbly entreat you, give me your daughter to wife."

"I will give you a box on the ear presently, if you do not come to reason."

"What!" cried Ignatz, starting up in boiling indignation, "a box on the ear, to me—to me, a free spoken member of the society of periwig-makers?"

"And if you were a king, and if you were an emperor, with a golden crown on your head, and a sceptre in your hand, here in my own house I am lord and sovereign, and I will give you a box most certainly if you provoke me much further."

"Good," answered Ignatz, haughtily; "very good, Master von Puderlein. We are two henceforth. This hour I quit this treacherous roof, and you and your periwig stock. But I will be revenged, of that you may be sure; and when the punishment comes upon you and your faithless daughter, and your callow bird of a harpsichord player, then you may think upon 'Natz Schuppenpelz.'"

The journeyman then hastened to pack

up his goods, demanded and received his wages, and left the house vowing revenge against its inmates. Von Puderlein was very much incensed; Nanny laughed, and Joseph sat in the garden, troubling himself about nothing but his quartetto, at which he was working.

Wenzel Puderlein saw the hour approaching when the attention of the Imperial city, and of the world, should be directed to him as the protector and benefactor of a great musical genius. The dances Joseph had composed for the music-seller in the Leopoldstadt were played again and again in the halls of the nobility. All praised the sprightliness and grace that distinguished them; but all inquiries were vain at the music-dealer's respecting the name of the composer. None knew him; and Joseph himself had no idea what a sensation the pieces he had thrown off so easily created in the world. But Master Wenzel was well aware of it, and waited with impatience the completion of the first quartetto. At length the manuscript was ready; Puderlein took it, carried it to a music publisher, and had it sent to press immediately, which the sums he had from time to time laid by for Joseph, enabled him to do. Haydn, who was confident his protector would do everything for his advantage, committed all to his hands; he commenced a new quartetto, and the old one was soon nearly forgotten.

They were not forgotten, however, by Mosjo Ignatz Schuppenpelz, who was continually on the watch to play Master Puderlein some ill trick. The opportunity soon offered. His new principal sent him one morning to dress the hair of the Baron von Swieten. Young von Swieten chanced to be at the Baron's house, and in the course of conversation mentioned the balls recently given by Prince Esterhazy, and the delightful new dances by the unknown composer. In the warmth of his description, the youth stepped up to the piano and began a piece, which caused Ignatz to prick up his ear, for he recognized it too well; it was Nanny's favourite waltz, which Joseph had executed expressly for her.

"I would give fifty ducats," cried the Baron, when von Swieten had ended, "to know the name of that composer."

"Fifty ducats!" repeated Ignatz. "Your

honour, hold a moment; for I believe I can tell your honour the name of the musician."

"If you can, and with certainty, the fifty ducats are yours," answered Furnberg and von Swieten.

"I can, your honour. It is Pepi Haydn."

"How? Joseph Haydn? Why, how do you know? Speak!" cried both the gentlemen to the *friseur*, who then proceeded to inform them of Haydn's abode in the house of Wenzel Puderlein; nor did the ex-journeyman lose the opportunity of bepowdering his ancient master with abuse, as an old miser, a surly fool, and an arch tyrant.

"Horrible!" cried his auditors, when Ignatz had concluded his story. "Horrible! This old *friseur* makes the poor young man, hidden from all the world, labour to gratify his avarice, and keeps him prisoner! We must set him at liberty."

Ignatz assured the gentlemen they would do a good deed by doing so: and informed them when it was likely Puderlein would be from home; so that they could find the opportunity of speaking alone with young Haydn. Young von Swieten resolved to go that very morning, during the absence of Puderlein, to seek his favourite; and he took Ignatz along with him. The hairdresser was not a little elated, to be sitting opposite the Baron, in a handsome coach, which drove rapidly towards the Leopoldstadt. When they stopped before Puderlein's house, Ignatz remained in the coach, while the Baron alighted, entered the house, and ran up stairs to the chamber before pointed out to him, where Joseph Haydn sat deep in the composition of a new quartetto.

Great was the youth's astonishment when he perceived his distinguished visitor. He did not utter a word, but kept bowing to the ground; von Swieten, however, hesitated not to accost him with all the adour of youth, and described the affliction of his friends (who they were Joseph knew not) at his mysterious disappearance. Then he spoke of the applause his compositions had received, and of the public curiosity to know who the admirable composer was, and where he lived. "Your fortune is now made," continued he. "The Baron von Furnberg, a comnoisseur, my father, I myself—we all will receive you; we will present you to Prince Esterhazy; so make ready to quit this

house, and to escape, the sooner the better, from the illegal and unworthy tyranny of an avaricious periwig maker."

Joseph knew not what to reply, for with every word of von Swieten his astonishment increased. At length he faltered, blushing, "Your honour is much mistaken, if you think I am tyrannised over in this house; on the contrary, Master von Puderlein treats me as his own son, and his daughter loves me as a brother. He took me in when I was helpless and destitute, without the means of earning my bread."

"Be that as it may," interrupted the nobleman, impatiently; "this house is no longer your home: you must go into the great world, under very different auspices, worthy of your talents. Speak well or ill of your host as you please and as is most fitting; to-morrow the Baron and I come to take you away."—Thereupon he embraced young Haydn with cordiality, quitted the house and drove back to the city, while Joseph stood and rubbed his forehead, and hardly knew whether all was a dream or reality.

But the pretty Nanny, who listening in the kitchen had heard all, ran in grief and affright to meet her father when he came home, and told him everything. Puderlein was dismayed; but he soon collected himself, and commanded his daughter to follow him, and to put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Thus prepared, he went up to Haydn's chamber: Joseph, as soon as he heard him coming, opened the door, and went to meet him, to inform him of the strange visit he had received.

But Puderlein pushed him back into the chamber, entered himself, followed by the weeping Nanny, and cried in a pathetic tone, "Hold, barbarian, whither are you going?"

"To you," answered Joseph. "I was going to tell you—"

"It is not necessary," interrupted Puderlein; "I know all; you have betrayed me, and are now going to leave me like a vagabond."

"Ha, surely not, Master von Puderlein. But listen to me."

"I will not listen; your treachery is clear; your falsehood to me and to my daughter. Oh, ingratitude, see here thine own image! I loved this boy as my own

son; I received him when he was destitute, under my hospitable roof, clothed and fed him. I have dressed his hair with my own hands, and laboured for his renown, and for my thanks, he has betrayed me and my innocent daughter. There, sir, does not your conscience reproach you for the tears you cause that girl to shed?"

"For Heaven's sake, Master von Puderlein, listen to me. I will not leave you; I will not be ungrateful; on the contrary, I will thank you all the days of my life for what you have done for me, so far as it is in my power." *

"And marry that girl?"

"Marry her?" repeated Joseph, astonished, "marry her? —your daughter?"

"Who else? have you not told her she was handsome? that you liked her? have you not behaved as though you wished her well, whenever you have spoken with her?"

"I have indeed, but—"

"No buts; you must marry her, or you are a shameless traitor! Think you a virtuous damsel of Vienna lets every callow-bird tell her she is handsome and agreeable? No! the golden age yet flourishes among our girls! Innocence and virtue are paramount with them! They glance not from one to another, throwing their net over this one and that one; they wait quiet and collected, till the one comes who suits them, who will marry them, and him they love faithfully to the end of their days; and therefore are the Viennese maidens famed throughout the world. You told my innocent Nanny that she was handsome, and that you liked her; she thought you wished to marry her, and made up her mind honestly to have you. She loves you, and now will you desert and leave her?"

Joseph stood in dejected silence. Puderlein continued, "And I, have I deserved such black ingratitude from you, eh? have I?"

With these words Master Wenzel drew forth a roll of paper unfolded, and held it up before the disconcerted Joseph, who uttered an exclamation of surprise as he read these words engraved on it, "Quartetto for two violins, bass viol, and violoncello, composed by Master Joseph Haydn, performer and composer in Vienna.—Vienna, 1751."

"Yes!" cried Puderlein, triumphantly, when he saw Haydn's joyful surprise;

"Yes! cry out and make your eyes as large as bullets; I did that; with the money I received in payment for your dances, I paid for paper and press work, that you might present the public with a great work. Still more! I have laboured to such purpose among my customers of rank, that you have the appointment of organist to the Carmelites. Here is your appointment! and now, go, ingrate, and bring my daughter and me with sorrow to the grave."

Joseph went not; with tears in his eyes he threw himself into Puderlein's arms, who struggled and resisted vigorously, as if he would have repelled him. But Joseph held him fast, crying, "Master von Puderlein! listen to me! there is no treachery in me! Let me call you father; give me Nanny for my wife! I will marry her—the sooner the better. I will honour and love her all my days. Ah! I am, indeed, not base nor ungrateful."

Master Wenzel was at last quiet; he sank exhausted on an arm-chair, and cried to the young couple, "Come hither, my children, kneel before me, that I may give you my blessing. This evening shall be the betrothal, and a month hence we will have the wedding."

Joseph and Nanny knelt down, and received the paternal benediction. All wept and exhibited much emotion. But all was festivity in No. 7, on the banks of the Danube, that evening, when the organist, Joseph Haydn, was solemnly betrothed to the fair Nanny, the daughter of Wenzel Puderlein, burgher and proprietor in the Leopoldstadt in Vienna.

The Baron von Fumberg and young von Swieten were not a little astonished when they came the next morning to take Haydn from Puderlein's house, to find him affianced to the pretty Nanny. They reconstituted with him earnestly in private but Joseph remained immovable, and kept his word pledged to Puderlein and his bride, like an honourable young man.

At a later period he had reason to acknowledge that the step he had taken was somewhat precipitate; but he never repented it; and consoled himself, when his *earthly* muse mingled a little discord with his tones, with the companionship of the immortal partner, ever lovely, ever young, who attends the skilful artist through life,

and who proved herself so true to *him*, that the name of JOSEPH HAYDN shall, after the lapse of centuries, be pronounced with joyful and sacred emotion, by our latest posterity. But we have not yet done with our hero: the sequel must remain for another chapter.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

THE ELECTRIC CLOCK.

HAVING in page 237 explained the construction of the Electric Telegraph, we will now endeavour to show our young friends how the same fluid which has enabled men to converse together, even though the ocean may roll between them, can also be applied to mark the passing hour. What! we hear you exclaim, mark the time by electricity? Why the lightning itself, as Shakspeare says, doth "cease to be ere one can say it lightens." We do not wonder that you are sceptical, but "live and learn must be our motto;" and if you will attend once more, we think we shall be able to convince you that the proposed wonder may be accomplished more easily than you suspect. In fact, the *proof of the pudding is in the eating* (of which proverb you doubtless allow the truth at Christmas); and, therefore, you must acknowledge, that if I can show you that electric clocks have been made, and have kept good time, I shall prove the truth of my statement, that the fleeting hours of life, can be marked by electricity. It is to Mr. Alexander Bain that we are chiefly indebted for the application of electricity, or rather electric magnetism, to a time-keeper; and the arrangement employed by him was as follows:—A pendulum of wood, A, was terminated by a coil of wire, B, inclosing a bar of soft iron, similar to that used in the alarm of the telegraph; the ends of this coil being connected with the poles of a galvanic battery, a current of electricity will pass through it, and the iron will be endued with magnetic properties, having a north and a south pole, the same as a common bar magnet or the needle of a mariner's compass. Now there is a curious property possessed by every magnet which you may not be acquainted with, but the knowledge of which is indispensable if you wish to understand the

various forms and applications of electro-magnetic apparatus. The north pole of one will repel the north pole of another brought near it, whilst it will attract the south pole. The electric clock of Bain depends upon this principle, as in figure No. 1. Two permanent magnets are fixed in the clock-case, having their north poles

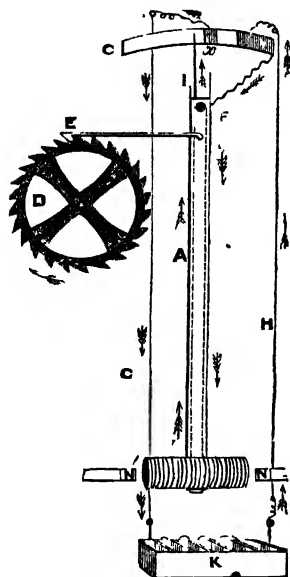


FIGURE NO. 1.

presented to the ends of the coil and its soft iron case; these are marked in the diagram N. C is an arc of ivory, having two pieces of metal let in even with its surface. This is to break and close the circuit. The metal is shaded in the diagram. Now note the direction of the electric current, as marked by arrows, from the battery, K. You see that it would pass up the wire, H, and to the screw, F, on which the pendulum swings, thence to the coil by the wire on the right side of the pendulum, shown by a dotted line. After traversing the coil, it ascends by the left hand dotted wire to the point I, which will of course vibrate with

the pendulum; but here the electric fluid will be checked, as the point, I, rests on the ivory, which is a non-conductor. The iron, therefore, in the coil will not be rendered magnetic while the pendulum is in this position, and no motion can ensue. To start the clock, it is necessary to swing the pendulum to the left, till the point, I, rests on the small metal plate, x. The connection is thus completed with the other pole of the battery by the wire, G, and the iron in the coil is instantly magnetized. Now if matters are so arranged that the left hand end of this iron is a north pole, it will be repelled by the like pole of the stationary magnet, N, whilst its south pole will be attracted by the north pole of the other permanent magnet, N. The result will, of course, be that the pendulum will move to the right until the point, I, again rests on the ivory, when the current will be again checked, and it will return by its own weight; but the impetus will now carry it on so far that the point, I, will reach the metal plate again, and the same attraction and repulsion will recur; and thus the pendulum will continue to vibrate so long as a sufficient current is kept up by the battery. This alternate vibration of the pendulum is the actual motive power, and is converted into a revolving motion as follows:—An arm, E, pivoted to the pendulum loosely terminates in a triangular plate, as in the diagram, which plate falls into the notches of the wheel, D. These notches, as well as the triangular plate, are straight on one side and sloping on the other. Now if we move the pendulum to the left, the triangular part of the arm will creep over one notch easily on account of its peculiar form, as may be readily understood by reference to the drawing; but on the return swing of the pendulum, the arm will drag the wheel round in the direction of the arrow, and advance it in this way one notch at each swing. Now if this wheel have sixty teeth, and the pendulum beats seconds, a hand on its axis will revolve in exactly one minute; and other wheels being connected with this one, as in a common clock, the hours may be shown in the same way; and you can easily conceive an arrangement by which the hours may be struck on a bell, in the same manner as the alarm of the electric telegraph. Provided the battery is suffi-

ciently strong, a series of clocks may be connected, as, for instance—at the various stations on a line of railway; and all may be worked by the same current, and their pendulums made to beat simultaneously, by which arrangement the same time will be kept by all. In the account given, we have, for the sake of simplifying it, somewhat altered the construction of the *break*, as used by Mr. Bain; but *any* arrangement that can be contrived alternately to conduct and stop the electric current will keep the clock in motion; so that if, as we hope, any of our readers are ingenious enough to make a model of an electric clock for themselves, they can construct a break according to their own plan, only bearing in mind that the simpler it is the more surely will it act. We have now finished the description of Mr. Bain's clock; and could the power of the battery be constantly and evenly sustained, these clocks might be adopted with advantage; but such is unfortunately almost an impossibility. This difficulty has been overcome by Mr. Shepherd, who was the inventor and maker of the large clock that graced the front of the crystal arch that roofed the Exhibition. In this clock the temporary magnet is merely used to bend a spring, so that as long as the battery is powerful enough to effect this, it is of little consequence what variation may occur in the intensity of the current. Moreover, the power required is so small, that a plate of zinc and one of copper buried in the earth is sufficient to form a battery to work it. In this clock the pendulum is not the means whereby motion is transmitted to the clock—it is itself so contrived as to form a break, and regulates the motion of the clock by determining at what instant the current that makes the electric magnets by which it is worked shall be cut off and renewed. There is more advantage gained in this construction than may at first be supposed; for as it is the pendulum of a clock that regulates the rate at which it goes, it will follow that if the power is here sufficient to bend the spring, and the pendulum be once regulated to the proper length, the clock will, if it goes at all, keep good time. The clock itself is worked by electro-magnets, connected with a *ratchet wheel* and *creeper* similar to Bain's, which we described, and a separate battery is used for the striking part; thus in this very excellent

arrangement of Mr. Shepherd's there are three distinct parts,—the *pendulum*, set in motion by a slight impetus spring, and regulating the time at which the current passes to the electro-magnets; the arrangement of wheels and pinion for giving motion to the hands, and which are worked by these electro-magnets; and the striking part, moved by a separate battery. To facilitate this, we will give you—in figure No. 2, annexed—the pendulum and parts connected with it. A is the pendulum made of metal, having a wire pin, C, fixed at right angles to it, and suspended by a metal screw, K. D is a catch, turning on a centre at the angle, its use being to lock back the spring, E, which is to give the motion to the pendulum. This spring is drawn back at a certain time by the electro-magnet, F. H and G are the wires

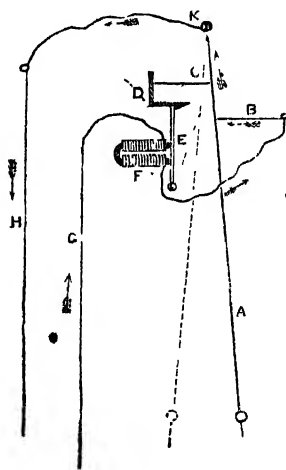


Figure No. 2.

from the battery. The apparatus, being in the position shown in the drawing, the current will pass in the direction of the arrow—up the wire, G, round the horseshoe to B, thence up the pendulum to the screw, K, and return by H to the other pole of the battery. In the passage of the current, F will become a magnet, E will be drawn back to its position in the drawing, where

the catch will detain it. Now the pendulum will return by its own gravity to the position shown by the dotted line. Just as it reaches the furthest point to which its gravity can carry it, the arm, C, will touch the upper part of the detent, D, throwing it into the position of the dotted line, and the connection with the battery having already been broken by the pendulum leaving the wire, B, the spring, E, will be freed, and will drive the pendulum back to its first position, when the same movement of the apparatus will recur. I have not here described the way in which the pendulum by its motion cuts off and restores the current to the electro-magnets that work the clock, as a very good idea may be gathered from what I said before on the subject, when describing Bain's arrangement. In the large clock constructed for the south front of the roof of the Exhibition, there were necessarily some slight alterations in the construction for obviating the effects of the wind on the hands, and the action of the casual electric phenomena of the atmosphere, &c.; but the principle, as well as simplest form of arrangement, was such as I have here described. And now I must wish my young friends farewell, hoping soon to write to them again on some other scientific and amusing subject.



EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE ARTICLES AT DUBLIN.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

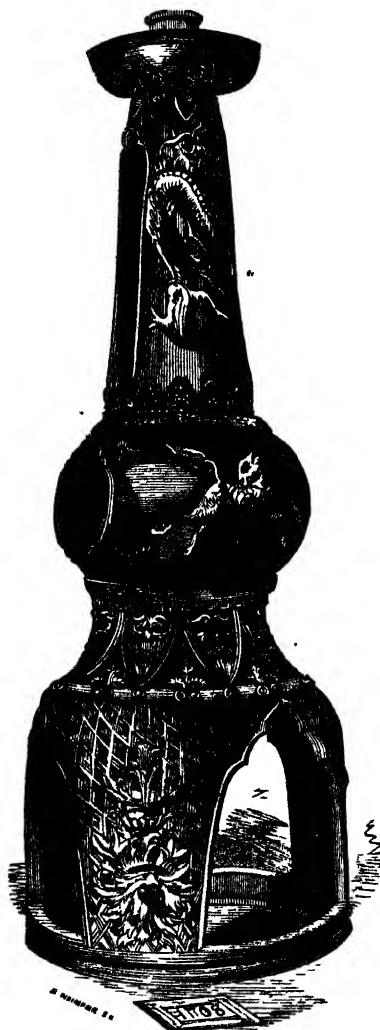
THE collection of Japanese articles from the Museum at the Hague, exhibited by order of the government of the Netherlands, in Dublin, is, in several respects, of a more than ordinarily instructive character. Nor could it fail to be otherwise. In the first place, a collection of articles illustrative of the habits and character of a people of whom very little is known, and who studiously conceal all knowledge of themselves from the world, must naturally appear interesting; and in the second place, as several of these articles display an excellence of manufacture, and an originality of character and design which have hitherto been exclusively claimed by the genius of European industry. In some of the leading features, these articles strik-

ingly resemble those in ordinary use amongst the Chinese; they have the same type of character, both in form and application, but in the finish of the workmanship the Japanese are mostly entitled to the precedence over their neighbours.

Here we have articles connected with religious ceremonies, with domestic purposes, with trading pursuits, and even with sports and pastimes; and the temples, the baskets, dishes, and tea-pots, the weights and measures, the coins and bank-notes, the gongs, spears, banners and daggers, have each their respective character impressed upon them, and indicate the precise uses to which they are applied.

As regards the raw material in use amongst the Japanese, in the several objects to which it is applied, they seem to have attained a rare excellence in its preparation. In metals, in silks,—especially in the form of crapes,—and, above all, in the materials for Japan ware, they must long have acquired a singular skill in their manipulation, and have applied them to uses of which as yet we are scarcely cognizant. The earthenware Candelabrum (of which an engraving is annexed) exhibits a singular development of skill and richness of design. The shape is peculiar; but there is even in its heavy appearance a striking originality, which displays to advantage the taste and ingenuity of the Japanese workman. In musical instruments, the Japanese are singularly original, both in form and conception, the majority of them being stringed, which are composed of similar materials to our own; in the mode of bridging the stringed instruments, so as to elicit the highest quality of sound, they are also peculiarly skilled, and display, here and there, a novelty which is well worth the notice of our own manufacturers.

On examining the objects made of steel,—such as the daggers and swords,—we observed the excellent texture and colour of the metal, the effective shape of the instruments, and the elastic quality which one and all possessed; nor were they less illustrative of manipulative excellence, both in the cementing and in the enamelling processes, the gold being indented as purely and brightly on the blades as though it were only perfected yesterday. The hilts of the several daggers and swords



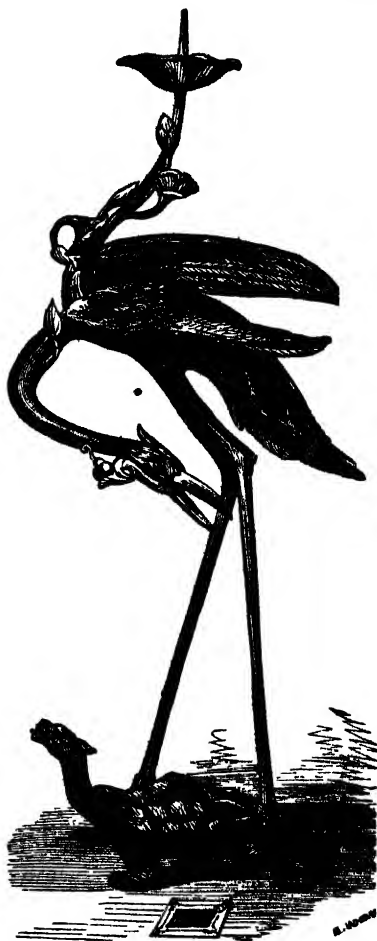
EARTHENWARE CANDLABRUM.

equally display the artistic excellence of workmanship which is occasionally found

in the East, and which appears to have originally emanated from one single style and character of mechanical art. The best match-locks of the Indians, and the daggers, pistols, and the fowling-pieces of the Japanese exhibit the same fine quality of damaskeening, though they slightly vary in form; in quality of metal, however, they are strikingly similar. The lance, the musket, the pistol, and the fowling-pieces, in the interesting collection to which these remarks refer, display the peculiar modification of idea which the mind is capable of in different localities, and its capacity of administering to similar wants under separate circumstances; for the long match-lock of the Indian, adapted to mountain warfare, must be in little requisition with the Japanese, whose country, judging by the interesting map, which forms part of the collection, is striped over with canals and rivers, and easily accessible in all its loading parts. The metal gongs are strikingly effective in the quality of sound, to say nothing of their artistic ornamentation; the iron teapots are equally effective, as showing the mastery acquired in the use of that metal; and the bronze candelabra furnish a study of themselves, as they clearly indicate that the Japanese were in possession of a process of art-industry long antecedent to the claim which we of the Western world put in for its invention. An inspection of the "stock" candelabrum, which our artist has carefully drawn (see next page), confirms this remark. It has evidently been modelled and cast like the modern imitations of France and England in that branch of art, and touched up afterwards by the graver's tool, in order that a higher finish and a more distinct development may be attained. The idea of graving bronze productions, after being cast, is, we believe, of modern origin; at all events, France lays claim to its invention about twenty years ago: yet those figures which bear date 200 years ago exhibit precisely the same quality of workmanship. Nor are they modelled with less precision, both in outline and detail; for the position of the bird, with its expressive action, and its minutely-elaborated feathers, denote a thorough knowledge of its nature and habits, and indicate careful attention in their elaboration.

Turning to the objects manufactured of

silk, we have an equally illustrative example of the early excellence attained by the Japanese in industrial pursuits. In this respect they excel the Chinese—at least, if we can form an opinion of similar productions in China, which exhibit the same character of manufacture, though not so fine and delicate in their texture. The China crape, for example, as they are commonly called, though made in Japan, are singularly light and transparent, and range much higher in the warp and short than any we have examined from China itself; for the reeds used in this manufacture must have numbered upwards of two thousand dents, which is equal to anything used in Europe at the present day, on the highest class of manufacture. The colours are also exceedingly brilliant, after a lapse of two centuries; nor can the dyes of France, which is especially excellent in the *porcelains* and *ingrains*, surpass those of the Japanese. We cannot say so much for the velvets, which here and there are used as portions of garments, the best among them scarcely equalling the ordinary qualities which are made in Europe. The watered ribbons, however, which form the streamers to one of the bunnies, are especially deserving of notice—not from the beauty of their appearance, certainly, but from the indication they supply of the early knowledge of an art among the Japanese which Europe claims as her own. To water a ribbon, or piece of silk, a metal cylinder is required, and the figure of the wave must be engraved on the cylinder. In addition to this application, there are other stages in the process of watering fabrics, which furnish the clearest proof that the weavers and silk-workers of Japan were perfectly acquainted with a branch of industry full a century and a half before the genius of Europe claimed it as her own. The scarfs, the gauzes, the waddings for lining, the printed cottons, frequently applied to the same purpose, and the waterproof garment, which seems covered with a similar material to our caoutchouc, and, to all appearance, equally resistive of wet, display the most indisputable proofs of the excellence and antiquity of the Japanese manufacture; and while we were priding ourselves upon the inventive character of our genius in industrial applications, we were simply imitating the inventions of others, who had



BRONZE "SIGM" CANDELABRUM.

known the art, perhaps, long before we were worthy of the name of a distinct and civilized community.

The embroidery on the state cloaks is peculiarly neat and well worked in; the gilt wire-thread having a good twist and a perfectly even texture, which are rarely to



JAPANESE MODEL OF HORSE AND MOUNTING.

be found at the early period indicated by the age of these garments. The red crape cloak, embroidered in gold; the purple cloak, covered with figures of embroidery, which display a singular neatness and precision in needle-work; the pair of breeches, purple and gold; the stockings, the sashes, and the purses, which are varied and original in their uses and applications, furnish an equal amount of manipulative excellence, and of skilful treatment of mate-

rials, indicating clearly that they can only supply the wants of a certain highly-civilized community.

Agriculture in Japan must be in a backward state, if we may judge by the models of their implements. The plough, the harness of the horse, and the machines for grinding and winnowing the corn, are in many respects similar to those used in India, which are exhibited in the adjoining department. The Japanese are, perhaps,

a shade in advance of their neighbours as regards the machinery for grinding and winnowing; in all else there is every indication of rudeness in the processes of productive labour.

The miniature horse, caparisoned to show the sadlery of the Japanese (represented on the preceding page), and the stuffed animal roped to the model plough, coupled with the various drawings in the books, point out pretty clearly the nature of the breed in general use amongst that secluded people. The agricultural animal is an ugly representation of a Welsh pony, while his better conditioned brother resembles a good, stiff cob, with a long tail, and a more than ordinarily vicious look about him. The ornithology of the country may be dimly discerned after the same fashion. The toys, the paintings on the screens, and the embroideries, exhibit a similar character of bird—the stork, or crane species, uniformly prevailing. The domestic fowls are similar to our own; the ducks appear small, with a plumage like the common widgeon; the song birds, with their cages represented on the paintings, are more interesting objects, and appear to have, in their natural state, as gaudy a plumage as the East in general provides for that class of the creation.



HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

MR. JOSHUA WADDINGTON, a surgeon of great practical experience at Margate, communicated to the *Lancet* the following outlines of some valuable observations on the treatment of infants, which he submitted to Prince Albert. In a letter to the editor of the *Lancet*, this gentleman states that after twenty-six years of extensive practice he believes that at least *half* of the infants who die *within a year after weaning* might be saved by giving them the milk of *one cow* and *one only*.

No other kind of milk to be given to an infant in addition to the milk of the mother or wet nurse.

The less rocking the better.

When asleep, to be laid upon its *right* side.

The best food is Leman's biscuit powder, soaked for twelve hours in cold spring-water, then *boiled* for half an hour, not simmered, or it will turn sour. Very little

sugar to be added to the food, and then only at the time *when given*.

Sweets of every kind are injurious, producing acidity, flatulency indigestion, sores in the mouth, and disordered stomach.

An infant will take medicine the more readily if made lukewarm in a cup placed in hot water, adding a little sugar *when given*.

The warm bath (at 94° degrees of heat, *not less*, for ten minutes every other night) is a valuable remedy in many cases of habitual sickness or constipation.

"Soothing-syrup," sedatives, and anodynes, of every kind, are most prejudicial. A very small quantity of laudanum given to an infant may produce coma and death.

When an infant is weaned, which is generally advisable at the age of nine months, it is of the utmost importance that it be fed with the milk of *one cow* and *one only* (a milch cow), mixed with "Leman's biscuit-powder" (prepared as before directed), and *very little sugar*.

Boiled bread pudding forms a light and nutritious dinner, made with stale bread, hot milk, an egg, and very little sugar.

When an infant is twelve months of age, bread and milk should be given every night and morning: stale bread toasted, soaked in a little hot water, and then the milk (*of one cow*) added *cold*.

Solid meat is not generally required until an infant is fifteen months of age, and then to be given sparingly, and cut very fine. Roasted mutton or broiled mutton-chop (without fat), is the best meat: then tender *lean* beef or lamb; fowl, which is better than chicken; no pork or veal; no pastry; no cheese; *the less butter the better*.

An infant should not be put upon the feet soon, especially while *teething*, or *indisposed*.

Avoid *over-feeding* at all times, more particularly during *teething*. It is very likely to produce indigestion, and disordered stomach, the usual *primary causes* of convulsion, various eruptive complaints, and inflammatory affections of the head, throat, and chest.

[We recommend the above directions to the notice of mothers. It is our desire to promote the utility of the *Family Friend* by extracting from competent authorities (whenever space and occasion will allow) all that can interest the management and happiness of a household.]

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR No. 1. FLY-LEAVES
FOR THE WORK-TABLE.

WE hope to please our fair readers by the presentation, with this number, of the first "Fly-Leaf for the Work-Table," the designs of which are of the full size, and in the case of the point-lace patterns may be worked on the paper itself. These "Leaves" will be continued as occasion may offer, and will be an additional guarantee of our zeal to promote the interest and popularity of the **FAMILY FRIEND**. The following instructions are given by Mrs. Pullan for the various patterns:—

No. 1.—ITALIAN POINT LACE COLLAR.

Materials.—Nine yards of Italian braid, and Messrs. W. Evans and Co.'s Point-Lace Cottons.

This design being engraved the full size, the paper is to be cut out, leaving a margin of half an inch, and either pasted on linen or tacked on a double fold of alpaca. There is very little work in it, the Italian braid taking up so much room. The stitches (a full description of which we have given in previous numbers of the **FAMILY FRIEND**) are to be done in the following cottons:—

a, Venetian Edging—No. 50 Evans's Boar's Head Cotton. *b*, Mecklin Wheel—No. 120 Evans's Mecklenburgh. *c*, English Rosette—No. 100 same thread. *d*, Raleigh Bars, forming the ground—the same. *e*, English Lace—No. 90 Evans's Boar's Head Cotton.

No. 2.—DESIGN FOR BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

Materials.—French Muslin, Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s Royal Embroidery Cotton, Nos. 30 and 50; also Point-Lace Cottons.

The pattern to be marked on the muslin, which is to be lined with *toile ciré*, then traced with the coarse cotton, and sewed over with the fine. The large spaces are filled in with Point-Lace stitches, done in the same threads as are used for the Italian Point-Lace Collar.

No. 3.—FLORAL EMBROIDERED HAND-
KERCHIEF.

Materials.—A square of French Cambric; Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s Royal Embroidery Cotton, Nos. 60 and 80; with Mecklenburgh 120, and Boar's Head 150.

The design, after being marked on the cambric, must be traced with No. 60, and

worked with No. 80, Royal Embroidery Cotton. The ornamental stitches, in the centre of the flowers, with the Mecklenburgh and Boar's Head. This pattern would look extremely well in scarlet and white. The leaves might even be in green embroidery cotton, as that colour can now be obtained ingrain.

No. 4.—POINT-LACE HANDKERCHIEF
BORDER.

Materials.—Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s Point-Lace Cottons, and French White Cotton Braid, No. 7.

The design may either be transferred to coloured papers to form a perfect pattern for a handkerchief, or this piece may be cut out, pasted on linen, and worked over as often as required. For the mode of working the stitches, see the "Instructions" in Modern and Antique Point in previous numbers. The cottons employed are—

a, No. 80, Evans's Mecklenburgh; *b*, No. 100, Boar's Head; *c*, the same; *d*, No. 100, Mecklenburgh; *e*, No. 100, Boar's Head; *f* and *g*, No. 120, Boar's Head; *h*, No. 160, Mecklenburgh.

INITIAL LETTERS to be worked in Royal Embroidering Cotton, No. 60, 70, or 80, according to the fineness of the material.

KNITTED PURSE.

Materials.—One skein of blue silk, one-half of claret, and a small quantity of orange (all French). Silk slides and tassels to correspond. Also two knitting needles, No. 19.

Cast on, with the blue silk, 85 stitches, and purl one row.

1st pattern row.—+ Slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip-stitch over, make 1, knit 1 + repeat to the end. Knit the last stitch.

2nd Row.—+ Purl 2 together, make 1, purl 1 + to the end. Purl the last stitch.

Do these two rows, alternately, 4 times with the blue. Join on the claret, and do the 1st and 2nd row with it.

11th Row (Claret).—+ Knit 4, knit 2 together + to the end. Knit the last.

12th Row.—Join on the orange. Purl 1 + make 3, purl 2 together, purl 1, purl 2 together + till 4 stitches only are left. Purl them plainly.

13th Row.—Knit all except the centre of the three made stitches, which must be purled.

14th Row.—Purled.

15th Row.—Knit 2 + slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip-stitch over, knit 4 + repeat to the end, when you knit five. Join on the claret.

16th Row.—Purl 3 + purl 2 together, make 3, purl 2 together, purl 1, + repeat to the end.

17th Row.—+ Knit 3, purl 1, knit 2, + repeat to the end.

18th Row.—Purled. Join on the blue.

19th Row.—+ Knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, + repeat to the end.

20th Row.—Purled.

21st Row.—Like 19th. The two that are knitted together being the plain one and the made one of that row.

22nd Row.—Purled. Join on the orange.

23rd Row.—Like 19th.

24th Row.—Purled.

25th Row.—Knitted. Join on claret.

26th Row.—Purl 1, + purl 2 together, purl 1, make 1, + repeat to the end.

27th Row.—Knitted.

28th Row.—Purled.

29th Row.—Knit 5, + slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip-stitch over, make 1, knit 4, + repeat to the end. Knit those that are left over the last pattern.

30th Row.—Purl to the two preceding the last made stitch, + purl together reversed these two, make 1, purl 1, make 1, purl 2 together, purl 1, + purl the last 3.

31st Row.—Knit 3, knit 2 together, + make 1, knit 3, make 1, slip 2 together, knit 1, pass the two slip over, + repeat to the end.

32nd Row.—Purled.

33rd Row.—Like 29th.

34th Row.—Like 30th.

35th Row.—Like 31st.

36th Row.—Purl to the nearest made stitch, + make 1, purl 2 together, reversed, purl 1, purl 2 together, make 1, purl 1, + repeat to the end. Purl the last 4 stitches.

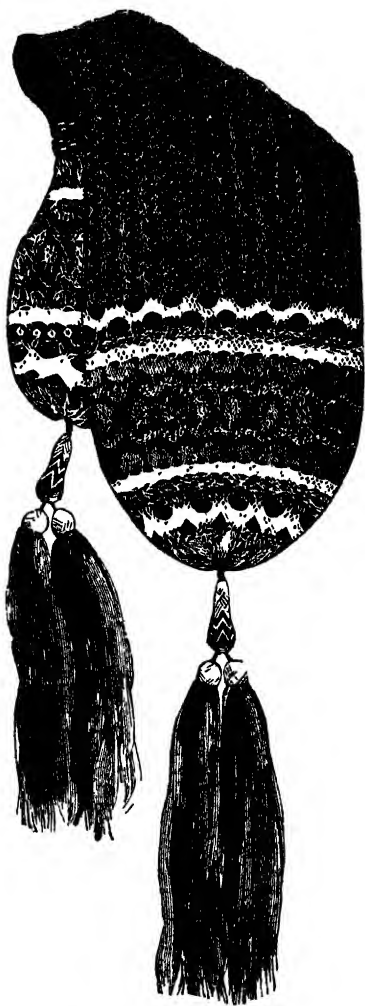
37th Row.—Knit 4, + make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip stitch over, make 1, knit 1, + repeat to the end. Knit the last 3.

38th Row.—Like 36th.

39th Row.—Like 37th.

40th Row.—Like 38th.

41st Row.—Knit 5, + make 1, slip 2 together, knit 1, pass the 2 slip stitches



KNITTED PURSE, BY MRS. PUILAN.

over, make 1, knit 3, + repeat to the last 5, which knit.

42nd Row.—Purled.

43rd Row.—Knit 1, + knit 2 together, make 1, knit 4, + repeat to the end.

44th Row.—Purl till you come to the two preceding the nearest made stitch. + Purl them together, reversed, make 1, purl 1, make 1, purl 2 together, purl 1, + repeat to the end. Purl the 2 odd stitches at the end, without making one before them.

45th Row.—Knit 4, + make 1, slip 2 together, knit 1, pass the two slip over, make 1, knit 3, + repeat to the end.

46th Row.—Purled.

47th Row.—Knitted.

48th Row.—Purled. Join on the orange.

Repeat the 19th to the 25th inclusive, doing 3 rows in orange, 4 in blue, and the remaining 3 in claret, then join on the orange.

59th Row.—Knit 4, + knit 2 together, make 3, knit 2 together, knit 1, + to the end.

60th Row.—Purl every stitch except the second of the 3 made, which knit.

61st Row.—Knit 2, + knit 2 together, knit 4, + to the end.

62nd Row.—Purled. Join on claret.

63rd Row.—Knit 1, + knit 2 together, make 3, knit 2 together, knit 1, + repeat to the end.

64th Row.—Like 60th.

65th Row.—Knitted. Join on blue.

Do about 3 inches with blue, like the first and second rows, then repeat *backwards* the first part—that is, the 26th, 27th, and 28th, in claret, 59th and 65th as before, 19th to 24th as before. Join on the claret. do two rows, one knitted and the other purled, then repeat the 29th to 46th inclusive, with claret, and the remainder as far as the 65th as before. End like the commencement. Cast off

Sew up the edges of the two ends, and tack up the blue piece in the centre. Slip it over a bit of stout card-board, to stitch it, tacking the ends also. Damp and let it dry. Take it off, and turn it.

WORK-TABLE FOR JUVENILES;

OR,

LITTLE MARY'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

"WELL, my little daughter, I suppose you have been half afraid that I should not return from Paris in time for your holiday. However, you see I am here, ready for our

lesson, and I have seen so many new and pretty things, that I hardly know which to choose for you to do."

"Pray let it be something very easy, as well as pretty, dear mamma. I should like to make a work-basket, or something of that sort, which would be useful to grandmamma, and look well on our tree besides."

"Then, indeed, my child, you will almost think me a conjuror; for I have brought you all the necessary materials for making the prettiest thing of the sort that, I think, was ever seen. Here they are! First, there is a frame of wire, then a little wadding, black file,—which is, you know, the imitation netting of which you made your watch-pockets,—netting-silks, gimps, and satin ribbon. Besides these, there is a piece of black satin, and some black sarnet ribbon. You will require a little *toile ciré*, which I dare say your work-box will furnish."

"But can you not give me any idea of the appearance of this basket, mamma? I never feel as if I could do anything unless I had some notion of what it would be like when completed."

"Here is a sketch for you, my dear;



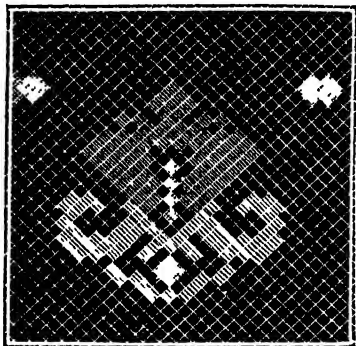
MODEL WORK-BASKET.

and though no drawing will faithfully represent the extreme elegance of the basket, yet it will, as you say, give you a notion of the general effect."

"It is, indeed, very pretty. I see the sides are transparent; they, I suppose, are made of the file."

"Yes; and you will begin by cutting a piece of the netting long and deep enough for the four sides, as it is joined only at one of the corners. Take great care to cut it accurately, or your flowers will not run

evenly. It must be cut to appear in diamonds, not in squares. Another piece will be required for the bottom of the basket. On these a pattern must be darned in coloured silks. I have drawn you one which will do nicely for the sides."



DARNING PATTERN.

"It is very small, is it not, mamma?"

"It is intended that one of these designs shall be seen in each compartment of the basket. You will see that there are three on each side, and two at each end—ten altogether—so that the pattern is to be repeated that number of times."

"How shall I manage to keep them at equal distances, mamma?"

"I think I should fold the length of netting into ten parts, and run a white thread to mark each separate piece. Now you will require three colours for the darning; what will you choose?"

"What do you think of sky-blue, with maize and scarlet? They would be very pretty, would they not?"

"Very; but then all the trimmings must be in sky-blue, and as you want something rather effective for candle-light, I would suggest that a rich crimson or scarlet would be a better predominant colour. With it you might have green and gold, or green and blue."

"Green and blue form a mixture that I cannot fancy to be pretty, mamma. Do you like the effect of it?"

"Not much; but it is very fashionable. The French introduce it into everything,

and call it *préjugé vaincu*, or, prejudice conquered."

"Well, I am afraid, mamma, that my prejudice is unconquerable; so, if you please, we will have maize and green in preference. How am I to use these colours?"

"Do the upper part of the design in scarlet, the lower in green, and the spots up the centre, and between the designs, in maize. In darning, work half the design, from the centre, leaning towards the right hand, and the other half towards the left."

"Am I to use the same pattern for the bottom of the basket?"

"Not in its present form; but if you repeat the design, *reversed*, from the lower part, so as to leave the *points* for the ends, it will be very suitable. You may add a star or diamond, or something very simple, to fill the spaces at the sides. When all the darning is done, detach the cardboard which forms the bottom, tack the wadding down on one side of it, and cover it on this side with the black satin and netting, and on the other with the black satin only. Now all the frame-work of the basket is to be entirely covered with the narrow sarsnet ribbon I have given you for the purpose, the short wires being covered, and the ends secured, before the handle, top, and bottom of the frame are done. Stretch the netting which forms the sides very carefully on. Sew it at the joint, and also at the edges of the net. Now quill the satin ribbon in the centre, into a full and handsome plait; trim the handle with it. Sew the pasteboard bottom in, and add the gimps round the top, while one only may be used for the lower part."

"I might easily add a cover, might I not, mamma?"

"You might, my dear; but in that case the basket should be lined with satin, of some good colour, and the piece of netting you did for the bottom would form the upper part of the top. In the inner part of the cover you might then add a double-stitched ribbon across, to hold scissors, stiletto, &c. But your basket, though more useful, perhaps, would not be so light and elegant as it is at present."

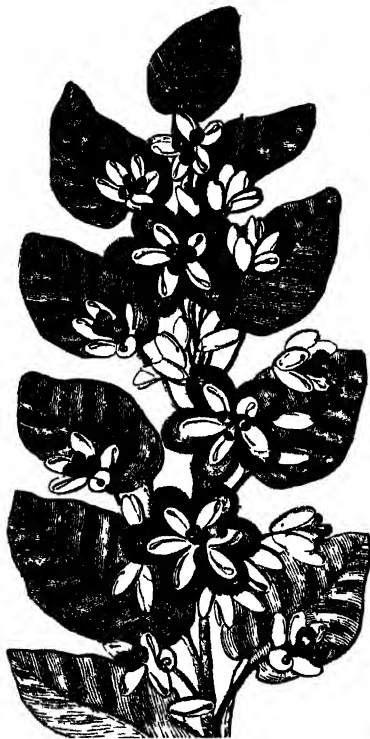
"If you think so, mamma, we will have it so, and for once let well alone."



INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING ORNAMENTS IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

In our former paper (page 245) we described the whole process of preparing the shells, and making all those separate portions



SPRAYS IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

necessary to form a wreath; the same instructions apply equally to the present branch of our subject; but then we only spoke of the "Simple" form of this work, or that composed merely of shells and silver wire. It is doubtless the most chaste, from its extreme purity; but it is also the most perishable, for we all know how quickly silver tarnishes; it likewise is not so con-

venient for wear, especially in the hair, for, be as careful as ever we will, we cannot entirely avoid roughness and projecting points.

The "Composite form," which we are now about to describe, admits of the ornaments being made to match, or contrast with, or set off, any hue of dress or complexion. In the making of composite rice shell-wreaths, &c., various materials are brought into use; as, floss silk; fine wire-chenil; roman-pearl beads, and beads of a similar kind of coral colour, turquoise, pink, green, or yellow; flower seeds; velvet or satin, or silver leaves; and silver bullion.

To make a wreath, and a set of sprays for a bridal-dress, we should use white floss-silk, white chenil, and silver bullion. The shells are to be "wired" as directed in our former article; but, in making them up into leaves and flowers, instead of using the fine wire we use the floss-silk to wind or bind them; and thus, instead of the wires being all exposed, they are hidden, and the stems present a smooth silken surface.

For making a simple, or single-flower, we use the five shells as before, but we cut half an inch of silver bullion, thread it on one of the cut lengths of wire (of which we directed there should always be a supply), fold it into a loop, twist the wire to keep the bullion firmly in form and place, and put this in the centre of the flower, arranging the five shells round it, and binding the stem with the silk.

In making the "double-flower" we use twenty instead of the seventeen shells before directed; viz., five for the flower, and fifteen for the five leaflets of three shells each; in the centre of the five shells we put the loop



DOUBLE-FLOWER.

of bullion just described, and between the flower and the leaflets we arrange five loops of fine wire-chenil at equal distances, as in this cut, allowing each loop to project nearly half an inch, and binding them on with the fine wire; the leaflets are then arranged round the stem so that the centre shell of each one appears between, and just beyond each two loops; the whole is bound together with silk, and the stem covered to its extremity. The

"bud" may either have a loop of chenil standing up on each side of the shells of which it is composed, or it may be formed solely of two or three loops of chenil bound on to a stem of wire with floss-silk. When the flowers are coloured, by adding chenil and beads, or seeds to them, green leaves and green buds have a very pretty effect.

The leaves for the bridal ornaments we were speaking of may either be composed of shells and wound with white silk or silver, or white satin or velvet, or crêpe leaves may be used. We need scarcely add that silk must be used to bind all the parts together.

Let us imagine now that a *brunette* desires to dress her hair, and decorate her snowy ball-dress with wreaths, and sprays, &c., of scarlet or coral-colour.

The shells must be prepared, and wired in the ordinary way, and half a dozen reels of floss-silk, and a knot of chenil of the desired hue, and four strings of small coral-coloured beads, and two of beads about the average size of peas, got. These beads must each be threaded separately like the shells, but on rather shorter lengths of wire, and the wire folded and twisted to make it hold its beads firmly. One of the larger beads should be put in the centre of every double-flower, and three of the small ones in the centre of every single-flower. The flowers may be made simply with the five shells and five loops of chenil, omitting the leaflets. If the leaves are to be made of shells, the stems must be bound with thus coloured silk; but velvet, or satin, or floss leaves of the same hue may be substituted for, or intermixed with the shell leaves with good effect.

Ornaments for blue, pink, green, or maize *toilettes* may in like manner be formed *en suite* by substituting beads, silk, and chenil of the chosen shade for the colour we have given. Mourning wreaths, &c., may likewise be made by using black silk, chenil, and beads; or gray silk and chenil with pearl beads, and gray or white satin leaves.

When once our readers have begun to carry our directions into practice they will perceive how possible it is to create an infinite variety of tasteful articles, all differing in style, form, and hue. Coronets, wreaths, and head-dresses of every conceivable pattern may be made; sprays for the dress of any size, length, or shape;

bouquets for the waist or bosom; trimmings for the *corsage*; tiny wreaths to put between quilled ribbon or *blonde* for the purpose of ornamenting gloves, or sleeves, or the top of the dress; flowers for caps; studs or buttons for the front of a dress; in short, more things than we have time or space to name. And all these may be made very economically, for less than one-third of the ordinary cost of such decorations.

We have given, at the commencement of this article, a cut of a spray, or rather of a portion of one, for want of space compelled us to shorten it; it has green velvet leaves; the flowers are surrounded by chenil loops, and have in their centres, flower-seeds; it is wound with silk.



BOUQUET IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

This cut represents a small bouquet to be worn brooch-fashion in the bosom of the

dress; it is composed of shells and turquoise beads, and wound with light blue silk. The leaves are of shells, and gradually increase in size towards the end of it.

The advantage of using silk instead of the fine silver wire for binding the stems, &c., is, that not only are all points and inequalities thus smoothed over, but, with ordinary care, the articles wear much longer—for even if the small portions of silver wire left exposed do tarnish, they cannot mar the beauty of the whole, forming then so very trifling a portion of it, instead of the leading feature, as they do in “simple-rice shell-work.”

We said just now that studs or buttons could be formed with shells; we will now explain how this may be done.

Cut out a set of circular pieces of white cartridge-paper, or very thin card-board of the size it is wished the buttons should be; from the diameter of a crown-piece to that of a shilling is the ordinary scale. Have ready-wired some middle sized, and some small shells, and a pearl or coloured bead the size of a pea for each button.

With a good sized pin perforate a circle of holes, about a third of an inch in, all the way round, and pass the wire of a middle-sized shell through each, bending the shells down, so that they lie evenly round with their backs upwards, and their point projecting just beyond the edge of the card-board. Without disturbing the wires on the wrong side, now make another circle of perforated holes, and put in another round of shells, bending them so as just to overlap the outer ones. Still leave the ends of wire, and pierce a third circle of holes, and into these put small shells, and bend them in like manner, to fit on to the former rounds. Three circles will generally be sufficient for a good sized button. Pierce a hole in the centre, and put in the wired bead, which will fill up and complete the surface. Now carefully flatten down the wires at the back, and cover the back with silk, arranging any shells which may have become misplaced afterwards.

The floss-silk may be obtained at any large Berlin wool shop; it is sold on small reels, of which from two to six or eight will be required, according to the quantity of work which has to be wound.

The chenil is procurable at the same place; one knot goes a great way. It is

the small wired chenil we use, not the fine embroidery chenil.

The beads are sold at most fancy repositories. It is not the crystal glass, or the seed bead, which we use, but those French coloured glass beads that have lately been so much worn. It is not absolutely necessary that they be only round; for there is a long, or rather, an oblong variety, which is very effective.

The leaves and flower-seeds may be bought at any artificial florist's; but the best way is to obtain them from the makers, then they can be ordered of any colour or pattern.

There is a small pink pearly bivalve shell, one of the *Venus* tribe, that can be combined with the rice-shell with very good effect. These are to be obtained of most conchologists. They must be cleaned; but as they cannot, from their form and fragility, be rubbed dry, the moisture must be evaporated from them by gentle heat. A tiny hole must be pierced in each one with a strong but fine needle, by laying them on a soft cushion and then perforating each shell separately. They must then be wired. A very graceful and elegant wreath may be made by forming flowers and leaves of rice-shells, and groups or flowers of these tiny rose-lined shells, and winding all the stems with very delicate pink silk.

A circular wreath of simple daisy flowers, like the third flower cut given in our last article, has a very chaste and graceful appearance; or these flowers may be combined with the wheat-ears with good effect.

But we have said enough to open the path to our readers; and once entered thereon they will find the work infinitely suggestive, and offering scope for every graceful and tasteful vagary. So we will only add a little word of advice—aim at lightness, not only of appearance, but of actual weight, and never crowd or load any ornament with too much work. The leading principle of artistic excellence in every department of art is, simplicity; and this may be attained by close and severe attention. The eye is most pleased when it can retain at a glance the chief points of attraction.

In our third article we shall give instructions for making baskets, &c.



FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"O FATHER, Lord!
The All-beneficent! I bless thy name,
That thou hast mantled the green earth with
flowers,
Linking our hearts to nature! By the love
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
Into her deep recesses are beguiled,
Her minster cells; dark glen and forest bower,
Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of thee,
Amidst the low religious whisperings,
The shivery leaf sounds of the solitude,
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,
Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain
streams,
That sing of Thee! back to free childhood's heart,
Fresh with the dews of tenderness!—Thou bidd'st
The lilies of the field with placid smile
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse
Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,
With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left
His purer nature, with its fine desires,
Uncared for in this universe of Thine!
The glowing rose attests it, the beloved
Of poet hearts, touched by their fervent dreams
With spiritual light, and made a source
Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age
Thou lend'st the vernal bliss:—the old man's eye
Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul
Remembers youth and love, and hopefully
Turns unto Thee, who call'st earth's buried germs
From dust to splendour; as the mortal seed
Shall, at thy summons, from the grave spring up
To put on glory, to be girt with power,
And fill'd with immortality. Receive
Thanks, blessings, love, for these, thy lavish
boons,
And, most of all, their heavenward influences,
O Thou that gavest us flowers!"

MORNING.

SPENSER.

By this the northern waggoner had set
His seven-fold team behind the steadfast star,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firm is fixt, and sendeth light from far
To all that in the wide deep wandering are:
And cheerful chaunticlers with his note shrill
Had waded once that Phœbus' fiery car
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill,
Full envious that night so long his room did
fill.
At last fair Hesperus in his highest sky
Had spent his lamp and brought forth drawing
light;
Then up he rose and clad him hastily
The dwarf him brought his steed, so both away
did fly.

SONG FOR THE SEASONS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

When the merry lark doth gild
With his song the summer hours;
And their nests the swallows build
In the roofs and tops of towers;
And the golden gorse-flower burns
All about the waste;
And the maiden May returns
With a pretty haste;
*Then how merry are the times!
The Summer times! the Spring times!*

Now, from off his ashen stone,
The chilly midnight cricket crieth;
And all merry birds are flown;
And our dream of pleasure dieth;
Now, the once blue laughing sky
Saddens into gray;
And the frozen rivers sigh,
Pining all away!
*Now, how solemn are the times!
The Winter times! the Night times!*

Yet, be merry: all around
Is through one vast change revolving;
Even Night, who lately frown'd,
Is in silver dawn dissolving:
Earth will burst her fetters strange,
And in spring grow free:
All things in the world will change,
Save—my love for thee!
*Sing then, hopeful are all times!
Winter, Summer, Spring times!*

BLUSHING.

SCOTT.

THE rose, with faint and feeble streak,
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale;
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was express'd
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.

BIRDS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BIRDS, the free tenants of earth, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage delicate and beautiful,
Thick without burthen, close as fish's scales,
Or loose as full-blown poppies on the gale;
With wings that seem as they'd a soul within
them,
They bear their owners with such sweet enchant-
ment.

SELBORNE HALL.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NAVAL BATTLE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It was not until his arrival at Portsmouth that Maitland learned the ship to which he had been appointed formed one of the squadron destined for the Mediterranean, and under the command of Nelson. He was elated at this intelligence, as, from the character of the commodore, he had little doubt that abundant opportunities would be afforded him of earning that distinction which he felt would be the surest passport to the object of his aspirations. It had been agreed upon that he should be allowed, during the period of his absence, to correspond with Violet at certain intervals. With this consolation, and inspired by the hope of winning laurels, that he might lay them at her feet, Maitland applied himself with unabated zeal and renewed energy to the active discharge of his professional duties. The influence, too, of the spirit which animated all those by whom he was surrounded, proved very beneficial; nor was any time afforded for sombre meditation. With every reliance upon the constancy of his cousin, and her firmness to sustain the persuasions by which he had only too good reason to fear she would be assailed, the lover went forth upon his voyage.

The fleet had been some time at sea without any incident arising to vary the ordinary routine of naval existence. At length one evening a strange sail was signalled in the distance. It proved to be a French frigate; but when morning broke, and the fog had cleared away, the whole of the combined squadron of the enemy was in sight, and shortly afterwards took place that action, so celebrated in the annals of England's glory—the battle of Cape St. Vincent.

With the details of this memorable engagement, our story has no concern, farther than to mention that a Maitland distinguished himself greatly. In the despatches sent home after the battle, he was favourably mentioned; and among the mingled feelings which occupied his mind, gratitude to that Providence which had preserved him through the dangers of a dreadful day, was followed by feelings of

delight, inspired by the reflection that the being whom he loved so fondly would see his name enrolled on the lists of fame.

It was some time afterwards, when the vessels which had suffered most had undergone the requisite repairs, and the fleet was once more at sea, that orders were received to sail for Teneriffe. Intelligence of the failure of the attempt on Santa-Cruz had reached the admiral, and he at once determined upon a fresh attack, which he resolved to lead in person. The necessary arrangements were soon completed. The time was fixed; the boats were ordered to be in readiness shortly after nightfall, and the place of rendezvous was the vessel of Captain Freemantle, where Nelson in his barge was to lead the way.

The night was very dark when the expedition set forth, and both among the officers and men the most sanguine expectations were entertained of complete success, as they towed swiftly towards the town. "We'll give 'em a surprise, or my name ain't Jonez," gruffly whispered a weather-beaten old sailor, who was seated in the pinnace, which had been entrusted to the charge of Maitland.

"Silence, men; not a word for your lives; keep steadily in the wake of the barge."

These words had scarcely been uttered by Maitland, when a rocket flew up in a stream of fire, illuminating the white walls of the town, and affording a glimpse of the ramparts, crowded with armed men.

"They're wide awake," said the man who pulled the stroke oar.

"Give way, my lad—pull straight for the Mole. Hurra!" and a wild cheer rose fitfully above the voice of the wind, and the roar of the surf, which thundered on the beach the boats were now rapidly approaching.

A heavy fire was opened from the ramparts, in the face of which the English seamen gallantly threw themselves on shore. The barge was first, the pinnace close behind. Maitland was the first of his men to land. He was cheering them on, and waving his cutlass, when a voice exclaimed in accents of horror—

"Why, the Admiral is down!"

Maitland sprang forward, and there, surrounded by a little knot of seamen, lay Nelson, wounded severely by a musket

shot, but giving his orders in a voice that never faltered, that the attack should proceed.

Having seen the admiral safely conveyed back again, and laid in the stern-sheets of his boat, Maitland returned, and placing himself at the head of his crew, led them on to the town.

The firing was now tremendous, and the fall of the admiral had manifestly impaired the force of the attack; but the seamen rushed with ardour to the Mole, whence the most deadly fire was proceeding. They went down by dozens, but nothing could withstand the fury of the onslaught; one piece of artillery was captured after another, and the battery which had done so much mischief was soon silenced.

But no sooner had this point been carried, than the windows of the surrounding houses blazed forth with musketry. The seamen found themselves in the centre of a circle of fire. To retain the position was manifestly impossible—to advance, appeared certain destruction.

"Hurrah! my hearties; this way—follow me!" shouted the gallant Freemantle, as sword in hand he dashed along a passage which opened on the main street of the town.

The order was promptly obeyed; but every step taken by the storming party was attended with loss of life. The fire from the houses was incessant; and now a dark body of Spaniards, in considerable force, bore down upon the assailants.

"At them, my men!" shouted Freemantle: but the words had scarcely issued from his lips when he fell.

The Spaniards made a dash to capture him, and now the struggle became tremendous. Shrieks and yells rent the very heavens. The fitful flashes of the musketry lit up the faces of the combatants. The fight was hand to hand, and high over the broken jargon of the Spaniard, and the strange unearthly cries of the mulatto, rose like thunder, the indomitable British cheer.

But this struggle, hard as it was, could not evidently be of long continuance. The sailors succeeded in carrying off Freemantle; and it was just at this moment that Maitland found himself separated from his party, and with the first lieutenant and coxswain only by his side, hemmed in by a circle of Spaniards.

"Surrender!" shouted the leader, a swarthy mulatto, whose coat was off, and a bare red cutlass, dripping with blood, attested the work it had done.

"Back!" thundered Maitland, making a desperate lunge at his opponent.

The Spaniard parried the thrust with dexterity, and sprang upon his assailant, but a blow from behind felled Maitland to the earth, and in another instant he and his companions were prisoners. Meanwhile, the tumult of the fight went on; our men, severely pressed, and surrounded by overwhelming numbers, were beaten back towards the shore; resistance was worse than useless in the face of such an overwhelming fire. The signal for retreat at length was sounded—and not before it was time. The enemy endeavoured to capture the boats—had they succeeded, but few of our men would have remained to tell the tale. They were fortunately beaten back. The sailors succeeded in gaining the boats, and retreated, leaving more than half of the ill-fated expedition wounded or dead upon the hostile shore.

When Maitland recovered possession of his senses, he found himself the solitary occupant of a spacious and well-furnished apartment. He endeavoured to rise, but the attempt caused him such severe pain, that he sank back perfectly exhausted. He closed his eyes, and endeavoured to recall his scattered faculties. The scenes through which he had so lately passed flitted strangely through his bewildered brain, and with them came back the memories of other lands and other times. Once he thought he was in his old room at Selborne. Again the scene changed to the mess-room of his ship; and among the sunburned companions of his voyage, rose like a dream of beauty the form of his cousin.

"My brain is still wandering," he said, half aloud.

"Not so; you are better than you have been for weeks," replied a voice close beside him, whose tone was low, and gentle as a note of music.

"Where am I? What has happened? How came I here?"

"You must not speak much now; the doctor has forbidden it. You have been badly wounded—you have been ill for a long time, but your colour is beginning to return;" and as these words were

uttered, the curtain of the bed on which Maitland lay was drawn lightly aside, and he saw seated near him the figure of a young and very beautiful female.

"And have you been my nurse?" he said at length.

"No—that is, not altogether. I have only watched you sometimes, and given you a drink. And ah, when you were delicious! Santa Maria, how you did go on!"

"How did I come here?"

"You must not ask any more questions. You must sleep until the doctor comes."

"Satisfy my curiosity in this, and I shall then be silent."

"You were found desperately wounded near our door. They thought you were killed, but a surgeon, who chanced to be passing, looked at you, and said, that with some care you might recover; so you were brought in here to my mother's house, where you have been ever since."

"And my companions, where are they?"

"Nay, you said you would speak no more. They were driven back to their ships, and have come near us no more; so now you are satisfied, you must not speak another word."

And with this information, such as it was, Maitland was forced to remain for the while content. He found his head still confused, and the pain of any motion of his body was so great, that he lay perfectly quiet, and was soon once more asleep.

When he awoke on the following morning, he felt considerably better. The sun was shining in at the windows, and but for the identity of the objects which met his eye, he would have been disposed to imagine the conversation which still lingered on his mind was but the fading memory of some dream; but whether or not, his wounds were evidently a reality, and a painful one too. There was a bandage round his head—his right arm he could scarcely move, and he felt miserably weak and exhausted.

The door of the apartment opened quietly, and a short dark man, with bushy eyebrows, and a velvet cap, with a gold tassel, came in.

"Ah, you are better to-day, signor, I see; your eye is getting clear again," he said, as he approached the bed.

"Yes; there is nothing the matter with me now but weakness and anxiety."

"Ah, you must not disturb yourself; let me feel your pulse;" and the stranger seized upon Maitland's wrist, as he spoke. "Hand cool—no fever—pain in the head quite gone, eh?"

"Quite gone. My arm is a little stiff."

"Yes; bad wound in the shoulder—poke of a bayonet—nasty wound that bayonet makes."

"Where am I, and who are you? I cannot rest until I know all that has happened."

"I am the doctor, and you are in the house of one of the kindest and best men in the island; he is a Spanish noble, and his name—Don José Almege."

"Then I am a prisoner?"

"Why, yes, to your bed. At present, I think you would find it rather difficult to stir," said the physician, good-humouredly, but evading a more direct answer.

"And my comrades—are there any other prisoners?"

"None alive," replied the doctor, shaking his head.

"Then the attack failed, I suppose?"

"Of course it did—how could your commander expect anything else? But now you must not agitate yourself unnecessarily—you are not well yet. Excitement will bring back your fever. You must take care of yourself—remain quiet, and I'll send you some breakfast;" and saying these words, the doctor departed.

The convalescence of Maitland was slow but gradual. In a few days he was able personally to thank his host for the care and attention bestowed upon him during his illness; and no sooner was he able to use his right hand—for which the beautiful Inez, the young lady he had found keeping guard over him, had prepared a sling—than he wrote at once to acquaint his family with the accident which had befallen him, and his detention on the island. But if ever prisoner of war was happily situated, it was the wounded lieutenant. He found himself treated more as a member of the family than a stranger. The mansion of Don José was commodious and handsomely furnished. In the rear lay a beautiful garden, full of fruits and flowers, indigenous to that delightful climate; and there Maitland spent the hours of his captivity, with the beautiful Spaniard often at his side, but longing wistfully for the arrival of some intelligence from his friends

in England. At length he grew quite strong again, and was able to leave the house and grounds, for the purpose of exploring the beauties of the place. Weeks and months flew past; he looked anxiously every day towards the sea, but still no British vessel hove in sight, nor did any letter arrive from England.

CHAPTER XIV.

SAD NEWS.

THE removal of Constance from the scene of her many trials and sorrows, although an event which could not but be anticipated, was yet one which brought a deep gloom upon the circle at Selborne Hall. The youth—the beauty—the misfortunes, and the hapless fate of her who had thus been taken, produced a profound impression upon all who heard the short and touching history of her life. The funeral—although at first meant to have been private—had been attended by nearly every person of consideration in the neighbourhood; but the expressions of sympathy and condolence which poured in, although in the highest degree gratifying to the other members of the family, produced a certain feeling of disquiet in the mind of Sir Peregrine. He did not wish the affair to be so much talked about. There was something peculiarly painful to him in the reflection, that the man who had caused all this misery and misfortune should have been received as a guest under his roof. It conveyed an imputation upon his knowledge of the world; and although the unreasonableness of such a feeling was pointed out to him, the Baronet was not to be persuaded; and after a good deal of family discussion, which did not always terminate very amicably—for Sir Peregrine was getting old and peevish—it was determined that a speedy removal to town would be the best course which, under all the circumstances, they could pursue. No objection having been raised, in a few weeks afterwards the Selborne party found themselves established in London.

The season was at its height—the weather was genial and sunny—the green foliage of the parks was in all its freshness. Through the streets glittered brilliant equipages—in the shop windows were the latest fashions. Luxury and wealth held

their summer revel. The Maitlands soon joined in the stream of gaiety; and after a little while the grave which lay within the shadow of the old ivied porch at Selborne, gradually faded from the memories of all—save one—of those who so lately had wept around it.

Such is human life. But the head of the Maitland family had especial reasons for the course which he caused its members to adopt. He had become morbidly anxious the world should be made aware his condition had not ceased to be as flourishing, as heretofore (as if the world troubled itself about such matters); and he feared that the circumstances which had transpired in connection with the recent melancholy occurrence, might in some way or other cast a reflection upon his social position. But in the great whirlpool of London life, people have too much business of their own to attend to, to trouble themselves much about their neighbours' affairs. Of their acquaintance in town, few had heard of the occurrence Sir Peregrine was so anxious should be concealed; and these few never bestowed a second thought upon the matter, or cared to know more than that a distant connection of the family had fallen ill, and had died under circumstances of more than ordinary suffering.

Meanwhile William Maitland was seldom absent from his cousin's side. In the drive, the walk, or the ride, he was her constant companion, watching her with the mingled solicitude and tenderness of a lover and a brother also. She tried to assume an appearance of gaiety, which was greatly at variance with her feelings; and, to some extent, she succeeded. The power which a resolute mind can obtain over its feelings is wonderful, especially when that effort to master them is inspired by a sense of duty. Thus it was with Violet. While her uncle and her cousin thought her looking more beautiful than they had ever seen her before, and the frank gaiety of her manner as childlike and unconstrained as ever, there was a languor in her frame, and an anxious look in her eye, which did not escape the notice of Lady Maitland.

One fine morning towards the end of July, Violet was seated alone in the drawing-room: she was leaning over a drawing, her head resting on one hand, while the other held a pencil, with which she was

listlessly tracing shadowy likenesses over the paper, when the door opened, and Violet, startled at being discovered in this listless attitude, hastily applied herself with a piece of India-rubber to efface the marks of her erratic pencil.

It was her cousin who came in, and taking a chair, he drew it over and seated himself by her side.

"I thought you had gone out riding with my uncle. I heard the horses at the door some time ago."

"So I did, my fair cousin; but Selim fell lame, and, *malgré moi*, I was obliged to return."

"Is the time fixed for our leaving this detestable London? I am beginning to be, oh! so very tired of it!"

"No; I believe our movements have not yet been decided upon."

"Oh, William, I wish you would endeavour to persuade Sir Peregrine. If you only knew how I am longing for the green fields and the flowers, you would pity me."

"My father is worried greatly about not hearing from Charles. He has now been gone nearly eight months—"

"And but one letter?" inquired Violet.

"For my part, I see no reason for the least anxiety. Charles is precisely the sort of fellow to whom no accident will ever happen,—he is born to die comfortably in his bed, a rich old admiral at the very least."

"I hope so, most sincerely," said Violet smiling.

"Let us go and have a stroll in the square—the morning is so sunny, it is almost a pity to lose it here."

"I have a little, just the least bit of a headache to-day, and I think I should prefer remaining quiet."

"Very well; then I shall not disturb you—farewell."

"Stay, I did not mean you to leave me; that is to say, so long as it is your pleasure to remain."

"It would be my pleasure to remain always," replied William Maitland, with an emphasis which brought the colour, with a sudden flush, into the brow of his auditor.

"The sunshine is pleasant—you prefer it to me. Go away—I don't want to have you any longer."

"Nay, Violet, how capricious you are; it was only five minutes ago you desired me to remain, when I

"I but exert the privilege of my sex,—to change my mind if I please."

"Very well, and so you shall. All I would implore of you before you dismiss me, is to answer a single question."

"That entirely depends upon its nature."

"No, Violet, it depends upon your disposition."

"Then I can give you no promise whatever."

But the conversation was at this moment interrupted by a servant, who flung open the door, and announced Sir Guy Wyndham.

Sir Guy was a dandy of the first-water; but good-looking, pleasant, and unaffected, notwithstanding. "I hope Miss Clare is well," he said. "Ah, Maitland, how do you do?"

"We are all as well as people can be in London during the dog-days."

"We are not near the dog-days yet I hope," said Sir Guy, tapping his boot with his gold-headed cane.

"Not far from them either: next week will be the first of August."

"And then I suppose you will leave town; and sorry to go—eh?" said Sir Guy.

"On the contrary, I shall be delighted."

"And how do you amuse yourself in the country, when you get there, Miss Clare?"

"Oh, I have plenty of occupation, which I fear you would not consider amusement. I have flowers and books, and work, and all that sort of thing, which would bore you exceedingly."

"Bore me, ah! that would depend upon circumstances."

"Now, I should be curious to know under what circumstances it would not bore you—eh, Wyndham?"

"Must, I answer that question, Miss Clare?"

"Just as you please. I have no interest in the matter," replied Violet.

"Then I shall not answer it," said Sir Guy, stretching out his foot, and contemplating its proportions.

"Then perhaps you will tell us if there is any news this morning. I have not been out of the house yet," said William Maitland.

"Ah, yes, lots of news. Nelson has made a sad mistake at Teneriffe."

"What do you mean?"

"You will see it all in the papers. I really don't remember the particulars, except that he got a terrible licking, that's all I can tell you."

Had the visitor been possessed of even an ordinary amount of penetration, he would have marked the effect which this intelligence, thus suddenly imparted, had upon those who heard it. Violet started, and turned deadly pale, and William Maitland, rising, rang the bell.

"Send for a copy of the morning paper," he said to the servant who answered the summons.

Sir Guy, finding that he could extract no more than mono-syllabic replies to the category of questions he forthwith proceeded to put, deliberately drew on his gloves, and having buttoned them carefully, took up his hat and his gold-headed cane, and departed, in profound unconsciousness that he had made his friends as miserable as it was possible for them to be.

Not many minutes had elapsed when the servant returned, bringing with him the newspaper. With fervent anxiety Violet snatched it out of the man's hand, and turned to the columns which contained an account of the engagement.

There was a list at full length, giving the names of the officers and men who had taken part in the action, commanding the pinnacle of the "Sea Horse." Lieutenant Maitland, &c. Good Heavens! he was, indeed, there; and the paper dropped from the reader's hand. With eager haste it was snatched up by William Maitland. He turned at once to the place where he knew that under the head of killed and wounded would be contained the only intelligence that could cause them any uneasiness. "Thank God," he said, as he ran his eye rapidly over the names, "He is not among them. All right, dearest Violet, Charles is safe."

"What is it?" said Lady Maitland, who at this moment entered the room, and looked anxiously at the countenance of her son and his cousin.

"Oh, nothing, my dear mother; but there has been a little bit of a fight at Tenerife—Charles has been in it—and this foolish young lady has frightened herself almost to death about him, without the least reason."

"He is safe then, thank God," was his mother's reply.

"His name is included in neither list; but there, read it for yourself, my dear mother, and try if you cannot console this trembling cousin of mine. I shall go down as far as the club;" and handing Lady Maitland the newspaper, her son took his departure.

When Sir Peregrine returned to dinner he was full of the news, which the evening papers confirmed, giving a more detailed account of what had taken place; but, although the name of his son was mentioned in all the gazettes as having gone in command of one of the boats, there was no further allusion to him of any sort or description.

"We must only wait, until the next post arrives. I should not be surprised if he were now a post-captain," said Sir Peregrine, tossing off a bumper of claret.

"I hope so, sincerely," said Violet.

"What, you do—do you, you gipsy? Come, then, let us drink his health," replied the old Baronet, whose excitement had got the better of all prudential considerations.

But the next post arrived in due course; no letter came, and another and another followed with the like result.

"The plague is in the boy, why don't he write? I will go down to the Admiralty, and make inquiries there," said the Baronet, one morning after breakfast. He did so, and succeeded in obtaining an interview with the secretary, who assured him there was no ground whatever for any apprehensions, for accurate lists of all the casualties had been received, in which the name of his son was never mentioned. With this assurance, Sir Peregrine was fain to be content; and as the end of August was now rapidly drawing near, preparations, to the exceeding joy of Violet Clare, were made for returning to the Manor. It was the day but one before their departure for Selborne. Dinner was over; the ladies had retired, and the gentlemen were alone over their wine, when a loud knock was heard at the street door, and the butler entered, bearing a card.

"Look at it, William, and see what it means. My eyes are getting dim."

William Maitland took the card. "Captain Atherly," he said.

"I don't know any one of that name," replied the baronet. "Had we not better let him be shown in?"

"By all means. Jenkinson, request Captain Atherly to walk in here."

A fine looking gentlemanly man of middle age, with one arm in a sling, was ushered in. Sir Peregrine rose to receive him—the stranger bowed.

"Sir Peregrine Maitland?" he said, with a look of inquiry.

"Pray be seated, sir. I am the man, or rather all that's left of him," replied the old gentleman, laughing.

"I shall not detain you long, sir. I am the bearer, I fear, of rather unsatisfactory news. I commanded the "Vixen" at Teneriffe."

"What news of Charles, eh?" gasped the baronet.

"He went on shore in command of the pinnace."

"Ay, we know all that. But what of him afterwards?"

"I am sorry to say he has never been heard of since the battle." And then Captain Atherly proceeded to state, as nearly as possible, all those particulars with which our readers are already familiar. "There was a possibility," he added, "but only a slender one, that he might be still alive; but any prisoners who had been made had been exchanged. Nothing whatever was known with certainty as to his fate, and there was every reason to fear he had fallen in the engagement."

Upon the effect which this intelligence had upon those who heard it, it is not necessary for us to dwell. The whole family went into mourning; and among those who lamented with bitter tears the fate of him who was supposed to have fallen, the least consolable was Violet Clare.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS ON CHESS.

BY HERR HARRWITZ.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

GAMBIT.

THIS word is derived from the Italian verb *gambetto*, to trip up. In Chess it means when a player, at the beginning of a game, gives up a Pawn in order to obtain a speedier development of his forces, and thus form an attack. There are a great many different gambits; the principal ones are: the King's gambit, the Queen's gam-

bit, the Scotch gambit, the Evans gambit (so named from Captain Evans, its inventor), the Lopez gambit, and the Damiano gambit. The King's gambit results from the following moves:—

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. K. P. 2. | 1. K. P. 2. |
| 2. K. B. P. 2. | 2. P. takes P. |

The Queen's Gambit from:

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q. P. 2. | 1. Q. P. 2. |
| 2. Q. B. P. 2. | 2. P. takes P. |

J'ADOUBE

Is a French expression used in Chess, when a player replaces or touches a man without intending to move it; it signifies, "I adjut." (See Law IX.)

GIUOCO PIANO

Is the name of a certain opening. If after:

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. K. P. 2. | 1. K. P. 2. |
| 2. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 3. K. B. to Q. B. 4. | 3. K. B. to Q. B. 4. |

White now plays:—

4. Q. B. P. 1.

This constitutes the *Giucco Piano*.

DOUBLED PAWN.

When a player has two of his pawns on the same file, the foremost one is called a *doubled Pawn*. A *Trebled Pawn* is of rare occurrence.

EN PRISE.

A piece or Pawn which can be taken by the enemy is said to be *en prise*, or in prize.

ISOLATED PAWN.

A Pawn which is separated from the rest—that is, there being no Pawns of his colour on either of the adjacent files—is termed an *isolated Pawn*.

PASSED PAWN.

When a Pawn in his march has no adverse Pawn to encounter, it is called a *passed Pawn*.

TAKING A PAWN IN PASSING, OR EN PASSANT.

It has been explained how a Pawn on his first starting may advance two squares at once; but if, in doing so, an adverse Pawn is so placed that it might have captured the advancing Pawn, had it only moved one

square, a player has the option of either letting it pass, or taking it *in passing*, as if it had only advanced one step. No piece can take in passing, and a Pawn can only do so immediately in the next move.

THE CAPPED PAWN (PION COIFFE).

When there is a very great disparity between two players, the stronger one gives odds, in order to equalise the chances of winning. There is one kind of odds, which consists in the stronger player placing a ring, or some other distinguishing mark, on one of his Pawns, and undertaking to checkmate with that Pawn. He is not allowed to Queen it, and if he loses it he forfeits the game, as also if he gives checkmate with any other piece or Pawn. The Pawn usually marked is the Queen's or King's Knight's Pawn, because it can be best surrounded and sheltered.

Before attempting to play, the student should be acquainted with the laws of Chess, which are in general use at all the Chess Clubs in Great Britain. They have been revised by the London Chess Club, which was established in 1807, and comprise the best players in London. It is, therefore, justly looked upon as the highest authority in the United Kingdom.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS.

[FOURTH ARTICLE.]

Currant Jelly without Cooking.—Press the juice from the currants and strain it; to every pint put a pound of fine white sugar; mix them together until the sugar is dissolved; then put it in jars, seal them, and expose them to a hot sun for two or three days.

Green Gages.—These may be greened as directed for greening fruit; when taken out, smooth the skins, make the syrup boiling hot and pour it over until the next day or two, then put them in the syrup over the fire, and boil very slowly until they look clear and the syrup is rich and thick; then take them from the syrup with a skimmer, spread them on flat dishes to cool, boil the syrup quite fast, skim it clear, then let it settle and cool; put the plums into jars and pour the syrup over, leaving any sediment which may remain at the bottom.

To keep Damsons.—Put them in small stone jars, or wide-mouth glass bottles, and set them

up to their necks in a kettle of cold water; set it over the fire to become boiling hot, then take it off, and let the bottles remain until the water is cold; the next day fill the bottles with cold water, and cork and seal them. These may be used the same as fresh fruit. Green gages may be done in this way.

To preserve Damsons a second way.—Put a quart of damsons into a jar with a pound of sugar strewn between them; set the jar in a warm oven, or put it into a kettle of cold water and set it over the fire for an hour, then take it out, set it to become cold, drain the juice off, boil it until it is thick, then pour it over the plums; when cold, cover as directed for preserves.

Jam of Green Gages.—Put ripe green gages into a kettle with very little water, and let them stew until soft, then rub them through a sieve or colander, and to every pint of pulp, put a pound of white sugar, powdered fine, then put it in a preserving kettle over the fire, stir it until the whole is of the consistence of jelly, then take it off; put the marmalade in small jars or tumblers, and cover as directed for jelly. Any sort of plums may be done in this manner.

To dry Plums.—Split ripe plums, take the stones from them and lay them on plates or sieves, to dry in a warm oven or hot sun; take them in at sunset, and do not put them out again until the sun will be upon them; turn them that they may be done evenly; when perfectly dry, pack them in jars or boxes, lined with paper, or keep them in bags; hang them in an airy place.

Pears in Brandy.—Take fine rich, juicy, but not very ripe pears, put them into a saucepan with cold water to cover them; set them over a gentle fire and simmer them until they will yield to the pressure of your finger, then put them into cold water; pare them with the greatest care, so that not a single defect may remain; make a syrup of three quarters of a pound of white sugar for each pound of fruit, and a cup of water to each pound of sugar; when the syrup is clear, and boiling hot, put in the pears, boil them gently until they are done through and clear, and the syrup is rich; now take them with a skimmer into glass jars; boil the syrup thick, then mix with it a gill of white brandy to each pint, pour it over the fruit, and when cold, put paper and a close-fitting cover over.

Pear Marmalade.—To six pounds of small pears, take four pounds of sugar; put the pears into a saucepan with a little cold water, cover it, and set it over the fire until the fruit is soft, then put them into cold water; pare, quarter, and core them; put to them three teacups of water, set them over the fire; roll the sugar fine, mash the fruit fine and smooth, put the sugar to it, stir it well together until it is thick, like jelly, then put it in tumblers or jars, and when cold, secure it as jelly.

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLES.

1.

Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
Two semicircles a perpendicular meet;
Then a triangle set upon two feet,
Two semicircles, and then a circle complete.
The whole, when properly joined, will be the
name of a plant possessing extraordinary virtues.

2.

Mathematicians state that of all bodies contained
under the same superficies, a sphere is the most
capacious: but they have never considered the
amazing capaciousness of a body, the name of
which is now required, of which it may be truly
affirmed, that supposing its greatest length 9
inches, greatest breadth 4 inches, and greatest
depth 3 inches, yet under these dimensions it con-
tains a solid foot.

3.

It is required to cut each of two equal squares
into two such parts, that when the four parts
are properly joined together, they shall make a
square.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1.

A Cheshire cheese being put into one of the
scales of a false balance, was found to weigh
16lbs., and when put into the other only 9lbs.
What is the true weight?

2.

A company at a tavern spent 6s. 4d., and each
of them had as many farthings to pay as there
were persons in company. How many persons
were there?

3.

A woman carrying eggs to market was asked
how many she had. She replied, that when she
counted them by 2's, there was one left; when
by 3's, there was one left; and when by 4's,
there was one left; but when she counted them
by 5's, there were none left. How many had
she?

4.

A poor woman, carrying a basket of apples, was
met by three boys, the first of whom bought half
of what she had, and then gave her back 10; the
second boy bought a third of what remained, and
gave her back 2; and the third bought half of
what she had now left, and returned her 1; after
which she found she had 12 apples remaining.
What number had she at first?

ANAGRAMS.

NAMES OF PLACES IN HINDOOSTAN.

1. Tar us.
2. May Bob.
3. A broach.
4. A bad law dot.
5. A rag.
6. I held.

Miss A., Fife.

GEOGRAPHICAL PARADOXES.

1.

There is a certain island in the *Ægean* sea upon
which if two children were born at the same
instant of time, and living together for several
years, should both die on the same day, or even
at the same hour and minute of the day, yet
the life of the one would surpass that of the other
several months.

2.

There is a certain hill in the south of Bohemia,
on the top of which, if an equinoctial sundial
be duly erected, a man who is completely blind
may know the hour of the day by the same, if the
sun shines.

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME—PAGE 285.

ENIGMAS—1. A fishing-rod. 2. Letter I. 3.
Monosyllable.

CHARADES—1. Bright-on. 2. Wo-man. 3. Hope-
less.

GEOGRAPHICAL PARADOXES—1. The paradox
seems to refer to the difference made by Geogra-
phers in fixing their first meridian. Thus, the
British have it at Greenwich; the Dutch, at the
Peak of Teneriffe, one of the Canary Isles; and
the French at Ferro, another of the Canary Isles.
Now take, in the same latitude, three places;
suppose 10 degrees from each of those meridians.
Then these will also all agree in longitude, with
respect to their first meridians, though they lie
under three different ones in reference to the
globe.—2. Not only in Asia, but in every place
where Christians and Jews dwell together, the
latter have their sabbath one day every week
earlier than the former. Or thus: the two places
may be Macao, a seaport in China, possessed by
the Portuguese; and the Philippine Isles, said to
belong to the Spaniards of Castile; places near
each other and under the same meridian. Now,
when the Spaniards have their last Saturday in
Lent, the Portuguese, in Macao, eat fish, it
being their first Sunday in Easter. The cause of
this difference is, that the Spaniards sailed thither
westerly, and lost half a day, and the Portuguese
easterly, and gained half a day. [See "Varenus's
Geography," chap. xxix., prop. 12, corol. 3.] To
illustrate this: suppose the persons who travel
westward should keep pace with the sun, it is
evident that they would have continual day, or it
would be the same day to them during their voy-
age round the earth; but the people who remained
at the place that they departed from have had
night in the meantime, and therefore reckon a
day more than the former.—3. Directly under
the south pole.

RIDDLES—1. Tent—con-tent, in-tent, por-tent.
2. Her mit. 3. Bar-rack.

ANAGRAMS—1. Charente. 2. Minho. 3. Amstel.
4. Iscr. 5. Ebro. 6. Soane.

TRANSPOSITIONS—1. Miles, Selim, se, les, mi.
2. Castanets (cast-in-nets).

OUR FAMILY COUNCIL.

SAD is the truth, but it nevertheless must be read by all, "the year is on the wane." Before the end of the month, the

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit, the vines that round the thatch-
eaves run,

"fruit-fed Autumn," will claim his sovereign rights; and shortening days, and a chilling anticipation of winter will be evidences of his power.

As we sit amidst our Family Council, with all the sweet associations of Summer still crowding upon our minds, we are reminded of its decline, by a question which has reached us in other years at the same period—"Will the Family Pastime be published this year?" And immediately our thoughts are wandering from the woods and corn-fields, to the firesides of our friends, while Christmas games and merry-making, to melt old Winter's snows, replace them. Yes, kind readers, our store-house of humour, fun, and frolic, is filling, and we invite you to the feast. Hasten quickly, send us your budgets of charades, enigmas, conundrums, games, and all that can defy Winter—

"Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and clouds, and storms."

And with your assistance we shall be able to put him to the rout. The "Family Pastime for 1854," will, in accordance with the prevailing spirit of the times, supersede its predecessors in appearance and *matériel*, and we therefore invite the members of our "Family Council" to aid us with their suggestions and contributions. Herbert says truly—

"Nothing that's plain,
But may be witty if thou hast the vein."

And the *reun*, as we know from past experience, is not wanting in our contributors.

A "TIME-THINKER" asks what was the nature of the Clepsydras, or water-clocks of the ancients. Perhaps the better way to explain these, is to give the following illustration. If a vessel of water is kept full by a stream running through it, and a hole is made near the bottom, the water will run out of the hole, and fill any other vessel at a uniform rate; and this other vessel may have its sides graduated, or carry a floating index pointing up a graduated plate, divided into hours, and even minutes, if the index rises fast enough to distinguish them. When the index gets to the top, it might be contrived so as to open a valve, and let the water out, and itself go to the bottom again, and shut the valve; and if this was made to take place every twelve hours, it would make a self-acting clock, requiring no assistance except from the stream. If, on the other

hand, a given vessel is filled and graduated according to the rate at which the water flows out, which is not uniform, but varies as the square root of the height above the hole at which it stands, this also will serve for a clock until the vessel is empty.

The fruit season, in all its mellow richness, has no doubt inspired a "YOUTH" with the desire to know "how cherries may be grown without stones." A friend at our elbow tells us that the following method is adopted in France:—"In the spring, before the circulation of the sap, a young seedling cherry-tree is split from the upper extremity down to the fork of its roots; then, by means of a piece of wood in the form of a spatula, the pith is carefully removed from the tree, in such a manner as to avoid any excoriations or other injury; a knife is used only for commencing the split. Afterwards the two sections are brought together, and tied with woaden, care being taken to close hermetically with clay the whole length of the cleft. The sap soon re-unites the separated portions of the tree, and, two years afterwards, cherries are produced of the usual appearance, but, instead of stones, there will only be small soft pellicles.

JESSE M. requests "a cure for nails growing into the flesh." "Cures," we may observe with Butler, "come difficult and hard." We can merely offer on hearsay the following suggestion: Cut a notch in the middle of the nail every time the nail is pared. The disposition to close the notch draws the nail up from the sides.

ROBERT MERTON wishes to preserve his grounds from feathery prowlers during seed-time, and asks for a receipt. The following has been supplied by an agricultural friend:—"Mix together one pound of gas tar, a quarter of a pound of brown spirits of tar, and a quarter of a pound of grease. Into this dip some shoemaker's thread, or twine, and draw it several times over the newly-sown beds, supported a few inches from the earth on the tops of sticks." These precautions taken, Mr. Merton may find that the birds will invite themselves less frequently to dinner on his grounds.

A "VOICE FROM THE COUNTRY" salutes us, and in honeyed accents inquires what is the approved mode of chloroforming bees. The *Gardeners' Chronicle* enables us to supply the information on the authority of a correspondent of that journal, who states that "the quantity of chloroform required for an ordinary hive is the sixth part of an ounce; a very large hive may take nearly a quarter of an ounce. My mode of operation is as follows:—I set down a table opposite to, and about four feet distant from, the hive; on the table I spread a thick linen cloth; in the centre of the table I place a small, shallow, breakfast-plate, which I cover with a piece of wire gauze, to prevent the bees from coming in immediate

contact with the chloroform; and into this plate I pour the chloroform. I now quickly and cautiously lift the hive from the board on which it is standing, set it down on the top of the table, keeping the plate in the centre; cover the hive closely up with cloths, and in twenty minutes or so the bees are not only sound asleep, but, contrary to what I have seen when they are suffocated with sulphur, not one is left among the combs; the whole of them are lying helpless on the table. You now remove what honey you think fit, replacing the hive on its old stand, and the bees, as they recover, will return to their domicile. A bright, calm, sunny day is the best, and you should commence your operations in the morning, before many of them are abroad."

"FLORA" desires to have "some receipts for the making of perfumery;" but we doubt much whether any sylvan genius of the fields and garden would like to engage in the chemical artifices now used in the preparation of essences, &c. Dr. Playfair has initiated us into the mysteries of the laboratory. The perfume of flowers often consists of oils and ethers, which the chemist can easily compound. Singularly enough, the most delicate perfumes are generally derived from substances of intensely disgusting odour. A peculiarly fetid oil, termed "fusel oil," is formed in making brandy and whiskey. This fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid, and acetate of potash, gives the oil of pears. The oil of apples is made from the same fusel oil, by distillation, with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash. The oil of pine-apples is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid. The artificial oil of bitter almonds, now so largely employed in perfuming soap, and for flavouring confectionery, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fetid oils of gas tar. Many a fair forehead is damped with *eau de mille-fleurs*, without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of cow-houses. The oil of lemons, turpentine, oil of juniper, oil of roses, and many other oils, are identical in composition. These are certainly not very inviting processes for delicate manipulation, and we advise "FLORA" to leave them for rougher hands.

A young poet, with the high-sounding designation of "TAMBO-REDIVIVUS," has sent us some verses, which, for his own credit's sake, we withhold from the public gaze. Our correspondent must greatly mature his thoughts, and improve his versification, before he can creep into the shoes of the immortal author of "La Gerusalemme Liberata." Rome was not built in a day; nor can TAMBO-REDIVIVUS become suddenly a poet. The greatest bards of our country have been pains-taking writers. Pope was accustomed to distribute and vary the vowels in his lines, so as to attain the highest pitch of modulated harmony.

Dryden also was a thorough theoretic master of all the rules of poetry. Cowper, simple as his style is, has told us with what diligence he laboured nightly to build, as Milton terms it, "the lofty rhyme."

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which poets only know. The shifts and turns,
The expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms,
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win."

He also says, "to touch and retouch, is the secret of almost all good writing; I am never weary of it myself."

MARY G. will find, to our great contentment, her wishes anticipated. A paper on Porcupine Quill Work, written by an experienced hand, will shortly appear in the FAMILY FRIEND.

"Is it proper, Mr. Editor, to receive a bouquet from a gentleman?" inquires A. W. Our fair questioner need be under no apprehension of infringing the laws of etiquette by accepting a bouquet. There is poetry "to the brim" in flowers, it is true; but in our conventional country the imagination is confined to the simple loveliness of the present, and the attention of the giver.

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares.
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

Of all the votive offerings made to the young and the fair, flowers are the most beautiful and most unexceptionable. Where it is the fashion for gentlemen to present bouquets to their female friends, so many are given, that it seems more like a tribute to the sex than a mark of particular regard, and their perishable nature exempts them from the ban put upon more enduring memorials. You can accept and wear flowers without committing yourself, and to refuse them would be unnecessary rigour.

A youthful observer of nature, A. F., inquires "why flies are enabled to walk on the ceiling." The answer is simple enough to mature thinkers; but as we like to encourage the laudable curiosity of childhood, and have a lurking partiality to the age, whose "summer's loose bath all too short a date," we will reply to the question by recommending A. F. to inspect a fly by the microscope. He will then see that the joints in the foot make it very flexible, and the two claws can lay hold of any object which may help it along. But the most remarkable parts are the pads, or cushions, at the side of each claw of the fly. It used to be supposed that by their aid the fly walks on smooth glass, or on the ceiling, on the same principle by which a stone is lifted by a leathern sucker; but later and more careful observers have thought that a sort of glue comes out of the pores in the pads, which enables the fly to walk on glass.



HAYDN'S INTRODUCTION TO PRINCE ARCHDUC STEPHEN.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

CHAPTER III.

[CONCLUSION.]

It was about noon of a day in the spring of 175—, that a man of low stature and pale and sallow complexion might have been seen entering a mean-looking house in one of the narrow streets of Vienna. Before he closed the door, the sound of a sharp female voice, speaking in shrill accents, was quite audible to the passer-by. As the person who entered ascended the stairs to his lodgings, he was greeted by a continuance of the same melody from the lips of a pretty but slovenly dressed young woman, who stood at the door of the only apartment that seemed furnished.

"A pretty mess is all this," she exclaimed. "Here the printers have been

running after you all the morning for the piece you promised to have ready for them, and I nothing to do but hear their complaints and send them away one after the other!"

"My good Nanay——"

"But, my good Joseph, is not any time as precious as yours, pray? What have you gained from this morning's work?"

"Seventeen kreutzers," sighed he.

"Ay, is it always so—and you spend all your time in such profitless doings. At eight, the singing deak of the Brothers of Mercy; at ten, the Count de Hainwitzer's chapel; grand mass at eleven—and all this toil for a few kreutzers."

"What can I do?"

"Do! What would I do in your place? Give up this foolish business of music, and take to something—that will enable you to live as well as a peasant, at least. There

is my father, a hair-dresser—did not he give you shelter when you had nothing but your garret and skylight?—when you had to lie in bed and write for want of coals to warm you? Yes, in spite of your boasted genius and the praises you received, you were forced to come to him for bread!”

“He gave me more, Nanny,” said her husband, meaningly.

“Yes—his daughter, who had refused half the gallants in Vienna—for whom half-a-dozen pen-ink-makers’ apprentices went mad. Yes—and had he not a right to expect you would dress her as well as she had been fixed at home, and that she should have servants to wait upon her as in her father’s house? A fine realizing of his hopes and schemes for his favourite child—this miserable lodging, with but a few pence a day to keep us from starving!”

“You should not reproach me, Nanny. Have I not worked incessantly till my health has given way? And if fortune is still inexorable—”

“Ah, there it is, fortune!—as if fortune did not always wait, like a handmaid, upon industry in a proper calling! Your patrons may admire and applaud, but they will not pay; and yet you will drudge away your life in this ungrateful occupation. I tell you, Joseph, music is not the thing.”

“Alas!” sighed Haydn, “I once dreamed of fame.”

“Fame—pshaw! And what were that worth if you had it? Would fame clothe you or change these wretched walls to a palace? Behold me for once, and give up these idle dreams.”

Here a knock was heard at the door, and the wife, with exclamations of impatience, flounced away. The unfortunate artist threw himself on a seat, and leaned his head on a table covered with notes of music—works of his own, begun at various times, which want of health, energy or spirits, had prevented him from completing. So entirely had he yielded himself to despondency, that he did not move, even when the door opened, till the sound of a well-known voice close at his side startled him from his melancholy reverie.

“How now, Haydn, what is the matter, my boy?”

The speaker was an old man, shabbily dressed, but with something striking and even commanding in his noble features.

His large, dark, flashing eyes, his olive complexion and the contour of his face bespoke him a native of a sunnier clime than that of Germany.

Haydn sprang up and welcomed him with a cordial embrace.

“And when, my dear Porpora, did you return to Vienna?” he asked.

“This morning only; and my first care was to find you out. But how is this? I find you thin and pale, and gloomy. Where are your spirits?”

“Gone,” murmured the supposer, and dropped his eyes on the floor. His visitor regarded him with a look of affectionate interest.

“There is something more in this than there ought to be,” said he, at length. “You are not rich, as I see; but so you were not when we last parted, nor when I first found—in the youthful, disinterested friend, the kind companion of a feeble old man—a genius such as Germany might well be proud of. Then you were buoyant, full of enthusiasm for art, and of hope for the future.”

“Alas!” replied Haydn, “I was too sanguine. I judged more favourably of myself—”

“Did I not say you were destined to something great?”

“Your friendship might deceive you.”

“And think you I had lost my judgment because I am old?—or am a fool, to be blinded by partiality?”

“Nay, dear Porpora—”

“Or that, because you were fain to serve me like a laquy from pure love, I rewarded you with flattering lies, eh?”

“Friend, you mistake me. I know you to be just and candid—yet I feel that I shall never justify your kind encouragement. I have toiled till youth is passing away in vain. I have no heart to bear up against the crushing hand of poverty—I succumb.”

“You have lost, then, your love of our art?”

“Not so. ‘What your valuable lessons, dear master, have opened to me, forms the only bright spot in my life. Oh, that I could pursue—could grasp it!’”

“Why can you not?”

“I am chained!” cried Haydn, bitterly—and giving way to the anguish of his heart, he burst into tears.

Porpora shook his head, and was silent.

for a few moments. At length he resumed—"I must, I see, give you a little of my experience; and you shall see what has been the life of a prosperous artist. I was, you know, the pupil of Scarlatti, and from the time I felt myself capable of profiting by the lessons of that great master, devoted myself to travel. I was more fortunate than you, for my works protected me, almost at once, a wide-spread fame. I was called for not only in Venice, but in Vienna and London."

"Ah, yours was a brilliant lot!" cried the young composer, looking up with kindling eyes.

"The Saxon court," continued Porpora, "which has always granted the most liberal protection to musical art, offered me the direction of the chapel and of the theatre at Dresden. Even the princesses received my lessons. In short, my success was so great, that I awakened the jealousy of Hasse himself."

"That was a greater triumph still," observed Haydn, smiling.

"So I thought; and still greater when I caused a pupil of mine, the young Italian Mangotti, to dispute the palm of song with the enchantress Faustina"—ay, to bear it away upon more than one occasion. All this you know, and how I returned to London upon the invitation of amateurs in Italian music."

"Where you rivalled Händel?" said Haydn, enthusiastically.

"Ah, that was the turning point in my destiny. Farinelli, the famous singer, gloried in being my teacher. He turned all his splendid powers to the effort of assuring

the triumph of my compositions. I could have borne that these should fall in with my rising popularity; I could have borne the defeat by which Händel was elevated at my expense to an eminence among the English. But it grieved me to see that Farinelli's style was really perfect in its way, was unappreciated by the most distinguished connoisseurs. I did justice to his strength and grandeur of my soul; should he not have acknowledged the grace, softness and sweetness of Italian song? But he despised Farinelli, and his friends made caricatures of him."

"Händel, with all his greatness, had no versatility," observed Haydn.

"I wished to attempt another style, for this repulse had somewhat cooled my zeal for the theatre. I set myself to cultivate what was new. What was not born with me. I published my sonatas for the violin—the connoisseurs applauded, and I was encouraged to hope I could face my rival on his own ground. I composed sacred music."

"And that," interrupted his auditor, "will live—passed me for saying so—when your theatrical compositions have ceased to enjoy unrivalled popularity."

"When they are forgotten, say rather—for such, I feel, will be their fate. My sacred compositions may survive and carry my name to posterity—for taste in such things is less mutable than in the opera. You see now, dear Haydn," he resumed, after a pause, "for what I have lived and laboured. I was once renowned and wealthy—what did prosperity bring me? Envy, discontent, rivalry, disappointment! And did art flourish more luxuriantly on such a soil? With me the heavenly plant languished, and would have died but that I had some energy within me to save it. I repine when I look back on those years."

"You?" repeated Haydn, surprised.

"Would you know to what period I can look back with self-approbation, with thankfulness? To the toll of my early years; to the struggle after an ideal of greatness, goodness, and beauty; to the self-forgetfulness that saw only the glorious goal far, far before me; to the undimmed resolve that sought only its attainment. Or to a time still later, when the visions of manhood's impure and selfish ambition had faded away; when the soul

* Faustina Bordoni, born at Venice in 1700, was one of the most admirable singers Italy ever produced. She was a pupil of Gasparini, but adopted the modern method of Bernasconi, which she added great; in bringing into popular use. She appeared on the stage at the age of sixteen; her success was so great that, at Florence, a medal was struck in his honour, and it was said that even godly invalids would leave their beds to hear her performance. She was called to Vienna in 1724, two years afterwards she came to the London theatre with a salary of 30,000 francs. Every where she charmed by the freshness, clearness and sweetness of her voice, by the grace and perfection of her execution, so that she was called the modern Helen. It was at London she met the celebrated Cuzzani, who enjoyed a brilliant reputation as the lover of song was divided in their homage to the two rivals. Händel took part in these duets. Faustina quitted England in 1728, and returned to Dresden, where she became the wife of Hasse;

had shaken off some of her fetters, and roused herself to a perception of the eternal, the perfect, the divine; when I became conscious of the delusive vanity of earthly hopes and earthly excellence, but at the same time awakened to the revelation of that which cannot die!

"You see me now, seventy-three years old, and too poor to command even a shelter for the few days that yet remain to me in this world. I have lost the splendid fame I once possessed; I have lost the riches that were mine; I have lost the power to win even a competence by my own labours; but I have not lost my passion for our glorious music, nor enjoyment of the reward, more precious than gold, she bestows on her votaries; nor my confidence in Heaven. And you, at twenty-seven, you—more greatly endowed—to whom the world is open—you despair! Are you worthy to succeed, O man of little faith?"

"My friend—my benefactor!" cried the young musician, clasping his hands with deep emotion.

"Cast away your bonds; cut and rend, if your very flesh is torn in the effort; and the ground once spurned, you are free. Come, I am pledged for your success—for if you do not rise, I am no prophet! What have you been doing?" and he turned over rapidly the musical notes that lay on the table. "Here, what is this—a symphony? I'll play it for me, if you please."

So saying, with a gentle force he led his young friend to the piano, and Haydn played from the piece he had newly completed.

"Ah, this is excellent, admirable!" cried Porpora, when he rose from the instrument. "This suits me exactly. And you could despair while such power remained to you! When can you finish this? for I must have it at once."

"To-morrow, if you like," answered the composer, more cheerfully.

"To-morrow, then; and you must work to-night. I see you are nervous and feverish; but seize the happy thought while it lives—once gone, you have no cord to draw it back. I will go and order you a physician—not a word of remonstrance—he will come to-morrow morning—how madly your pulse throbs—and when your work is done, you may rest. Adieu for the present;" and pressing his young friend's hands, the eccentric but benevolent old

man departed, leaving Haydn full of new thoughts, his bosom fired with zeal to struggle against adverse fortune. In such moods does the spiritual champion wrestle with the powers of the abyss, and mightily prevail.

When Haydn, late that night, threw himself on his bed, weary, ill, and exhausted, his frame racked with the pains of fever, after having worked for hours in the midst of reproaches from her who ought to have lightened his task by her sympathy, he had accomplished the first of an order of works destined to endear his name to all succeeding time. Who that listened to its clear and beautiful melody, could have divined that such a production had been wrought out in the gloom of despondency, poverty, and disease?

While the artist lay on a sick bed, attended only by the few friends whom compassion, more than admiration of his genius, called to his side, and forgotten by the great and gay to whose amusement so many years of his life had been devoted, a brilliant fête was given by Count Morzin, an Austrian nobleman of immense wealth and influence, at which the most distinguished individuals in Vienna were present. The musical entertainments given by these luxurious patrons of the arts were, at that time, and for some years after, the most splendid in Europe, for the most exalted genius was enlisted in their service; and talent, as in all ages, was often fain to do homage to riches and power.

When the concert was over, Prince Anthony Esterhazy expressed the pleasure he had received, and his obligations to the noble host. "Chief among your magnificent novelties," said he, "is the new symphony, St. Maria. One does not hear every day such music. Who is the composer?"

The Count referred to one of his friends. The answer was—"Joseph Haydn."

"I have heard his quartets—he is no common artist. Is he in your service, Count?"

"He has been employed by me."

"With your good leave, he shall be transferred to ours; and I shall take care he has no reason to regret the change. Let him be presented to us."

There was a murmur among the audience, and a movement, but the composer

did not appear; and presently word was brought to his Highness that the young man on whom he intended to confer so great an honour was detained at home by indisposition.

"So, let him be brought to me as soon as he recovers; he shall enter my service—I like his symphony vastly. Your pardon, Count, for we will rob you of your best man."

And the great prince, having decided the destiny of a greater man than himself, turned to those who surrounded him to speak of other matters.

News of the change in his fortune was brought to Haydn by his friend Porpora: and so renovating was the effect of hope, that he was strong enough on the following day to pay his respects to his illustrious patron. Accompanied by a friend who offered to introduce him, Haydn drew near the dwelling of the prince, and was so fortunate as to find admittance. His Highness was with some friends, but would see the composer; and he was conducted through a splendid suite of rooms to the apartment where the proud head of the Esterhazy's deigned to receive an almost nameless artist. What wonder that Haydn blushed and faltered as he approached this imperiousness, as he felt it, of human grandeur?

The prince, in the splendid array suited to his rank, glanced somewhat carelessly at the slight figure that stood before him, and said, as he was presented—"Is this, then, the composer of the music I heard last night?"

"This is he—Joseph Haydn," was the reply.

"So—a Moor, I should judge by his dark complexion."

The composer bowed in some embarrassment.

"And you write such music? You look not like it, by my faith! Haydn—I recollect the name; and I remember hearing, too, that you were not well paid for your labours, eh?"

"I have not been fortunate, your Highness—"

"Why have you not applied to me before?"

"Prince, I could not presume to think——"

"Eh? Well, you shall have no reason to complain of my service. My secretary shall fix your appointments, and name whatever else you desire. Understand me, for all of your profession find me liberal. Now then, sir Moor, you may go; and let it be your first care to provide yourself with a new coat, a wig and buckles, and heels to your shoes. I will have you respectable in appearance as well as in talents; so let me have no more of shabby professors. And do your best to recruit in flesh—it will add to the stature, and to relieve your olive with a shade of the ruddy. Such spindle masters would be a walking discredit to our larder, which is truly a spend-thrift one."

So saying, with a laugh, the haughty nobleman dismissed his new dependent. The artist chafed not at the imperious tone of patronage, for he felt not yet the superiority of his own vocation. It was the bondage-time of genius; the wings were not yet grown which were to bear his spirit up, when it brooded over a new world.

The life which Haydn led in the suite of Prince Esterhazy, to which service he was permanently attached by Nicholas, the successor of Anthony, in the quality of chapel-master, was one so easy, that, says his biographer, it might have proved fatal to an artist more inclined to luxury and pleasure, or less devoted to his art and the love of glory. Now, for the first time relieved from care for the future, he was enabled to yield to the impulse of his genius, and create works worthy of the name—works not only pleasing to himself and his patron, but which gradually extended his fame over all the countries of Europe.

On the evening of a day in the beginning of April, 1809, all the lovers of art in Vienna were assembled in the theatre to witness the performance of the oratorio of the "Creation." The entertainment had been given in honour of the composer of that noble work, the illustrious Haydn, by his numerous friends and admirers. He had been drawn from Gumpendorff his retirement in the suburbs, the cottage surrounded by a little garden, which he had purchased after his retirement from the Esterhazy service, and where

* This interview, but little varied in the circumstances, as related by several of Haydn's biographers.

he had spent the last years of his life—to be present at this species of triumph. Three hundred musicians assisted at the performance. The audience rose *en masse*, and greeted with rapturous applause the white-haired man, who, led forward by the most distinguished nobles of the city, was conducted to the place of honour. There seated, with princesses at his right hand, beauty smiling upon him, the centre of a circle of nobility, the observed and admired of all, the object of the acclamations of thousands, — who would not have said that Haydn had reached the summit of human greatness, and had more than realized the proudest visions of his youth? His serene countenance, his clear eye, his air of dignified self-possession, showed that prosperity had not overcome him, but that amid the smiles of fortune he had not forgotten the true excellence of man.

"I can never hear this oratorio," remarked one of his friends, whom we shall call Manuel, to another beside him, "without rejoicing for the author. None but a happy spirit could have conceived—only a pure, open, trustful, buoyant soul could have produced such a work. His genius, like the angels, is ever fresh and young."

"I agree," replied his friend, "in your judgment of the mind of Haydn. All the harmony and grace of nature, in her magnificent and beautiful forms, in her varied life, breathe in his music. But I like something deeper, even if it be gloomy. There is a hidden life, which the outward only represents; a deep voice, the echo of that which we hear. The poet, the musician, should interpret and reveal what the ordinary mind does not receive."

"Bethoven's symphonies, then, will please you better?"

"I acknowledge that I am more satisfied with them, or rather I am not satisfied, which is precisely what I want. The longings of a human soul are after the ineffable, the unfathomable; and to awaken those longings is the highest triumph of the artist. We are to be lifted above the joys of earth; out of this sunny atmosphere, where trees wave and birds fly, though we rise into a region of cloud and storm, chilly and dark and terrible."

"You are more of a philosopher than I am," returned Manuel, laughing. "You may find consolation for your clouds and

storms in the thought that you are nearer heaven; but give me the genial warmth of a heart imbued with love of simple nature. I will relinquish your loftier ideal for the beauty and blessing of reality, and the living present. For this reason is Haydn, with his free, bright, child-like, heartful spirit, basking itself in enjoyment, so dear to me. I desire nothing when I hear his music; I feel no apprehension; I ask for no miracles. I drink in the bliss of actual life, and thank Heaven for its rich bestowments."

"I thought our great composer, on the verge of life, would have looked beyond in his last work," said the other, thoughtfully; "but I see plainly he will write no more."

"He has done enough, and now we are ready for the farewell of Haydn."

"The farewell?"

"Did you never hear the story? I have heard him tell it often myself. It concerns one of his most celebrated symphonies. The occasion was this:—Among the musicians attached to the service of Prince Esterhazy, were several who, during his sojourn upon his estates, were obliged to leave their families at Vienna. At one time his Highness prolonged his stay at the palace considerably beyond the usual period. The disconsolate husbands entreated Haydn to become the interpreter of their wishes. Thus the idea came to him of composing a symphony in which each instrument ceased one after the other. He added, at the close of every part, the direction, 'here the light is extinguished.' Each musician, in his turn, rose, put out his candle, rolled up his notes, and went away. This pantomime had the desired effect; the next morning the Prince gave orders for their return to the capital."

"An amiable thought! I have heard something of it before."

"Another story he used to tell us of the origin of his Turkish or military symphony. You know the high appreciation he met with in his visits to England?"

"Where, he maintains, he acquired his continental fame—as we Germans could not pronounce on his merits till they had been admitted by the Londoners."

"True; but notwithstanding the praise and homage he received, he could not prevent the enthusiastic audience from falling asleep during the performance of his sym-

positions. It occurred to him to devise a kind of ingenious revenge. In this piece, while the current is gliding softly, and slumber beginning to steal over the senses of his auditors, a sudden and unexpected burst of martial music, tremendous as a thunder peal, startles the surprised sleepers into alert attention. I should like to have seen the lethargic islanders, with their eyes and mouths thrown open by such an unlooked-for shock!"

Here a stop was suddenly put to the conversation by the commencement of the performance. "The Creation," the first of Haydn's oratorios, was regarded as his greatest work, and had often elicited the most heartfelt applause. Now that the aged and honoured composer was present, probably for the last time to hear it, an emotion too deep for utterance seemed to pervade the vast audience. The feeling was too reverential to be expressed by the ordinary tokens of pleasure. It seemed as if every eye in the assembly was fixed on the calm, noble face of the venerated artist; as if every heart beat with love for him; as if all feared to break the spell of hushed and holy silence. Then came, like a succession of heavenly melodies, the music of the "Creation," and the listeners felt as if transported back to the infancy of the world.

At the words, "*Let there be light, and there was light*," when all the instruments were united in one full burst of gorgeous harmony, emotion seemed to shake the whole frame of the aged man. His pale face crimsoned; his bosom heaved convulsively; he raised his eyes, streaming with tears, towards Heaven, and lifting upwards his trembling hands, exclaimed—his voice audible in the pause of the music—"Not unto me—not unto me—but unto Thy name be all the glory, O Lord!"

From this moment Haydn lost the calmness and serenity that had marked the expression of his countenance. The very depths of his heart had been stirred, and ill could his wasted strength sustain the tide of feeling. When the superb chorus at the close of the second part announced the completion of the work of creation, he could bear the excitement no longer. Assisted by the Prince's physician and several of his friends, he was carried from the theatre, pausing to give one last look of gratitude, and pressed in his tearful eyes, to the orches-

tra who had so nobly executed his conception, and followed by the lengthened plaudits of the spectators, who felt that they were never to look upon his face again.

Somewhile after this occurrence, Manuel, who had sent to inquire after the health of his infirm old friend, received from him a card on which he had written, in notes of music, the words expressive of decline, "My strength is gone." Haydn was in the habit of sending about these cards, but his increased feebleness was evident in the handwriting of this; and Manuel lost no time in hastening to him. There, in his quiet cottage, around which rolled the thunders of war, terrifying others but not him, sat the venerable composer. His desk stood on one side, on the other his piano, and he looked as if he would never approach either again. But he smiled, and held out his hand to greet his friend.

"Many a time," he murmured, "you have cheered my solitude, and now you come to see the old man die."

"Speak not thus, my dear friend," cried Manuel, grieved to the heart; "you will recover."

"But not here," answered Haydn, and pointed upwards.

He then made signs to one of his attendants to open the desk and reach him a roll of papers. From these he took one and gave it to his friend. It was inscribed in his own hand—"Catalogue of all my musical compositions, which I can remember, from my eighteenth year. Vienna, 4th December, 1805." Manuel, as he read it, understood the mute pressure of his friend's hand, and sighed deeply. That hand would never trace another note.

"Better thus," said Haydn softly, "than a lingering old age of care, disease, perhaps of poverty! No—I am happy. I have lived not in vain; I have accomplished my destiny; I have done good. I am ready for thy call, O Master!"

A long silence followed, for the aged man was wrapt in devotion. At length he asked to be supported to his piano; it was opened, and as his trembling fingers touched the keys, an expression of rapture kindled in his eyes. The music that answered to his touch seemed the music of inspiration. But it gradually faded away; the flush gave place to a deadly paleness; and while his fingers still rested on the keys, he sank

back into the arms of his friend, and gently breathed out his parting spirit. It passed as a happy strain of melody!

Prince Esterhazy did honour to the memory of his departed friend by the pageant of funeral ceremonies. His remains were transported to Eisenstadt, in Hungary, and placed in the Franciscan vault. The Prince also purchased, at a high price, all his books and manuscripts, and the numerous medals he had obtained. But his fame belongs to the world; and in all heartsensible to the music of truth and nature, is consecrated the memory of HAI'DEN.

A ROYAL HOUSEHOLD ROLL.

A VERY interesting document has been recently discovered in the Public Record Office. John of Brabant, afterwards Duke of Brabant, surnamed the Peaceful, spent a great part of his youth at the English court, and married on the 2nd of January, 1294, Margaret, fifth daughter of Edward I., by Eleanor of Castile. The document in question is the "Household Roll" of this prince; it refers to the years 1292 and 1293, and affords many curious illustrations of domestic manners.

Prince John seems to have had a strong passion for tournaments, if we may judge from the number at which he is recorded to have been present. We may observe, that his father, John the First, Duke of Brabant, was celebrated among his contemporaries for his skill in military exercises; and, indeed, lost his life at a tournament, held on occasion of the marriage of Henry, Comte de Bar, in 1294. "It was he," says an old writer, "who first established the custom that a prince or lord, however great, could bring but two valets to a tourney, to the end that thereby knights of lower degree might have a better opportunity of exercising themselves at arms." On December 26th, Prince John attended a tournament at Warwick. He then went to another at Wolverhampton, in which two of his destriers, or chargers, were severely hurt, and laid up for twenty days, costing for attendance fifteen shillings. Another tournament being proclaimed at Royston in April. Penant, Prince John's man, was sent to Dunstable to seek two of his master's chargers, and to lead them

thither. On arriving at the tournament, the Prince found he had lost one of his falcons, whereupon a messenger was dispatched to the sheriff of Norfolk, enjoining him to search for it. This tournament was followed by another at "Croenden," in the same month. To this also Prince John went; and there is an item for repairing the saddle and bridle of one of his chargers, and its head-stall, amounting to 13d. At this tournament a little incident occurred which is noted in the Roll. The king's daughters, who were present, to one of whom, Margaret, John was affianced, gave, in his presence, a gift to a poor minstrel towards buying him a gown or robes, and thereupon the Prince gave him 3s.

* The account, which was written by one of the Prince's foreign attendants, Richard de Lontherburg, gives many other curious items. Thus, in the earliest portion of the Roll under the date of the 22nd November, 1292, the scribe records the payment of 7d. for "securing John's (the Prince is referred to throughout the document by the familiar name of John) chamber in Berwick Castle against the rain." At this time he was on his road to join the king in Scotland. From Berwick the Prince went to Roxburgh, "to the ladies," as the writer notes—namely, "to see the English princesses then sojourning there. From Roxburgh he proceeded to Ledburgh, where it is noted he lost 12d. in a shooting-match, and paid 15d. for furnishing his sword and helmet; he paid also 9d. for the hire of a hackney which brought his "night-gown" from Berwick. The Prince appears to have been choice in regard to linen, as he had two linen shirts made for him at Ely, and a pair of sheets, which cost him 13d. He left Scotland for the south some time before Christmas-day, as it is recorded that "John's" clothes for that festival were made at Newcastle with silken-thread, by Henry, his tailor. At the same place his accountant gave him 2s. to play at chess with, and bought him a dozen of gloves for 23d.

Among the miscellaneous items occurring in the Roll, are these—

For the purchase of two swords at London, 3s.; of hauberts and basinets, 2s. 9d.; for silver rings and thongs for the basinets, 1s. 6d.; for four pairs of small spurs, 12d.

EARLY DAWN.

BY HENRY FRANCIS ROBINSON.

How softly springs the turf to meet the step!
And, as I pass, the flow'rets blush me by
And, shaking all their tresses to the ground,
Becathe salutation from their scented lips.
On every side the meadows rise so fresh
And greenly paved, that I could well nigh think
All through the night some elfin tribe had
Worked.

I see carpeting the earth. From leaf and hedge
In trembling globes the dew-drops clustering
hang,

And, at the slightest touch, come showering down,
Sprinkling the grass like stars, as if to show
I was here, the fishes revelled through the night,
And in their haste to vanish with the moon,
Then watery geyser-like threw all aside
The steam comes murmuring through the silent
fields,

I like music in a desert, and leaps on
To catch this morn' as if it just had left
Its mountain home, and with its current bore
Some merry tale down to a lonely sea.
Along the banks the graceful poplars nod
Familiarly like friends, the willow-trees
Gloss their long leaves, and in the coming breeze,
Bend gently down, until their branches seem
To kiss the rippling surface, and thus make
Then rustic toilet for the opening day
No sound but song is in the tranquil skies,
And there the lark, leaving his still warm nest,
Skims through the airy mass. In the far East
The cold gray light perceptibly has warmed
Into a richer hue, the long black clouds,
That in the bosom of the night had slept,
Have one by one left silently the skies,
Like warriors a lost field, a single star,
Like a lone watch-fire, glimmers for a while,
Then vanishes away not yet the sun
Dares show his golden forehead to the world,—
As if, ere venturing on his full, bright course,
He would first see what mischief the long night
And ugly dreams had done, but soon a gleam
Of bolder light shoots from the watchful East,
Beating the dark horizon with pure gold,
And, like a flaming conqueror, signals on
The travelling of Day. One minute more—
The sun appears resplendent like a god.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

BY JEFF HON WAS BLACKWOOD.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride

• "Summer's Day-Dreams," published by
Pickering.

The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again,
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

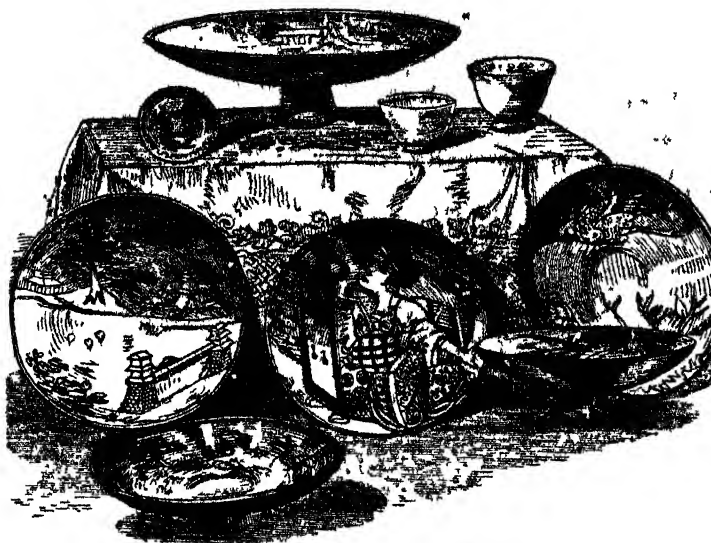
I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing! and my pride,
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yon's was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hopin' on,
When the trust in God had left my soul
And my arms' young strength was gone,
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the hand look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that sake,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pangs was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Where it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies,—
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn and the bright May morn',
When first you were my bride!



JAPANESE PORCELAIN AND PAPIER-MACHÉ.

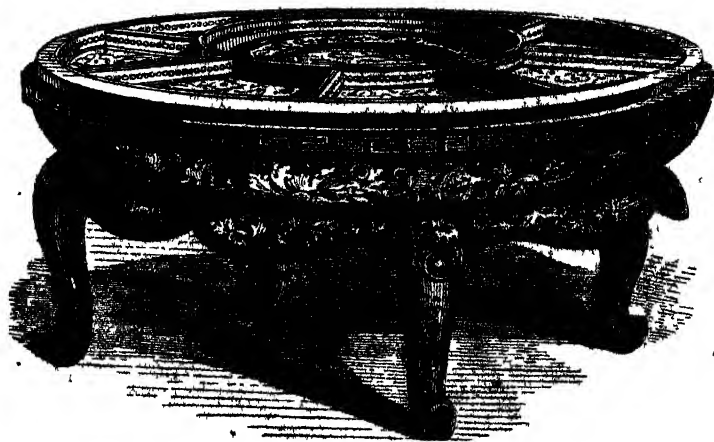
EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE ARTICLES AT DUBLIN.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

TURNING from objects of nearly comparative rudeness to those of a more refined character, the attention of the visitor is drawn to a case of porcelain and japanned ware, which displays in a remarkable manner the beauty and excellence of those branches of industry in Japan. The case contains eighteen cups of the finest quality of porcelain, and fourteen cups of lacquered papier-maché, the whole forty-two not weighing more than half an ounce. The purity of the porcelain, the form and lightness of the cups, and the delicately impressed character of the coloured objects upon the surface of each, indicate a perfection in this branch of manipulative art, to which we in Europe have no claim. The material of which they are composed is singularly clear and uniform in its body; and when held up to the light, reflects an object in the most perfect outline and substance. The lacquered cups are equally light and tasteful, and exhibit all

the excellence of touch and finish for which the Japanese are so famous. The landscapes, in colour, shade, and outline, are as vividly impressed upon the surface, and burnt in with as truthful a touch as though they were painted upon a canvas.

The clock presents a curious feature when compared to those in use amongst ourselves, on the face, which is composed of metal, the hours and half-hours are indicated by the same numbers, the series from one to twelve being upon each semi-circle. The hand is somewhat rude in construction, but the internal mechanism is similar to that in use amongst us some forty years ago. The metal is well worked, and indicates that mechanical science has long been known to the Japanese. The candlesticks, the stoves for boiling with small vessels, the shoes, the tea-trays, lacquered, inlaid with pearl, and impasted with coloured landscapes, the varied boxes, baskets, dishes, and cups, are objects of singular beauty in this manufacture, and suggest, respectively, their several uses. The small table, with plates to hold confectionery, is a commodious article, and



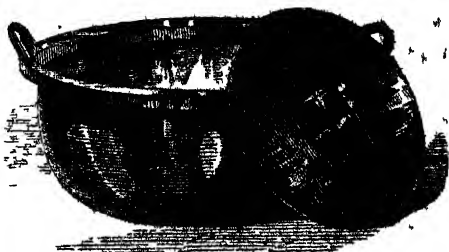
JAPANESE PAPER-MACHÉ TABLE.

is not much improved upon, even in the present age, being both in form and material strikingly similar to those in common use in Paris and elsewhere. The compass, in a box of lacquered ware, is an interesting object, being balanced like our own, and apparently as delicate in its oscillations; it renews, moreover, the long-disputed question as to the priority of invention.

As all the articles in the Japanese collection bear date of being more than two centuries in the possession of Holland, we have a definite point to start from as to the originality of the several branches of industrial art employed upon them, when compared to that of Europe and elsewhere. The printed cotton, for instance, which we have incidentally alluded to, as forming the lining of the waterproof coat, furnishes an instance of an early application of block printing upon woven fabrics, which materially diminishes the industrial originality of the western world. The fabric is somewhat coarsely woven, it is true, but the figure of the block impressed upon it denotes that the Japanese must have attained considerable excellence in the art long before it was known in Europe. The colour, also, and its method of composition, in addition to its being laid on the cloth, opens up a wide field of suggestive inquiry as to

the mineral and chemical knowledge of those who prepared it. Then again, the fact of graving on wood, which may be applied to so many branches of manufacturing industry, launches the reflective power of the mind into the vast region of comparative excellence which the productive enterprise of the world naturally generates. But the printing upon the cotton denotes simply the infancy of the art when compared to that upon a silk-crepe robe. There we have specimens of block-cutting, in one form or another, and of colour-imprinting, which, for beauty, tone, and execution, are not surpassed, and rarely equalled, by the choicest productions of Manchester or Alsace; and to add to the marvel which the examination of the art produces, this singular excellence of printing is effected upon an uneven surface—for the undulations of craped fabrics are much inferior for the reception of form and colour to the more even surface which woven silk and cotton present. Again, the colours are singularly choice, subdued in tone, and artistically contrasted; the semi-toned green, in fact, may be denominated a new tint, for we have seen nothing like it, either in the printing establishments of Mulhausen or Primrose, unquestionably the most advanced establishments in Europe for im-

printing colours upon fabrics. Where we find delicately-toned colours, the chemical knowledge to produce them must be inferred; and where chemistry is far advanced, a kindred knowledge—that of



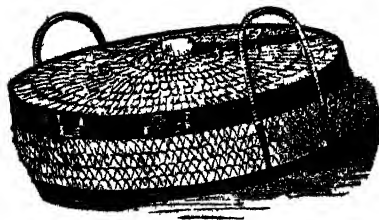
BOWL AND COVER.

mineralogy—is not far off, which, like its cognate sister, carries the mind a link onwards through the chain of inferential intelligence. From the manufacture of silk



ORNAMENTED BOWL.

and cotton, we are led to a variety of articles in ordinary use, many of which seem to indicate a multiplicity of wants, and an equal multiplicity of industrial efforts to



supply those wants. The numerous purses, pipes, pouches, and other objects of similar convenience, for example, may be examined with instruction and pleasure, for they one

and all indicate the peculiarity of custom, the refined taste, and the nicely-divided conditions of the people who require them. The same remarks may be applied, with the utmost propriety, to the artificial birds, the toys, and the several ornamental devices for the Japanese fair sex, all of which demonstrate that industry must have passed through many phases before it could possibly arrive at the perfection required in producing these objects. Here we have the lizard, the mouse, the rabbit, the young pup, the beetle, and even the domestic fowls, strikingly analogous to our own; and, although generally represented in silken coverings, they are evidently of the same genus, and must live upon similar food, which partially suggests the order and character of the physical world of Japan.

The model of the Japanese shops, of the Sinto Temple, or large Joss House, and of the several palanquins, exhibit the character and style of the mechanical and structural abilities of this exclusive community. Viewed esthetically, these objects delineate the peculiar habits, customs, and climate of the country; and with a slight stretch of the imagination, the spectator may follow the Japanese in his trading pursuits, in his religious devotions, and even in his locomotive habits. Vending, travelling, or praying, the people of Japan bear a striking resemblance to the Chinese; but as far as our limited knowledge of both these nations admits of a comparison, there are good grounds for believing that the Japanese are a more pure and distinct race than that of China. In the useful, and even in the fine arts, the Japanese are decidedly superior to the Chinese; the drawings, paintings, sketches, and models of the former indicating a more advanced stage of excellence than those of the latter, especially in perspective, in the mode of imprinting and blending colours upon woven fabrics, and in the figures and landscapes upon the lacquered objects.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS IN THE
ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ACTION OF LENSES.

THE REFRACTION OF LIGHT BY LENSES—IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS—DIFFERENT FORMS OF LENSES—PARTS OF A LENS—THE GENERAL ACTION OF LENSES AND THEORY OF ACTION—PROPERTIES OF LENSES—THE FORMATION OF IMAGES BY LENSES.

36 Every photographer should understand the principle upon which the necessary apparatus is constructed, and therefore we have considered it requisite to explain the various phenomena as simply as possible, so that our unsatirical reader will be better enabled to keep pace with their more learned friends.

37 We have already become acquainted with the leading points of the phenomena of refraction, and shall now have to consider the refraction of light by lenses—a subject of such vast importance to photographers, that it will be necessary to devote extra space to its elucidation, because the excellence and perfection of the results we obtain, depend, in a measure, upon the refractive power of the lenses.

38 A lens is a transparent body, possessing the property of increasing or diminishing the natural convergence of the rays of light which pass through them. All transparent media having polished spherical surfaces, are generally called lenses, the term lens being originally applied from their resembling a lentil seed.

39 There are seven different forms of lenses (Fig 15), resulting from the combi-



Fig. 15.

nation of plane and spherical surfaces, either separately or connectedly 1. The sphere or globe 2. The double convex, bounded by two externally convex spheri-

cal surfaces, the radii* of which may be equal or unequal. 3. The plano-convex, in which one surface is plane and the other convex. 4. The double concave, in which both surfaces are concave, and their radii equal or unequal. 5. The plano-concave, in which one surface is plane and the other concave. 6. The convexo-convex, or meniscus, bounded on one side by a convex, and on the other by a concave surface. 7. The convexo-concave lens, bounded by a convex surface on one side, and by a concave one on the other; but these surfaces do not meet when produced.

40. The general action of lenses of all kinds may be understood by remembering the effects produced by prisms (§ 31, 32

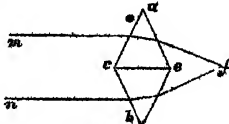


Fig. 17.

33, 34, 35) A ray of light when it is refracted is bent towards the back of the prism, and if we take two prisms and place their

bases together (as in Fig 17, a c e, b c e), and then allow two parallel rays of light (m and n) to fall upon

* The radius of a lens (as Fig 16) is an imaginary line drawn from its centre towards its circumference, therefore it is the radius of the sphere of which its surfaces form a part. But if these surfaces differ, or do not have the same curvature, then the radius of each will also be different.

The axis of a lens is the straight line (f h) uniting the centres of both the spherical surfaces, which the lens is formed in. In plano-concave, and plano-convex lenses, the axis is the perpendicular line, passing from the centre of curvature to the plane. The aperture of a lens (a b) is the surface within its circumference. The optical centre (d) is the point where the opposite surfaces are parallel; and the geometrical centre (e) is a point situated on its axial line in the centre of the curvatures of both its surfaces. A lens is said to be exactly or truly centred, when its optical centre is situated at a point on its axis equally distant from similar parts of its surface in every direction, if the lens is not truly centred, objects will appear altered in their position when the lens is turned round perpendicularly to its axis.

+ So called because it resembles little moon.

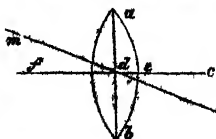


Fig. 16.

them, these rays, after refraction, being bent towards the back of the prism, will intersect each other (at the point f). Therefore if we imagine a double convex lens to be formed of two prisms (such as are seen in Fig. 17), we shall be better able to understand how parallel rays converge to a focal point when they fall upon the surface of the lens.

41. Let the same two prisms be placed with their edges *separating* each other (as

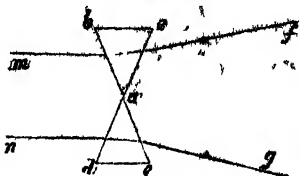


Fig. 18.

in Fig. 18), and then let two parallel rays (m n) fall upon them. It will be found that the rays diverge instead of converging, as they emerge from the back of the prisms (as seen at f , as it passes through a b c , and g as it passes through d e). This experiment enables us to understand how parallel rays are made to diverge by means of concave lenses, and how divergent rays are rendered still more divergent by the same means.

42. *Conver lenses* possess the following properties, which are demonstrated by the aid of the law of refraction:—1. Every principal ray which falls upon a convex lens of limited thickness, passes through it without altering its course. 2. Rays parallel to the axis of a double convex lens, whose surfaces have both an equal radius (see foot note to § 39), are brought to a focus at a distance from the optical centre equal to the radius of curvature of the lens. In a plano-convex lens, the focal point is twice the radius of the curved surface of the lens. The focus for parallel rays is called the *principal focal point* (F , Fig. 19) 3. Rays diverging from the principal focus of a convex lens after refraction, become parallel (as in Fig. 19). 4. If rays diverge from a point in the axis more distant than the principal focus, they converge after refraction, and it will then be found that their point of convergence is nearer the lens in proportion as the point from which they

radiated was more distant. 5. Rays which proceed from a point in the axis nearer



Fig. 19.

than the principal focus diverge after refraction (as in Fig. 20), so that the lens is no longer able to make the rays converge, or even merge parallel.



Fig. 20.

43. *Concave lenses* possess the following properties:—1. Every principal ray is transmitted without changing its course. 2. Rays parallel to the axis diverge in such a manner that they appear to issue from the focal point of divergence (F , Fig. 21). If, however, the point of origin is nearer, and the incident rays consequently more divergent, it follows that the divergence of the rays after their transmission through the lens is greater than the divergence of the parallel incident rays (Fig. 21). 3. If the incident rays converge towards the focus (F , Fig. 21) on the other side of the lens,



Fig. 21.

the refracted rays emerging from the glass are occasionally parallel to each other. 4. If the incident rays converge more strongly they will still converge after being refracted; but if they converge towards a point (a , Fig. 22), lying at a greater distance from the glass than the principal focal point (f), they will still diverge as if they came from a point (b) before the lens. 5. A meniscus, or concavo-convex lens, produces the same effect on rays of light as a convex lens, and corresponds with it in

focal distance. 6. A convexo-concave lens produces the same effect as concave lenses, agreeing with them in focal distance.



Fig. 22.

44. The manner in which images are formed by means of lenses will be readily understood by reference to the accompanying diagrams.

In Fig. 23, you observe that $L L'$ represent a double convex lens, which is sup-



Fig. 23.

posed to be placed in front of a screen. If an object, such as an arrow, $M N$, be placed before it, the image will be seen on the screen in an inverted position, as $m n$. The reason is this: from the point N , all the rays, $N L$, $N C$, $N L'$, after refraction converge to a focus at n , and all the rays, $M L$, $M C$, $M L'$, proceeding from the point M , converge to a focus at m ; and from every intermediate point between M and N , intermediate foci will form between m and n to produce the inverted image. The size of the image depends upon the distance of the object from the lens. For example, the nearer the object is to the lens the larger will be the image, and the more distant the object, the smaller will be the image. As an object is advanced, towards the lens the image recedes, and becomes larger in proportion. When an object is at a distance equal to twice the focal distance, the image is equidistant from the lens or the opposite side, and is of the same size as the object.

45. Lenses give images small in proportion to the shortness of the focal distance, and enlarged images of small objects placed near to their focal point. At an equal distance from the lens, the images will be larger in such lenses as have a small focal distance, because the object is nearer the lens.

46. If the object be within the focal dis-

tance of the lens, no convergent image of it can be formed, because the rays proceeding from a point which lies nearer to the glass than does the focus, still diverge after their passage through it. Let us suppose that the arrow, $A B$, (Fig. 24) represents an ob-



Fig. 24.

ject lying within the focal distance; then the rays passing from A will diverge after they pass through the lens, $L L'$ as if they proceeded from a ; and the rays from B , as if they proceeded from b . If the eye be placed on the other side of the lens at c , which is just at the focal point, it will receive the rays of light issuing from the object, $A B$, in the same manner as if they had proceeded from $a b$; and therefore $a b$ is the image of $A B$. The object and image both lie within the angle $a b c$; but the object being nearer the lens, we see the image larger than the object.

47. Concave lenses do not produce convergent images, but only such as arise from convex lenses when the object lies within the focal distance. As a concave lens causes the rays proceeding from a point to diverge

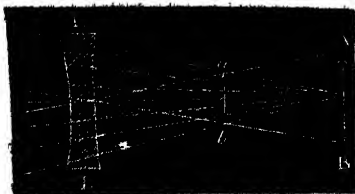
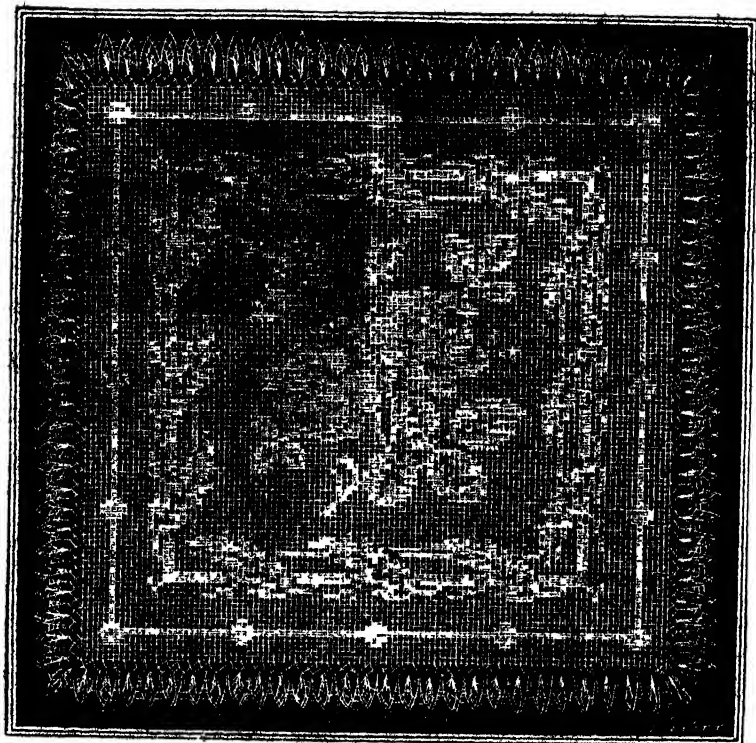


Fig. 25.

as if they came from a point lying nearer to the glass, it is evident that the concave glasses yield diminished images of objects, as may be seen in Fig. 25, where $A B$ represents the object, $L L'$ the lens, and $a b$ the image, the direction of the rays being shown in the figure.



SQUARE-NETTED HOME ANTIMACASSAR, BY MRS. PULLAN.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

SQUARE-NETTED ANTIMACASSAR.

Materials — Messrs. W. Evans and Co's. Beer's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 10, and Kaitling Cotton, No 4. Bone meshes.

The foundation of this antimacassar is in square netting, which is made, as many of our readers will remember, by beginning with one stitch only, and netting two in that one; then turning the work, and making one in the first stitch and two in the second. Again turn the work, and do two in every stitch except the last, in which two must be made. This last row must be

repeated until the extreme width is attained, which, in this case, is 113 stitches. The triangular piece now made is one-half the antimacassar. For the other half, instead of making two in one at the end of the row, you will net the last two together as one. It would answer the same purpose, as far as the decreasing is concerned, to omit the last stitch at the end of the row; but the edges then do not correspond with those of the first part.

When the square is finished, let it be washed, and rinsed in starch water; after which it is to be pinned neatly on a pillow to dry, and it will then be much easier to

darn, the holes having taken the proper square form.

1st Boxer. which must now be done, is very simple. With the same mesh as you have used for the square, do two rounds. Then with the $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch mesh do one round thus—+ 5 stitches in one, one stitch in the next. + all round.

2nd.—With the small mesh net a stitch on every stitch of 5. Miss the single one.

3rd.—Same mesh. 4 stitches over 5. Miss the intervening.

4th.—Same mesh. 3 stitches over 4. Miss the loop between.

5th.—Same mesh. 2 over 3. Miss the loop between.

The darning is now to be done from the engraving. The extreme coarseness of the cotton employed for this part fills it up rapidly, and makes it look very well. It is extremely suitable for those whose sight is not very good.

Our ingenious neighbours, the Parisians, have invented a material which exactly imitates hand netting, and the meshes of which are the proper size for this kind of work. This will save the trouble of doing the ground to those ladies whose time is valuable.

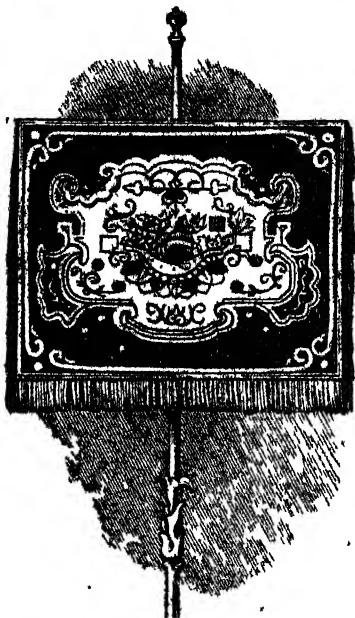
We have procured a few of these squares, which will be sent by post for 3s. each.

POLE-SCREEN, IN GERMAN EMBROIDERY.

Materials.—Silk canvas, or perforated cardboard, 16 inches by 12. Beads, gold, steel, blue steel, black, white, opal, and gray blue (3 shades), green (2 shades). Gamboge yellow, shades of green and scarlet wool, and shades of lilac and crimson chenille, and 12 graduated pearls.

So many of our friends have requested us to give some idea of the German embroidery, in which beads, as well as wool, chenille, and silks, are used in shades, that we have been induced to try to gratify them, so far as the capabilities of engraving and description will permit. Where so large a variety of shades and colours is introduced into a single design (as is necessarily the case in even the simplest Berlin pattern), the resources of the engraver do not allow us to represent each one, or enable us to give what may properly be termed a working pattern. But as such patterns partly worked, and with the proper materials for completion, may readily be procured, a general description will probably be as

useful as an elaborate one, and also be less trying to the patience of the worker.



POLE-SCREEN, IN GERMAN EMBROIDERY.

The design here represented consists of an elegant basket of flowers, suspended, as it were, by a double-headed arrow, in a rich scroll frame.

These flowers are done entirely in chenille, and the foliage in wool, worked in tent-stitch. The basket is outlined with gold beads, filled in with the shades of blue and the white. The pearls will be observed in the engraving forming the lower part of the basket, and beneath them are seen leaves alternately dark and light. The dark ones are worked in shades of red wool; the light in the green beads, intermixed with gold. Beneath these, again, are scallops formed of white, opal, gray, black, and steel.

The arrows and cord suspending the basket are done in gold beads, and the arrow heads in shades of blue. The entire

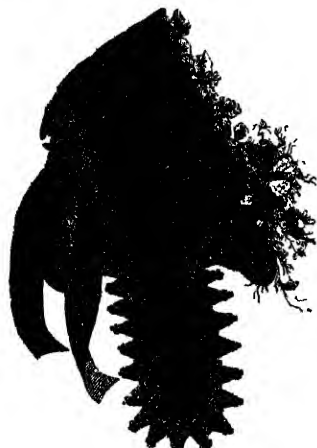
framework of the scrolls surrounding the basket is in gold beads, the spaces between the outlines being filled with scarlet chenille, green wool, white, opal, black, steel, and gold beads.

Those who remember the beautiful pieces of beadwork that were in the German department of the Great Exhibition, will comprehend not only the richness of such a mixture of materials, but the impossibility of representing it adequately, either by an engraving or a written description. We may add, that we have no claim to the merit of this design, which was one of the most beautiful exhibited in the department we have indicated, in the Crystal Palace. Those who wish to have a copy (with the centre and one side entirely worked), should forward a Post-office order for 35s. to Mrs. Pullan, who will send it without delay.

A GOSSIP ON THE FASHIONS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your own observations on the prevailing modes of dress during your late visit to Paris, will have told you very plainly, that excepting caps and bonnets there is nothing either very new or very striking.



PARISIAN CAP.

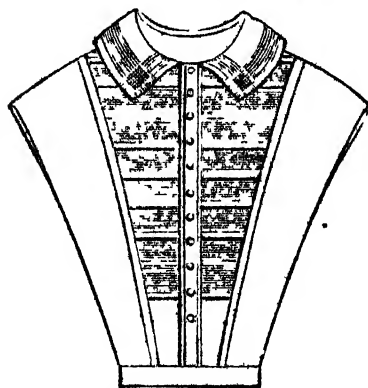
The caps are, however, unquestionably becoming, full of that fairy grace and

elegance which distinguish the workmanship of a Parisian *artiste*. I send you a sketch of one which you will find extremely becoming. The foundation is a caul of black net, in front of which a wreath of roses with foliage and grass surrounds the face, the part crossing the forehead being of leaves alone, and forming a small point, *a la* Marie Stuart. A single row of black lace is laid on the caul behind the wreath, and the lappets are formed of black velvet ribbon, edged all round with the same lace. They droop from the summit of the crown down each side. The back of the crown is covered with falling loops of the same ribbon. Morning caps of white lace are frequently trimmed with plain blond sarsnet ribbon (pink or blue) formed with a succession of bows, terminating in one on each side the face. The lace itself approaches the face only on the forehead, where it forms a point. Several morning caps have two rows of blond lace, in which case a few bows of ribbon, like those on the cheek, are placed on the ear, between them. All have small bows, and very long floating ends at the back of the neck. It is not at all uncommon to see them half a yard long.

The bonnets, which begin to assume something of an autumnal aspect, are decidedly pretty. Though not of a close shape, they are not now suspended at the back of the hair, as they frequently were a little while ago. The purple is still visible, but that is all. Fancy straws are very much worn, trimmed with plaid or flowered ribbons. Groups of wheat ears, poppies, and grass are placed at each side of the bonnet, when the ribbon is of a kind with which such decorations will harmonize. For the interior a great deal of blond is worn, and it would appear quite *de rigueur* that the two sides should by no means correspond. If a flower is placed in the blond on one side, a knot of velvet ribbon will be seen on the other; and one will be placed on the temple, while the other is low down on the cheek. Roses and black velvet are the most common; and the prettiest trimmings for the interior of a straw bonnet. I saw one which had a remarkably elegant effect; and as I think it would be generally becoming, I give you the description:—The chapeau, of paille-de-riz, spotted with black, had the brim

edged with black-velvet, cut bias, and covering about an inch of its depth outside and in. In the interior a very narrow black lace edged it. The bonnet of that deep pink which nearly approaches rose, was edged in the same way, the lace falling from the velvet on the silk. A broad ribbon of the same hue simply crossed the crown and formed the strings. It had narrow black velvet ribbon run all round it. The interior had a double quilling of white blond all round the face; a single rose, with its foliage, was placed on one side, and on the other a quilling of black lace, and one of pink ribbon filled up the corresponding space. I have seen some pretty dress bonnets, of alternate ruches of ribbon and black lace, with a perfect wreath of rose-buds round the outside of the brim. In one bonnet, of cinnamon ribbon and black lace, the wreath could not certainly have been composed of less than forty buds, besides foliage.

By the way, I do not know if I mentioned to you the new style of habit-shirt



PARISIAN HABIT-SHIRT.

and sleeve which are so much worn in morning toilette. In case I have not, I send you a specimen. The collars have a hem about half an inch wide, stitched all round. Above this are eight, ten, or even twelve minute tucks, run with exquisite neatness. The front of the habit-shirt corresponds, being made one wide tuck and the same number of narrow ones as are in

the collar, alternately run from the throat to the waist. A piece of muslin goes down the front, with a broad hem at each edge, a few narrow ones close to them, and a row of ornamental buttons down the front. The sleeves, which are a *la duchesse*, have the band composed of small tucks, and a frill nearly four inches wide, but slightly sloped towards the join, made to correspond with the collar and habit-shirt.

In articles of fancy there is little to remark, this being emphatically the dull season. Bags, however, are almost universally used for carrying the handkerchief, and purses for holding the money. I must say I am glad of this; those clumsy, ugly, *porte-monnaies*, with their clasps that never would fasten, were always my aversion. You will say, why did I use them? *Que voulez-vous?* At Paris one must follow the fashion, unless one would wish to be remarked. The law of *opinion* is, to the full, as binding as the law of the land. And, by the by, what a curious phenomenon, to an English eye, is a truly Parisian rage, or passion, or enthusiasm, or whatever else you like to designate a general admiration and approbation of novelty.

In England, according to the grand but painfully true poem of Charles Mackay—

“The man is thought a ~~man~~ fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.”

And certain it is, that the really great men of England have too often lived and died without seeing their genius appreciated; and in smaller matters it requires enormous interest, or some fortuitous circumstance, or an enormous amount of puffing, to induce the public to recognise merit. It is very different here; real excellence, taste, or skill, is certain of success, no matter in what life it may be exercised. The invention of an elegant head-dress, or a novelty in fancy-work, of no matter what (always provided it be really good) may reckon confidently on universal encouragement. I have lately seen a curious illustration of this fact. Do you remember the pastry-cook's shop, opposite the Oratory, where we used to lunch so often last year, and where you pronounced the *clair* to be superior to the celebrated ones in the *Place de la Bourse*? It was then a small and insignificant-looking

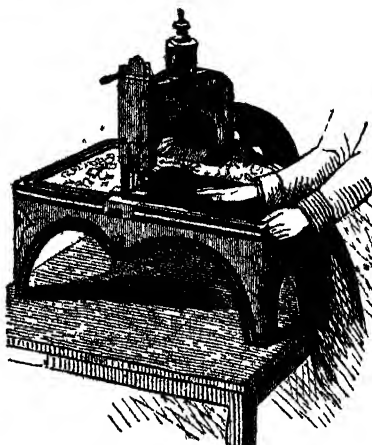
ing place. Well! the owner invented a *cake*, dedicated it to the Princess Mathilde, and he is making a rapid fortune. The Gâteau Mathilde took at once. How many years would it have required, in London, to give such a thing the same celebrity?

This energy of admiration, which ensures success to the deserving in every line, which gives distinction to those who seek that recompense for their talents, and fortune to those who labour for it, is one of those points which, I confess, I sincerely admire in the Parisian character. In another, too, I think that *nos autres Anglaises* might advantageously take a lesson. Going into a fashionable shop at an hour when all the world is, or is supposed to be, at dinner, I found only one of the young lady assistants, and she was busily employed embroidering a handkerchief. On my taking it up and admiring it, she observed—"Oh, that is very trifling, it is only for myself." I remarked, that it was early to have finished business. "Oh, we have not done for the day; but Madame always allows us half-an-hour for recreation after dinner, so I was amusing myself with this work." I have noticed, too, in this as in many other shops in Paris, that chairs or stools are placed on both sides of the counter, and that when the customer is seated, the *demoiselle* takes a seat also, before beginning to display her goods. This is one of the French fashions that I should greatly like to see followed in England. Those who know the destruction to the health of young people, women especially, from their standing from morning till night in a shop—from the hurried meals—the long hours—the many existing evils which form the necessary part of business, must wish to see any practicable alleviations introduced. For my own part, I firmly believe that many who now suffer these practices in their establishments, do so from habit rather than design. There is great truth in the saying—"more offend from want of thought, than from any want of feeling." But while thus charitable to what we think the real disposition of employers generally, we must not forget that there are many who are blinded by avarice to a true sense of their duty towards their fellow-creatures; and to such persons we would say beware, for the world's eye is upon them.

Yours very truly, V.

THE NEW SEWING MACHINE.

It may interest some of the readers of the *FAMILY FRIEND* to know how this ingenious



SEWING MACHINE.

invention is applied to such various purposes of utility. The following brief account will explain the mode of operation:—The sewing machine, of which a representation is now given, is about twelve inches square, and is driven by a wheel at the end of a main shaft which passes through the machine. The wheel can be driven either by the hand, foot, or steam engine. From the top plate of the machine and at the side on which the wheel is placed, an arm rises to about ten inches and extends to the opposite or front side, in which arm is worked a lever which drives the vertical needle. This needle is attached to a sliding bar, worked by the arm. Underneath and below the plate of the machine is another needle of horizontal shape, which is fed by a bobbin or reel of thread also out of sight. Imagine the vertical needle as being threaded and supplied by a reel on the top of the arm, and the horizontal needle threaded as described, and the machine put in motion, the vertical needle would penetrate the cloth or other material, say half an inch below the surface, and on being drawn back by the action of the machine would leave a loop.

when this loop is formed, and at the exact time, the horizontal needle enters it and holds the thread until the stitch is formed, when by a counter action it revolves back and throws the loop off and takes another. The machine is capable of stitching every part of any garment, except the buttons and button-holes, whether the work be *light* or *heavy*, *coarse* or *fine*; also for gaiters, boots, shoes, sacks, bags, sailcloths, tents, &c., &c. It is so *simple* in its construction and action that it may be worked by a *child*, and will sew a circle, curve, or turn a square corner, *equally* as well as a straight line. It is only *twelve inches* square, and is driven by the hand or foot. By the action of a screen in the machine, the stitch can be either lengthened or shortened as may be desired. The machine feeds itself with both cloth and thread, and is only necessary for the operator to guide the material to the needle to sew. It will with ease sew a yard per minute, stronger, more uniform, and consequently better than it is possible to be done by hand.

REMARKS ON THE HUMAN HAIR.

HAIR, the universal vanity, has been seized upon universally by quacks; it has proved to them indeed the true Golden Fleece. Science,—as though such a subject were beneath its attention,—has left the care of the most beautiful ornament of the body in the hands of the grossest charlatans. Only two or three scientific persons have ever treated at any length of the hair, or have shewn, by the light of physiology, what art is capable of doing, and what it is powerless to do, in cases of disease and baldness.

Those who understand how the hair is nourished, can but smile at the monstrous gullibility of the public in putting such faith in the puffs and extracts of the hair-revivers. Really, the old joke of the power of a certain preparation to restore the bald places in hair-trunks and in worn-out boas, has become a popular working belief. There is one fact which every one should know, and which would be sufficient to rout at once all the trash with which people load their heads. The blood is the only macassar of the hair; the only oil

which can with truth be said to “insinuate its balsamic properties into the pores of the head,” &c. &c. Oils and pomades may for a time moisten and clog the hair, but over its growth or nourishment they are absolutely powerless. The fine network of vessels on which the bulbs of the hair rest is alone capable of maintaining its healthy existence. To a sluggishness in the capillary circulation baldness is mainly due; when this sluggishness is the result of a general failure of the system, consequent upon age, no art will avail—the inevitable Delilah proceeds unchallenged with her noiseless shears. When, on the contrary, baldness proceeds from any temporary cause—when the bulb still remains intact—slight friction, with a rough towel or a brush, aided by some gently irritating pomade, is the only course to be pursued. Baron Dupuytren, who made baldness the subject of a chapter in his great work on skin diseases, gives the following receipt, which seems calculated to produce the desired result—to promote capillary circulation, and a consequent secretion of the materials of hair-growth:—

R.—Purified beef marrow . . .	8 drachms.
Acetate of lead . . .	1 drachm.
Peruvian balsam . . .	3 drachms.
Alcohol . . .	1 ounce.
Tinct. of cantharides, } Cloves, and cayenne, }	15 drops.
Mix.	

We do not see why internal applications should not be tried; and we are not at all certain that gelatine soups and pills, made of the ashes of burnt hair, might not be effectual in baldness, as those ingredients would supply to the blood the materials necessary for the production of hirsute growths.

Those who have bad taste enough to obliterate with hair-dye the silvery livery of age, should at least keep in mind the horrible position in which Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse found himself, whose carrots were turned into a lively green; they should also be informed that nitrate of silver is the chief ingredient of all the preparations, which in most cases act by entirely altering the cortical portion of the hair.

—Abridged from No. 184 of *Quarterly Re-*

WASHING CLOTHES WITH STEAM.

No doubt some of our readers have heard that dirty clothes are now cleansed by the aid of steam, without rubbing at all, thus effecting a great saving of time, labour, and material, the operation being simple, and the result perfect. The clothes are washed and dried ready for the ironer in less than thirty minutes, and as the system is now being adopted by our Government in the large establishments such as the Naval Hospitals at Haslar, we consider that a notice of the operation will be interesting, the more especially as one man and three women can wash from 3000 to 5000 pieces a-day, with ease. The following description will enable our female friends to understand how this great labour-saving is effected:—

A strong wooden cylinder, four feet diameter, and four and a half feet long, is mounted on a frame, so as to be driven by a band on one end of the shaft. This shaft is hollow, with pipes so connected with it that hot or cold water, or steam, can be introduced at the option of the person in charge. The cylinder being half full of water a door at one end is opened, and 300 to 500 pieces of clothing are thrown in, with a suitable quantity of soap, and an alkaline fluid which assists in dissolving the dirt and bleaching the fabric, so that clothes after being washed in this manner increase in whiteness without having the texture injured. When the cylinder is charged, it is put in motion by a small steam-engine, and made to revolve slowly, first one way a few revolutions and then the other, by which the clothes are thrown from side to side, in and out and through the water. During this operation the steam is let in through a double-mouth pipe—somewhat of this shape—X—which has one mouth in and one mouth out of water; the steam entering the water through the immersed end and escaping through the other, by which means it is made to pass through the clothes, completely cleansing them in 15 or 20 minutes. The steam is now cut off, and the hot water drawn through the waste pipe, and then cold water introduced, which rinses the articles in a few more turns of the cylinder. They are now suffered to drain until the operator is ready to take them out, when they are put into the drying machine, which runs like a mangle; and its operation may

be understood by supposing that to be a shallow tub, with wire net-work sides, against which the clothes being placed, it is put in rapid motion; the air passing in a strong current into the top and bottom of the tub and out of the sides carries all the moisture with it into the outside case, whence it runs away. The length of time requisite to dry the clothes depends upon the rapidity of the revolving tub. If it should run 3000 revolutions a minute, five to seven minutes would be quite sufficient. When there is not sufficient steam to run the dryer with that speed, it requires double that. In washing and drying there is nothing to injure the fabric. Ladies' caps and laces are put up in netting bags, and are not rubbed by hand or machine to chafe or tear them in the least, but are cleansed most perfectly. It can readily be imagined what a long line of wash tubs would be required to wash 5000 pieces a-day, and what a big clothes-yard to dry them in; while here the work is done by four persons, who only occupy part of a basement room, the other part being occupied by the mangle and ironing and folding tables. Adjoining are the airing frames which are hung with clothes, and then pushed into a room, steam pipe heated, when they are dried in a few minutes.



IMITATION CARVED IVORY.

One of our contributors, upon whose skill we can rely, has supplied us with the following directions for making this beautiful ornament.

For this purpose you require a wooden box or card-case, or any other article you wish to ornament. If they are not made of smooth, white wood, use the following composition to cover them:—Half an ounce of isinglass, boiled gently in half a pint of water, till dissolved; then strain it, and add flake white, finely powdered, till it is as white as cream. Give the box three or four coats of this solution, letting each dry before the other is laid on; then smooth it with a bit of damp rag. When the composition is perfectly dry, you can put on the imitation carved ivory figures, which make as follows:—Boil half a pound of best rice in one quart of water, till the grains are soft enough to bruise into a paste; when cold, mix it with starch powder till you make it as stiff as dough;

roll it out about as thick as a shilling. Cut it into pieces two inches square, and let it dry before a moderate fire; these cakes will keep many months, and be fit for use if kept dry and free from dust.

When required for use, get a coarse cloth, make it thoroughly wet, then squeeze out the water, and put it on a large dish four times double; place the rice cakes in rows between this damp cloth, and when sufficiently soft to knead into the consistence of new bread, make it into a small lump; if too wet, mix with it more starch powder; but it must be sufficiently kneaded to lose all appearance of this powder before you take the impression, to do which you must procure some gutta percha, half an inch thick; cut it into pieces about two inches square, and soften it in hot water; then get any real carved ivory you can, and take off the impression on your piece of gutta percha, by pressing it carefully upon the carved ivory till a deep impression is taken. When the moulds are quite dry and hard, and your paste in a proper state, with a small camel-hair brush lightly touch with sweet oil the inside of the mould you are going to use, and then press the rice paste into it; if the impression is quite correct, on removing it, take a thin, sharp, small dinner-knife, and cut the paste smoothly, just so as to leave all the impression perfect; then with a sharp-pointed penknife turn all the rough edges, and with Ackerman's cement place your figures on the box in large or small pieces, just as your own taste directs; the figures adhere better if put on before they are quite dry. Sometimes, from frequent kneading, the paste gets discoloured; these pieces should be set aside and used separately, as they can be painted in water colours to imitate tortoise-shell or carved oak; this should be done after being stuck to the box. Having completed your work, finish by varnishing it very carefully with ivory varnish, which should be almost colourless. This design so nearly resembles carved ivory, that it has been mistaken for it when nicely done, and it is very strong if carefully cemented, and looks well for boxes, card-cases, &c., either as ivory or tortoise-shell.

From the readiness with which the material can be obtained, this is an elegant amusement for all who are of an ingenious disposition.

SELBORNE HALL.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

Two years have passed away since the events of the preceding chapter, and the sorrow which had weighed so heavily upon the inmates of the old hall, has softened down into a more tender tone. No further intelligence had reached them as to the fate of Charles. Hope had long since faded away; and the baronet, upon whom years were now beginning to tell heavily, was daily more earnest in his entreaties that Violet would consent to the union, which he had so long earnestly desired. For a time she turned a deaf ear to all his persuasions, but at length seeing how deeply her decision involved the happiness and welfare of those who had so strong a claim upon her regard, she yielded a reluctant assent.

It was night, and the moon shone radiantly. Wood and wild lay deluged in a flood of light. The steeple of the ivied church—the pinnacles of the old hall—the winding river, and the green meadow land were all tinted with the silver glory. Not a breath of wind stirred the ancient forest trees, nor did any sound disturb the stillness save the occasional tinkle of a sheep-bell in the distance, or the voice of some watch-dog, which, after the fashion of his kind, bayed at the planet which frightened his repose. It was the night before Violet Clare's wedding, and the inmates of the hall, who for many days had been actively occupied, were buried in profound repose, all save one, who, seated by her chamber window, looked forth with a moistened eye upon the familiar scene.

The solitary watcher was Violet Clare.

She had sought her couch at an early hour, but no golden sleep visited her pillow. She arose—threw open the casement, and the calm of the beautiful scene fell peacefully upon her spirit. Her feelings, long pent-up and restrained, burst forth, and she had found a relief in tears. Not were her tears those of sorrow only. Mingled with her grief for the past was a feeling of fervent gratitude to that Providence which had left it yet in her power to promote the happiness of those to whom she was bound by so many tender memories. Throwing herself upon her knees, she

poured out her full heart in prayer; and when she arose, a deep serenity and peace seemed to have fallen upon her troubled spirit. She had besought a blessing upon the step she was about to take, and had prayed for an earnest hope in the path which lay before her. She felt her prayer was answered, and raising from her knees, she looked forth for the last time on the beautiful landscape which lay beneath.

Let us for a moment change the scene. The same light which was shining on the towers of Selborne Hall fell upon a square of stately houses in the heart of London. Before a mansion larger than the others, whose windows, brilliantly lighted, proclaimed it to be one of the clubs of the metropolis, stood a stranger attired in the garb of a common sailor. His face was burned almost black by exposure to the sun and wind, and toil and hardship had left deep lines upon his features. But there was in his step and bearing a certain something which would have arrested the attention, and which did cause several of the members of the club who were going out to turn round and look at him as they passed. He had been refused admittance by the stately porter presiding in the hall, who declined giving him any information about a person whom he had asked for.

At length, with a quick step, a gentleman of middle age and slight figure, passed out into the square. He raised his hat for a moment, as if to let the cool air fan his brow, and ere he had replaced it, a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

The gentleman turned round and stared at the intruder.

"Freemantle, have you forgotten me?"

"Gracious powers—Maitland! have you risen from the dead, or are you a ghost?"

"No ghost. Shake hands with me, and you will ascertain the fact."

"Come in here, my dear fellow, and tell us what has happened? We had given you up many a long day ago. This is indeed a surprise;" and passing his arm through that of Maitland's, Captain Freemantle led him back to the mansion he had just quitted, to the great surprise and consternation of the Corberus, who rubbed his eyes as if he could not trust their vision, when he saw the distinguished commander of the "Agamemnon" cross the hall, leaning upon the arm of a common sailor.

Having conducted his visitor to a private room, Freemantle ordered supper, and while awaiting its arrival, Maitland told his story. He had written frequently to England, but no answer having arrived, he had come to the conclusion that his letters had been intercepted; and after nine months' delay and anxiety, he had succeeded, through the assistance of his preservers, who supplied him with money, in effecting his escape; but it was only to be exposed to fresh misfortune. The merchant vessel in which he had taken his passage for Lisbon, was captured off the mouth of the Tagus by a French privateer. The fact of an Englishman in disguise being found on board, was considered so suspicious that no representations he could make were listened to. He was carried off to the West Indies, whence, after a series of adventures and privations, he succeeded in getting a passage to the United States. Having arrived there in safety, but without clothes or money, he could not endure the delay, but worked his passage as a common sailor in a vessel bound for England, where he had landed only that evening.

"And now, Freemantle, that I have finished my yarn, can you give me any information about my family?"

"They believe you dead and buried, of course; but they were all in town last season, and now they are down in the country for the marriage!"

"The marriage!" gasped Maitland.

"Yes," replied Captain Freemantle. "The marriage of your brother with Miss Clare. I believe all is settled, and that it is to take place this week."

"In the name of goodness! what shall I do?"

"Come home with me to my lodgings,—that's what you will do; and in the evening you shall go quietly down by the mail, if you like."

"I must start this instant, and I have neither money nor clothes."

"I can fit you out, for that matter, with both; but by this haste you'll frighten them all out of their senses. Had you not better remain a day, and write a line beforehand?"

"No, it is out of the question; this very night I must be off. May it happen that I am not too late as it is?"

"Too late for what?" inquired Captain Freemantle.

"You shall hear all some other time. Now can you put me in the way of getting a post chaise?"

"I can. I will send my servant, and have it brought to my door; but the wildness of your look frightens me. You remind me of that morning at Cape St. Vincent."

The supper which was ordered was sent away again. Maitland could not touch a morsel; but swallowing a large bumper of wine and water, he accompanied Captain Freemantle to his home, where being supplied with what was requisite, he remained until the arrival of the chaise which was to convey him to Selborne.

We return once more to Selborne.

Attired in her bridal array, Violet appeared more beautiful than ever. The traces of tears had all vanished, and although an acute observer might have detected a certain air of languor in her countenance, to all outward appearance she looked as became a bride. She wore no ornament of any kind. A simple wreath of flowers encircled her head, contrasting with the rich hue of her silken and glossy hair. The principal families of the neighbourhood had been invited to the wedding. There were the Castletons; the peer, a good deal older-looking than when we saw him last. There, too, was his son, and with him his blooming bride. Mrs. Gay Flouncey was there, also, radiant in a splendid costume for the occasion. There were the Smithson Smiths, and the three Miss Traceys—who were to officiate as bridesmaids—were forgetting themselves in admiration at the magnificence of the bride's attire. The old Baronet looks cheerful and elated—his step is firm—his eye is bright—the cherished dream of his ambition is about to be realised at last. Now, everything is in readiness. The gay *cortège* has assembled in front of the hall, and proceeds to the village church, where our old acquaintance, Mr. Wuddinghead, is in waiting to perform the ceremony. The villagers, as is customary in remote places, when a wedding at all grand is an event of their lives, had assembled in crowds, and no sooner had the principal performers passed into the church, than they pounced pell-mell after them; and from aisle to ceiling the

little edifice was crowded with anxious, eager-eyed spectators.

The wedding party were soon ranged in due form round the altar. And the curate of Selborne proceeded to read, in a deep and sonorous tone, the ritual appointed for the occasion.

"I require and charge you both, as ye shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any just cause or impediment why these two persons may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured, that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

As the curate uttered these words, his voice seemed to dwell with an intonation of peculiar solemnity towards their close. There was a moment's pause. He was about to resume, when a sudden commotion arose in a distant part of the church, and a deep voice was heard to exclaim—

"I forbid the bans!"

A burst of surprise, mingled with a feeling akin to terror, ran through the assembly. All eyes were turned to the spot whence the voice came; and a tall man, of swarthy aspect, whose figure had been concealed by a cloak, cast it aside, and stepped forth into the aisle.

The curate was so struck with amazement, that the book from which he was reading fell from his hand. "Can the sea give up her dead?" he exclaimed. Lord Castleton rushed to support the bride, who, at the sound of that well-known voice, had fallen heavily forward against the rails. It was a moment of intense excitement. The eyes of the old Baronet stared wildly at the intruder as he came forward, while Lady Maitland, yielding to a burst of maternal feeling, threw herself into his arms, exclaiming—"My son! my son!"

There never was a wedding party more terribly deranged. To have analysed their mingled feelings would have been an instructive study. The bridegroom presumptive, who was placed, perhaps, in more trying circumstances than any one present, bore his fate like a man; nor did his countenance afford any other indications than those of satisfaction at his brother's return.

The party adjourned to the Manor House, leaving, of course, incomplete, the ceremony they had come to perform. The guests, not unwillingly, remained to eat the banquet which had been provided for their entertainment, and soon after separated, feeling that the best course they could adopt was to leave the family to themselves, until the first sensations of joy and wonder had subsided.

We need not trouble our readers with minute details of the family arrangements which took place. It will be enough for them to be informed, that not many months afterwards, there was another assembly in the same place, but a different bridegroom stood at the altar; and upon this occasion the ceremony proceeded undisturbed by any interruption. And with this unexpected arrangement, the worldly ambition of the Baronet was obliged to remain content.

OLIVE OIL.

THE olive tree grows wild and in luxuriant grandeur in the Holy Land, and its fruit and the oil derived from it were, and are, used by all the dwellers in Syria and Judæa. The olives of the Grecian Isles have long been famous, and a great quantity of oil is exported from that portion of the world every year. Italy is also famous for its olives and its oil; throughout all the district of Otranto there is scarcely anything else cultivated. The port of Gallipoli in that country, from which this oil is exported in great quantities to Germany, France, and England, has given its name to the oil, which is known to many only as Gallipoli oil, and not that produced from the olive. The olive tree bears when two years old, but not fully for six years afterwards, when it becomes a source of wealth to its owner. It lives to a great age—three, four, and seven hundred years, and bears abundantly during all that time. There is a celebrated tree in Pescia, in Italy, which is 700 years old, and bears two and three hundred weight of oil yearly.

When the fruit is fully ripe, it is gathered mostly by hand and crushed in a mill, consisting mostly of a single stone turned in a circular bed. When the pulp is sufficiently crushed it is placed in sacks and heaped on the platform of a press. This pulp is sub-

mitted at first to a very low pressure in the press, and the oil so obtained is beautiful and sweet, and is of the first quality for table use, known as "saled oil." After the fine oil is extracted, there yet remains a considerable quantity mixed with vegetable albumen. The bags of pulp are therefore lifted up, and into each is poured a small quantity of boiling water. This causes the pulp to swell, the albumen coagulates, and the more fluid oil flows freely. A certain quantity, however, remains in the refuse, which is subject to further treatment, and is principally used for making soap.

As soon as the first run of fine oil is obtained, it is conveyed in skins to reservoirs, for future good keeping. The town of Gallipoli being built on a rocky island, is famous for its caverns, where the oil is placed, and where it soon clarifies, and can be preserved without becoming viscid. The fine oil called *Florence oil*, is brought from Leghorn in bottles, and is of the first quality.

TRIFLES.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE CENSORSHIP.

(From the *German Charivari*, by A. Schultz.)

ANXIOUSLY, Interrogation
Wondered: "Will the condemnation
Of the Censor fall on me?"
Duch thought likewise, silently—
Comma stood a moment still,
"Must I feel his cruel quill?"
Semicolon's dread was stronger,
Tartred yet a moment longer;
Colon started up and cried:
"Me, too, will be thrust aside!"
"Ah! alas!" cried Exclamation:
"We are all in condemnation!"
Mister Conson came to see,
What they dreaded, that he did he;
Let the Period only be.

THE LAWYER AND CLIENT.

Two lawyers, when a knotty cause was over,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before:
"Zounds!" says the client, "how comes yow
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou dolt," says one, "we lawyers, though so
keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's
between."

WHY WIVES CAN MAKE NO WILLS.

Men, dying, make their wills, wiv cannot wiv's
Because wivs have thou wills during their lives.

DOMESTIC RECIPES

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

Ripening Fruits—Many persons are in the habit of plucking fruit before it is ripe, to perfect itself in the house. If the ripening of fruits by nature were fully understood, or if the chemical changes, which take place between the opening of the flower and the ripening of fruit or seed, were more fully comprehended, few, we think, would prefer this method. The fruit, in which the seeds of many plants are enveloped, is at first tasteless, afterwards more or less sour, and finally sweet. In the first stage of the plant's growth, the starch of the seed is transformed into gum and sugar, and subsequently, in the last stages of existence, the sugar and the sweet and milky sap are transformed into starch in the formation of the seeds. Chemists can explain the mode and manner by which the first transition is effected, the latter, however, is inexplicable. They can transform starch into sugar, and therefore we can readily believe in such a process going on in the plant, thus far however, no method of *reconverting* sugar into starch has been discovered. It is said that nitrogen is given off by the flower-leaf. It is known that this element is present in the colouring matter of the petals and that it is a necessary constituent of the albumen and gluten, which are always associated with the starch of the seed. The fruit absorbs carbonic acid, and gives off oxygen, and thus extracts from the atmosphere a portion of the food by which its growth is promoted, and if, as they become coloured, fruits imitate the petals of flowers, in absorbing oxygen and giving off carbonic acid and nitrogen, it will also represent the changes which take place when fruits are permitted to ripen on the tree or in the open air. Light is absolutely necessary to the health of all plants and fruits, in growing and ripening. When plants are shut out from light, they are "blanched," as it is termed. It has the same effect as a continued night would have upon them. The purposes of the leaf are entirely different, according as the sun is above or below the horizon. The leaf becomes green, and oxygen is given off in the presence of the sun, while, in his absence, carbonic acid is disengaged, and the whole plant or fruit is blanched. There can be little doubt that the juices of fruits are matured by the influences of the solar rays and the atmosphere. The chemical changes by which the high flavour is gradually produced depend upon these influences. It has been proved that fruit cannot ripen, if placed in an atmosphere deprived of oxygen. All fruits are at first insipid and woody—very like to the leaf and woody fibre in their substance. In this state they absorb carbonic acid largely, like the leaves, and thence derive much of their nourishment. As they

increase in size, they absorb oxygen, and grow acid. At last, the harsh flavour gives place to a sweet and agreeable taste, from the formation of sugar and the disappearance of the chief portion of the acid and woody fibre. Now, it may be that this last process requires nothing but the internal energies of the fruit, acting upon the materials it has stored up within. If so, removal from the air may not prevent the operation, possibly it may simply retard it. If this be the case, fruits may perhaps be kept longer by plucking before fully ripe. We know, however, that fruits growing on the shady side of the tree, or in close and shaded situations, are of far inferior sweetness and delicacy of flavour. They retain somewhat of the woody character and the sour taste, showing plainly that the last or ripening process is more or less imperfect. It would seem probable, therefore, that we shall impair the richness and delicacy, as well as healthfulness, of fruit, by plucking it any considerable time before its point of perfection. It is likely, too, that we may retard its decay, without serious injury to its quality, by taking it from the tree just before it becomes mellow. It is evident that such is the case with regard to those called *winter fruits*, which never become mellow until after winter has set in.

To Preserve Pears—Take small rich fair fruit, as soon as the pips are black, and then over the fire in a kettle, with water to cover them, let them simmer until they will yield to the pressure of the finger, then with a skimmer take them into cold water, pare them gently, leaving on a little of the stem, and the blossom end, insert them at the blossom end to the core, then make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit, when it is boiling hot, pour it over the pears, and let it stand until the next day, when drain it off, make it boiling hot, and again pour it over, after a day or two put the fruit in the syrup over the fire, and boil gently until it is clear, then take it into the jars or spread it on dishes, boil the syrup thick, then put it and the fruit in jars.

To Stew Pears—Pare them and cut them in halves, if large, or leave them whole, if small, put them in a stewpan with very little water, cover them and let them stew till tender, then add a small teaspoon of sugar to a quarter of a peck of pears, let them stew until the syrup is rich, a lemon boiled with the pears, and sliced thin when the sugar is put in, improves both flavour and colour, or a wine-glass of red wine may be used instead.

To Bake Pears—Wash half a peck of tart pears, cut the stems so as to leave only an inch length, put them in an iron pot over the fire with half a pint of water, and a pint of molasses to them, cover the pot or kettle, and let them boil gently until the pears are soft and the syrup rich, almost like candy, take care not to scorch it.

Pears Dried.—Prepare, and dry them the same as apples.

Baked Sweet Apples.—Wash well the apples; place them in a pan with a very little water, that the juice may not burn; if they are to be cooked in a brick oven, then put the apples in a jar; cover them close, and bake them five or six hours. Sweet apples should be baked long after they are tender.

Baked Sour Apples.—Wash well the apples; place them in a pan; pour in a teaspoonful of water and one of sugar; bake them slowly till done. Eat them with cream and the juice which cooks from them.

Coddled Apples.—Take windfalls, or fall apples; wash them, and put half a peck into a preserving kettle; add half a cup of water, sweetened with a large cup of sugar, or half a cup of molasses. Cover them, and boil gently until tender.

Some persons like pears boiled with meat, to be eaten with it.

To Stew Dried Apples.—Wash them in two or three waters, and put them to soak in rather more water than will cover them. After soaking an hour or two, put them with the same water into a preserving kettle, with some lemons, cut up. Boil them till tender, and when the apples rise up, press them down with a spoon, but do not stir them. Add sugar when they are tender, and boil for twenty minutes longer. Stir in a piece of butter, nutmeg, cinnamon, or clove, to your taste.

To Preserve Fruit so as to keep well in a Hot Climate.—The fruit to be ripe, but not over ripe; picked with care; the best lump sugar used, and all to be boiled rather longer than is usually done in this country. Then pour into jars, and, when quite cool, tie over with bladder.

A New Preserve.—A correspondent sends us the following:—"I have lately been very busy making a new kind of preserve, which, I may say, is quite a discovery, to me at least, and which promises to ensure me a plentiful supply of good, wholesome jam, for my family during the winter, at a price below the usual cost of preserves. I was, the other day, making some ordinary apple jam, and before finishing it, I put in some blackberry juice, in order to give it a little colour, and I was surprised at finding how much the preserve was improved by the addition; so much so, that it might very easily be mistaken for damson jam. And as you will see, by the following proportions, the cost must be very small, wherever apples and blackberries are to be got. I put to two quarts of the juice of blackberries—that is, I bring the berries up to a simmer for five minutes, and then strain them through a coarse cloth—about six pounds' weight of cut-up apples, and one pound of crushed lump sugar, and stew it up in the usual way, till the

apples are softened down, and the mass becomes of the usual thickness. It is wholesome and good, and I thought that what was within any one's reach ought to be known; so I send it for the readers of the *Family Friend*."

To Dry Cherries.—Having stoned the desired quantity of good cherries, put a pound and a quarter of fine sugar to every pound; beat and sift it over the cherries, and let them stand all night. Take them out of the sugar, and to every pound of sugar, put two spoonfuls of water. Boil and skim it well, and then put in the cherries; boil the sugar over them, and next morning strain them, and to every pound of syrup put half a pound more sugar; boil it till it is a little thicker, then put in the cherries, and let them boil gently. The next day strain them, put them in a stove, and turn them every day till they are dry.

To Preserve Seville Oranges Whole.—Cut a hole at the stem end of the oranges, the size of sixpence, take out all the pulp, put the oranges into cold water for two days, changing it twice a-day; boil them rather more than an hour, but do not cover them, as it will spoil the colour; have ready a good syrup, into which put the oranges, and boil them till they look clear; then take out the seeds, skins, &c. from the pulp first taken out of the oranges, and add to it one of the whole oranges, previously boiled, with an equal weight of sugar to it and the pulp; boil this together, till it looks clear, over a slow fire, and when cold fill the oranges with this marmalade, and put on the tops; cover them with syrup, and put brandy paper on the top of the jar. It is better to take out the inside at first, to preserve the fine flavour of the juice and pulp, which would be injured by boiling in the water.

To Preserve Cucumbers and Melons.—Take large cucumbers, green, and free from seed, put them in a large jar of salt and water, with vine leaves on the top, set them by the fireside till they are yellow; then wash and set them over a slow fire in alum and water, covered with vine leaves, let them boil till they become green, take them off, and let them stand in the liquor till cold; then quarter them, and take out the seed and pulp; put them in cold spring water, changing it twice a-day for three days. Have ready a syrup made thus: to one pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of ginger bruised, with as much water as will wet it; when it is quite free from scum, put in, when boiling, the rind of a lemon and juice; when quite cold, pour the syrup on the melons. If the syrup is too thin, after standing two or three days, boil it again, and add a little more sugar. A spoonful of rum gives it the West Indian flavour. Girkins may be preserved the same way. One ounce of alum, when pounded, is sufficient for a dozen melons of a middling size.

TRANSPPOSITIONS

1

If you transpose what ladies wear,
 'T will plainly show what bad men are
 Again if you transpose the same,
 You'll see an ancient Hebrew's name
 Change it again, and it will show
 What all on earth desire to do.

2

If you a sour thing transpose,
 A very sweet one 'twill disclose

3

A well-known tree transpose aright,
 Will bring to view a useful light

CHARADES

1

My first is what you must behold
 Before my middle you unfold,
 My second a useful oft to hide
 Whate'er you want to put aside,
 My whole does usually contain
 What my first's answer does explain
 C M P, *Castleton*.

2

My first is the beautiful parent of my second,
 My third is the friend of lovers

3

When my first arrives, as it frequently does,
 My second is employed, and few can rest without
 my third

ANAGRAMS

1

A rivet smooth, and once the cure
 Of one who scorn'd its humble aid,
 The sacred fruit for oil of myrrh,
 And other costly spices made
 The ancient rite of holy men,
 To show their faith in Christ to come;
 A prophet whose inspired pen
 Has led and guided many home
 A heavy thing that once was made
 To float 'gainst nature's simple laws;
 The place for which the saints are laid
 In fiction oft, and e'en death's claws.
 When you can tell the names of all,
 Do captivate them every one,
 And of the heads to mind you'll call
 A king of Judah's pious son.

2

A Roman classic poet's name,
 A goddess of the thermal train,
 A precious stone of crimson red,
 A hunter's dog but scantily fed,
 A sable liquid oft required,
 A flower meek and much admired
 Of these are he who you soon will frame
 A famous Latin poet's name
 C M P, *Castleton*

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME—Page 818.

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLES—1. TOBACCO 2 A shoe 3 Cut each of the squares through the two opposite corners, and then their diagonals will form the sides of the required square, but the application of the pieces is too simple to require elucidation

ARITHMETICAL CONUNDRUMS—1 The true weight is a mean proportional between the two false ones, and is found by extracting the square root of their product Thus $14 \times 9 = 144$, and square root $144 = 12$ lbs., the weight required.—2. First $6s. 4d. = 389$ farthings, and thus must be equal to the number of persons multiplied into the sum spent by each In the present case, the multiplicand and the multiplier are equal, and therefore we have only to find what number multiplied into itself will produce the given sum, 389, this $= 17$, the number of persons Whence 17 farthings or $4d.$ is the money spent by each —3 The least number that can be divided by 2, 3, and 4 respectively, without a remainder, is 12, and that there may be 1 remaining, the number must be 13, but this is not divisible by 5 without a remainder The next greater number is 24, to which add 1, and it becomes 25, this is divisible by 5 without a remainder, and is therefore the number required —4 From the 12 remaining, deduct 1, and 11 is the number she sold the last boy, which was half she had, her number at that time, therefore, was 22. From 22 deduct 3, and the remaining 20 was $\frac{1}{2}$ of her prior stock, which was therefore 40. From 40 deduct 10, and the remainder 30 is half her original stock, consequently she had at first 40 apples.

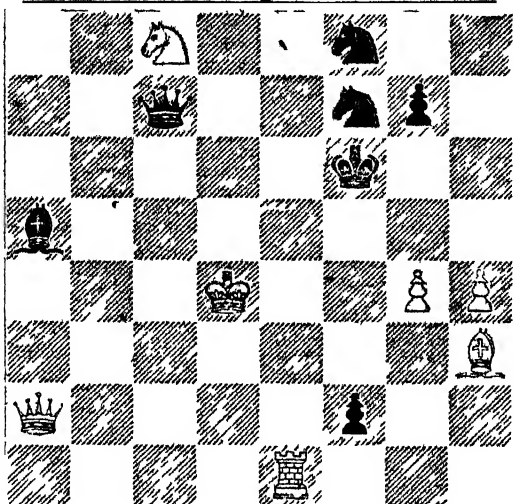
ANAGRAMS—1. Surat 2 Bombay 3. Baroach. 4. Dowlatabad. 5. Agra 6. Delhi

GEOGRAPHICAL PARADOXES—1 Suppose the island to be Negropont, in the Aegean Sea, where both Christians and Turks dwell, the latter following the Lunar year, which is 11 days shorter than the Solar, observed by the former Now, if the children (one of whom may be born of Christian, and the other of Turkish parents) should live together 30 Solar years, and then die at the same moment of time, the Turk, according to the Turkish reckoning would be 10 months older than the Christian, according to the Christian reckoning Or thus if one of the children sailed directly east, and the other directly west, when they have encompassed the globe, there will (according to the preceding solution) be two days difference in their ages, and, as that might be accomplished in one year, there would, after 50 years sailing, be a difference of more than 3 months —2 If a burning-glass be made the nucleus of the dial, and be so situated that the focus may fall on an iron or brass plate or ring, on which the figures are deeply cut a blind man (on any part of the globe) may feel that part which is heated by the sun, also upon what figure it is, and to which it is nearest.

COMBIL BY HERR HERRWITZ.

PROBLEM No XXVII —By Mrs. M'FARLANE—White to move, and mate in three moves

BLACK



WHITE

GAME XXVII.—The following entertaining *partie* was played by Mr. Herrwitz, without aid of the chess tournament at the late Chess Festival in Massachusetts. Mr. Herrwitz's opponents being Messrs. Hine and Hall, two of the strongest amateurs of that city.

HINDLOID GAIP

White—Mr. Hine.

Black—Movers H and R.

- 1 Kt to 2
- 2 Kt to 3
- 3 Kt to 4
- 4 Kt to 5
- 5 Kt to 6
- 6 Kt to 7
- 7 Kt to 8
- 8 Kt to 9
- 9 Kt to 10
- 10 Kt to 11
- 11 Kt to 12
- 12 Kt to 13
- 13 Kt to 14
- 14 Kt to 15
- 15 Kt to 16
- 16 Kt to 17
- 17 Kt to 18
- 18 Kt to 19
- 19 Kt to 20
- 20 Kt to 21
- 21 Kt to 22
- 22 Kt to 23
- 23 Kt to 24
- 24 Kt to 25
- 25 Kt to 26
- 26 Kt to 27
- 27 Kt to 28
- 28 Kt to 29
- 29 Kt to 30
- 30 Kt to 31

- 1 Kt to 2
- 2 Kt to 3
- 3 Kt to 4
- 4 Kt to 5
- 5 Kt to 6
- 6 Kt to 7
- 7 Kt to 8
- 8 Kt to 9
- 9 Kt to 10
- 10 Kt to 11
- 11 Kt to 12
- 12 Kt to 13
- 13 Kt to 14
- 14 Kt to 15
- 15 Kt to 16
- 16 Kt to 17
- 17 Kt to 18
- 18 Kt to 19
- 19 Kt to 20
- 20 Kt to 21
- 21 Kt to 22
- 22 Kt to 23
- 23 Kt to 24
- 24 Kt to 25
- 25 Kt to 26
- 26 Kt to 27
- 27 Kt to 28
- 28 Kt to 29
- 29 Kt to 30
- 30 Kt to 31

- 31 Q to P 1
- 32 Kt to P 1
- 33 Kt to P 1
- 34 Kt to P 1
- 35 Kt to P 1
- 36 Kt to P 1
- 37 Kt to P 1
- 38 Kt to P 1
- 39 Kt to P 1
- 40 Kt to P 1
- 41 Kt to P 1
- 42 Kt to P 1
- 43 Kt to P 1
- 44 Kt to P 1
- 45 Kt to P 1
- 46 Kt to P 1
- 47 Kt to P 1
- 48 Kt to P 1
- 49 Kt to P 1
- 50 Kt to P 1
- 51 Kt to P 1
- 52 Kt to P 1
- 53 Kt to P 1
- 54 Kt to P 1
- 55 Kt to P 1
- 56 Kt to P 1
- 57 Kt to P 1
- 58 Kt to P 1
- 59 Kt to P 1
- 60 Kt to P 1

- 71 P takes P
- 72 R to h sq
- 73 Kt takes P
- 74 Kt to Kt 3
- 75 Kt to Kt 3
- 76 Kt to Kt 3
- 77 Kt to Kt 3
- 78 Kt to Kt 3
- 79 Kt to Kt 3
- 80 Kt to Kt 3
- 81 Kt to Kt 3
- 82 Kt to Kt 3
- 83 Kt to Kt 3
- 84 Kt to Kt 3
- 85 Kt to Kt 3
- 86 Kt to Kt 3
- 87 Kt to Kt 3
- 88 Kt to Kt 3
- 89 Kt to Kt 3
- 90 Kt to Kt 3
- 91 Kt to Kt 3
- 92 Kt to Kt 3
- 93 Kt to Kt 3
- 94 Kt to Kt 3
- 95 Kt to Kt 3
- 96 Kt to Kt 3
- 97 Kt to Kt 3
- 98 Kt to Kt 3
- 99 Kt to Kt 3
- 100 Kt to Kt 3

And the Allies resigned.

Duration, three hours and fifteen minutes.

NOTES TO GAME XXVII

(a) This defence to the gambit is given by the Italian authors as one that leads to an equal game and is safer than the one usually adopted.

(b) Kt to P 1 would have been a safe play.

(c) Moving to win a clear piece, by first taking Kt and then checking at B 3.

(d) Better to have played Q R to h sq square though in risk, as they must have lost their Q P.

(e) To prevent this R from being masked (the part of the game is very difficult for the blind player).

(f) The Allies after having lost the exchange have made a gallant struggle but must now succumb to the superior force.

(g) Had they played K to R to avoid White would have won by R to B 4, &c.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXVII

- 1 Q to Q 4 [ch]
- 2 P takes P [dis en]
- 3 R takes Q [ch]
- 4 Q to Q 4 [ch]
- 5 Q takes Kt—Mate

- 1 Kt to h 2 (best)
- 2 Q to h 4 (best)
- 3 K to K 4
- 4 Kt covers

OUR FAMILY COUNCIL.

IN answer to several subscribers, who inquire how they are to address their letters on matters connected with the *FAMILY FRIEND*, we may state that the publication of this magazine will, at the close of the present month, be transferred entirely to Messrs. W. S. Orr and Co., No. 2, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, to whom all communications for the Editor may be forwarded.

A "CHESS PLAYER" is curious to know whether the game described in page 286 of our present volume, between Herr Harwitz and Master Hudson, was a *fair* contest. Our correspondent probably thinks that the former must have given his youthful opponent many advantages, and perhaps protracted the game for the amusement of himself and his friends. We have, however, been assured by Herr Harwitz, that in all his chess campaigns in various parts of the world, he never met with an antagonist more worthy of his regard, age and talent combined, than Master Henry Hudson, of Finsbury Place, London. It is pleasing for us to know that this youth, not yet numbering nine years, received his earliest instructions in Chess from the pages of the *FAMILY FRIEND*; and it is somewhat amusing to think, that the pupil should, at so early an age, combat so distinguished a master in the noble science as Herr Harwitz, with his own weapons.

JAMES RICHARDS desires to know the meaning of "near and off horses," "vehicular" phrases in common parlance on the road. The term "near" is probably a borrowed one. In a waggon the near horse is the one which is nearest the driver, who always walks with the horses to his right hand. And the other, running abreast of him, is called the off or far horse, because he is the farthest from the driver. This term, indeed, does not refer to coaching so well as to waggoning, as the coachman does not walk by the side of his horses; but many of the terms of coachmanship are drawn from the same source; and the expression "near" horse, seems to be among the number.

HENRY S., whose gallantry we must be allowed to question, complains of the space we allot to our monthly "fashions." "Dress," he observes, with cynical indifference, "is of no consequence." What our fair subscribers will say to this bold invader of their rights, we can guess. We will, however, address to him the language of Addison, who may surely be esteemed an incontrovertible authority. "Dress," he says, "is grown of universal use in the conduct of life. Civilities and respect are only paid to appearance. It is a varnish that gives a lustre to every action, that introduces us into all polite assemblies, and the only certain method of making most of the youth of our nation conspicuous; hence Milton asserts of the fair, &c.—

"Of outward form
Elaborate, of inward, less exact."

"A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress, by a well fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence, by a single expression."

MARBLE LIPS inquires if there is not some superstition abroad connected with the daisy. We remember in France to have heard of a practice among the country children, which may possibly meet this question: To test the singularity of their companions' friendship, they pull off, one by one, the white rays of the flowers, saying alternately, "Does he love me?"—"Does he not?" until they have stripped off all the rays of the daisy. If the question "does he love me?" occurs at the last ray, the conclusion is favourable to the little inquirer.

"HETTERMAN" addresses us—"I am exceedingly fond of flower painting, and should much like to try my hand on 'velvet,' so I have been reading over and over again your paper in page 148 *FAMILY FRIEND*, but cannot understand the use of the 'formulas.' Is there any way of sketching the group at once on the velvet? And would you oblige me by saying whether the colours are very expensive or not, and also whether I cannot obtain them anywhere in town?" Here, indeed, are several questions to try our patience, but we cannot disoblige "Hetterman," and perchance some of our fair readers may be glad of the same information; so we will state that the painting on velvet cannot be done without the "formulas," which are used in the manner of Pothua painting. Velvet cannot be sketched upon in the same manner as paper. The colours required are not expensive, and they, we are informed, are made only by one person, who has an agent in Torquay, Miss Shapley, Abbey Road, and one in Edinburgh, Miss Dawson, 65, York Place.

JAMES LEECHON wishes to enlighten "ONE OF THE UNLARNED," who in page 298 inquired the definition and the etymology of the word "surname." Our correspondent states, that until about the middle of the last century it was sometimes written "airname." Of "surnames," Du Cange says, "they were at first written not in a direct line after the Christian name, but *above* it, between the lines, and hence they were called in Latin, *supranomina*; in Italian, *supranome*; and in French, *surnoms*, 'over-names.'"

"I have read your account of the Electric Telegraph in page 287 of the *FAMILY FRIEND*, but you do not state the manner in which the discovery took place." Thus writes a correspondent under the euphonious designation "TOPAZO." We must inform "TOPAZO" that we confined the article in question to the practical operations of the invention, its origin and history being generally known. The means of electric communication rest upon the simple principle discovered by Ersted in 1819, that a magnetic needle, free to

rotate about its centre, when brought near to a wire through which an electric current is passing, tends to place itself at right angles to that wire, the direction of its motion following a certain law; and secondly, that a piece of soft iron is rendered magnetic during the transmission of an electric current, along a wire coiled spirally round it, when placed near the wire which connects the poles of a voltaic battery.

"What are the ingredients for a scent jar in a room?" inquires SARAH B. The following receipt is supplied to us by a lady experienced in such matters:—

Gum benjamin, storax, sweet orris, nutmeg, and cloves, of each one ounce, all bruised in a mortar; throw in a handful of bay-salt (at the bottom of a large jar), mixed with some of the spices, then lay in flowers, and upon every layer of flowers or herbs a handful of bay-salt and the rest of the spices. No more spices need be added to the jar, but fresh salt as long as you put in fresh flowers; and as the flowers blow at different times of the year, you must collect them as they appear to have attained perfection, pick them clean from their stalks, and cut the herbs. The best for a jar are violets, roses, sweet-brier, thyme, lavender flowers, rosemary, clove pinks, sweet marjoram; keep it close shut for three months, and on opening, it will require to be well stirred up with a small wooden spoon or a stick, and will be found to possess a delightful odour. Geranium flowers and leaves, sweet-scented verbena or lemon plant, should be added to the collection, but were omitted to be mentioned in the list of plants; every sweet-scented herb or flower should get a place in the jar.

CHARLES STANDISH feels the genius of inspiration within him. He is desirous of becoming a song-writer, one of the glorious band who spread refinement and happiness in every household, "but," he adds, modestly, "I am inexperienced. What are the rules of composition which will most assist me?" To be a poet, Mr. Standish, requires something more than mere rules of versification, and to be a good song-writer you must possess poetic ardour. Shakespeare tells us, that

"Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and
stones;
Make tigers tame, and huge Leviathans
Forsook unbounded deeps to dance on sands."

Song-writing, it has been justly observed, is an art the most easy in seeming, and the most difficult in reality, in the entire range of literary composition. Such singing birds of real merit are indeed rare throughout the world. Without forgetting Ramsay, Hogg, and Cunningham, it may be justly asserted that Scotland has seen but one such bard, Robert Burns. Ireland has likewise produced but one, Thomas Moore. England cannot boast of one song-writer of the same high

order. With regard to the rules of construction to be observed in song-writing, they are few, but important. After simplicity and concentration of thought and diction—simplicity of grammatical arrangement stands next in consequence. An inverted expression is most injurious, and a paranoetic clause almost uniformly fatal. All forms of complication are hurtful; and even epithets, and adjectives of every kind, can be employed but sparingly, and must be most direct and simple.

The letter that next claims our attention is of a less poetic character. ARTHUR AMES is desirous of detecting counterfeit silver coin. The following is a sure method:—If a piece of silver be dipped into a solution of chromate of potash, decomposed by sulphuric acid (thirty-two parts by weight of water, three of chromate of potash, and four of sulphuric acid), the parts of the silver immersed in the solution quickly assume a purple colour. The colouring is deeper and more lively when the silver is quite pure, and diminishes in proportion to the quantity of alloy mixed with it. Of course this process will not hold good when a coating of silver has been deposited on a piece of white metal, &c.; in such cases as plated or electrotyped articles, for instance, a portion of the coating must be filed off; upon trial by this process, the German silver will remain of a white colour. No other metals give the same colour as silver when submitted to this test; copper, zinc, &c., are acted upon by the solution, but not coloured as in the case of silver.

"Aveline" is desirous to have a long lease of existence. "Is there not some work on the art of prolonging life?" she inquires. We believe there is, but the most likely ingredients for attaining her wish, are content and cheerfulness—such as could make Mrs. Barbauld in her old age look upon death with calm, in the following beautiful lines—

"Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night, but in some happier clime,
Bid me good morning."

But it is only an exalted sense of religion that can produce such a happy contemplation of "life in death;" and the real wish of "Aveline" should be, not for increase of life, but to pass worthily the years allotted to her.

J. J. C., in answer to F. O. LAMPREY's question (page 228) on the most efficient mode of producing hair, states—Keeping the hair closely cut is often productive of good effects; it is serviceable in headaches; frequent cutting promotes the growth of the hair, and admits of the usual operations of combing and brushing acting more efficiently on the scalp.



Those who have passed the spring time of life, may well exclaim with Coleridge:—

“Life went a Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young.”

Who can remember without regret the pleasures of his earlier years?—the sports, the freedom, the exuberance of delight, which accompanies youth.

“Oh, enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure’s maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!”

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The seasons, as they pass fleetly on, bear with them recollections of past enjoyments, which it is some relief in our chequered career to cherish. With September comes our excursions in the green fields, before the cold winds of coming winter have robbed the trees of their freshness—when the clustering fruit of the hazel would tempt our longing palates, and would create as much joy as that which Aladdin experienced in the enchanted cave of precious stones.

Many a “nutting” expedition in the thick

2 A

woods can we remember! Many a day passed with companions, lightsome and careless as ourselves, in the fastnesses of nature. Surpassingly beautiful is the rich mellowness of Autumn. Bernard Barton thus describes one of its scenes:—

"The bright sun threw his glory all around,
And then the balmy, mild, Autumnal breeze
Swept with a musical and fitful sound
Among the fading foliage of the trees;
And, now and then, a playful gust would seize
Some falling leaf, and like a living thing,
Which flits about wherever it may please,
It floated round in many an airy ring,
Till on the dewy grass it lost its transient wing."

But to our subject of "Nutting." Towards the close of the present month this fruit becomes plentiful. Walnuts, we are told, originated in the warm vales of Persia. It is difficult to account for the many ceremonies practised anciently with nuts. They were then thrown in all the avenues leading to the nuptial apartment, before the feast of the passing bride; and the ceremony of strewing the nuts was the conclusion of the wedding-day.

Nuts are very useful under different points of view; the threefold advantage which they possess of giving light, warmth, and food, has been combined by Ovid in the following lines:—

"Nux vigilat, recreat, nutrit, preto igne ma-
nuque,
Pressa, perusta, crepans, luce, calore cibo."

Ovid also has taken notice of the various injuries which the Walnut tree receives at the hands of travellers in the highway; and Boileau says, Ep. vi., speaking of the Seine.

"Tous ses bords sont couverts de saules non
plantés,
Et de nuyers souvent du passant insultés."

Numerous divinations and superstitious practices were formerly done with nuts, particularly about the eve of All Hallows.

There are several varieties of the Hazel, the principal of which are the common hazel, and the filbert. The first is a native of every part of Britain, the shells of the nuts being found in the bogs even in the coldest parts. The filbert, again, is supposed to be a native of Asia—to have been imported first into Italy, and thence to the rest of Europe. The filbert grows more upright, is more tree-like, and bears larger and better flavoured nuts than the hazel; but

the wood of the hazel is the tougher, and the better adapted for hoops, though both make excellent charcoal. There is an American species; and there is also one growing in the vicinity of Constantinople, which bears a nut nearly double the size of the filbert. More than a hundred thousand bushels of foreign nuts are annually consumed in this country.

The common hazel (*Corylus avellana*) has the nut small and short; but the tree grows more easily than the filbert, being found wild not only in forests and commons in England, and especially upon the banks of dingles and ravines, but occurring in extensive tracts in the more northern and mountainous parts of the country. Several places, whose soil suits its growth, are called after the hazel,—such as Haselmere, Haselburn, &c. The common hazel is seldom cultivated as a fruit-tree, though perhaps its nuts are superior in flavour to the others, which are more insipid in size.

The filberts, both the red and the white, and the cob-nut, are merely varieties of the common hazel; and have been produced partly by the superiority of soil and climate where they grow, and partly by culture. The filbert is not thicker than the common nut, but it is at least double the length, and has the kernel large in proportion. The cob-nut is the largest of the species, and it is round. The cluster-nut differs from the others only in the fruit being produced in large clusters at the ends of the branches. A particular form of tree receives in some parts of the country (especially in Kent, where the culture of the filbert is carried on with advantage) the name of the dwarf productive nut, though that name indicates rather the mode in which the tree is trained than the variety to which it belongs. Generally speaking, the filbert is but a low grower; but still considerable ingenuity is exerted in keeping it down,—it having been found by general experience that the dwarfing of fruit trees is the most effectual means of insuring a large and uniform crop, and fruit of superior quality. The trees that are dwarfed are not allowed to exceed seven feet in height; and they are trimmed in the form of a goblet, with an open centre, as is generally done with well-managed gooseberry trees. When the tree comes into proper bearing, this goblet has attained a diameter of about six feet, which is every

season covered with filberts both outside and inside. The nuts are of excellent quality; and it is found by comparison, that a tree treated in this manner, with the ground regularly hoed and cleaned, will produce more than three which are planted in the hedge-row or coppice, and allowed to run wild in the usual manner.

There is something singular in the flowering of the hazel: the male catkin makes its appearance in autumn, and continues to increase till spring, at which period the process of nature is preparing for the production of the nuts: this takes place as early as February, and before there is yet a leaf upon the deciduous trees; so that, besides its advantages as a fruit, the filbert may be regarded as an ornamental tree, at that season when groves and coppices have the least beauty.

The word filbert is a corruption of the original English name for this nut, *full-beard*—which was applied to the large and fringed husk, to distinguish it from the clover covering of the common hazel. Our old poet, Gower, assigns a more classical origin to the name:—

“*Philis*
Was shape into a nut-tree,
That all men it might see;
And after *Philis*, *Philbert*
This tree was cleped.”

The Constantinople nut (*Corylus colurna*) is a superior nut to even the best variety of the hazel. Its flavour is equal, and its size is more than double. It is a round nut, invested with a deep calyx, or involucre, which covers it almost entirely, and is very much loped and fringed at its extremity.

L'Ecluse, a distinguished gardener, brought the nuts of the *Corylus colurna* from Constantinople, in 1582; and Linnaeus states, that in the Botanical Gardens, at Leyden, there was growing, in 1736, a fine tree of this species, planted by L'Ecluse. It was cultivated in England by Ray, in 1666. This tree grows naturally in the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

The American nut (*Corylus americana*) is a beautiful species, extensively spread over North America, and which has been cultivated in the neighbourhood of Paris.

The involucre and bottoms of the nuts of all the species and varieties of *Corylus* are

extremely austere and astringent when in their green state; and it is doubtful whether they might not then be profitably employed either in the tanning of leather, or perhaps for the same purpose as galls.

The Spanish nuts of the shops are fresh from Spain; the Barcelona nuts are another variety, kiln-dried before exportation.

The Brazil-nut, or Juvia (*Bertholletia excelsa*) is one of the most extraordinary fruits of South America, which has been made familiar to us principally by the interesting description of Humboldt. It was first noticed in a geographical work published in 1633, by Lact, who says that the weight of this fruit is so enormous, that, at the period when it falls, the savages dare not enter the forests without covering their heads and shoulders with a strong buckler of wood. The natives of Esmerelda still describe the dangers which they run when the fruit falls from a height of fifty or sixty feet. The triangular grains which the shell of the juvia incloses, are known in commerce under the name of Brazil-nuts; and it has been erroneously thought that they grow upon the trees in the form in which they are imported.

The tree which produces the juvia is only about two or three feet in diameter, but it reaches a height of a hundred and twenty feet.

HEALING SPRINGS.

THE sacred character of healing springs is a relic of classical and druidical superstition that still remains. In Fosbroke's "British Monachism," we learn that, "on a spot, called Nell's Point, is a fine well, to which great numbers of women resort on *Holy Thursday*, and having washed their eyes in the spring, they drop a pin into it."

Once a year, at St Mardrin's well, lame persons were accustomed to go, on *Corpus Christi* evening, to lay some small offering on the altar, there to lie on the ground all night, drink of the water there, and on the next morning to take a good draught more of it, and each to carry away some of the water in a bottle at departure.*

At Muswell Hill was formerly a chapel, called our Lady of Muswell, from a well there, near which was her image. This

* *C. n. c. io Anantiss.*

* *Antiq. Repertory,* Vol. 2, p. 78.

well was constantly resorted to by way of pilgrimage.*

At Walsingham a fine green road was made for the pilgrims, and there were a holy well and cross adjacent, at which the people used to kneel while drinking the water.

Holywell, in Flintshire, derives its name from the holy well of St. Winifred, over which a chapel was erected by the Stanley family, in the reign of Henry VII. Pennant says, that in his time, Lancashire pilgrims were to be seen in deep devotion, standing in water up to the chin for hours, sending up prayers, and making a prescribed number of turnings; and this was carried so far as, in several instances, to cost the devotees their lives.

Such springs were consecrated upon the discovery of the cures effected by them. In fact, these consecrated wells merely imply a knowledge of the properties of mineral waters, but, through ignorance, a religious appropriation of these properties has been attached to supernatural causes.

In 1628, a number of persons were brought before the Kirk Session of Falkirk, accused of going to Christ's Well on the Sundays of May, to seek their health, and the whole, being found guilty, were sentenced to repent "in lincens" three several sabbaths. "And it is statute and ordained that if any person, or persons, be found superstitiously and idolatrously, after this, to have passed in pilgrimage to Christ's Well, on the Sundays of May, to seek their health, they shall repent in *sacco* (sack-cloth) and lincens three several sabbaths, and pay twenty lib. (Scots) *toties quoties*, for ilk fault; and if they cannot pay it, the bailies shall be recommended to put them in ward, and to be fed on bread and water for aught days."† They were obliged, for the preservation of the charm, to keep strict silence on the way to and from the well, and not to allow the vessel in which the water was, to touch the ground.

In 1657, several parishioners were summoned to the session, for believing in the powers of the well of Airth, a village about six miles north of Falkirk, on the banks of the Forth, and the whole were sentenced to

be publicly rebuked for their "superstitious carriage." Yet within these few years, a farmer and his servant were known to travel fifty miles, for the purpose of bringing water from a charmed well in the Highlands to cure their sick cattle.

At Stoodle, near Downpatrick, in the north of Ireland, there is a superstitious ceremony, commencing at twelve o'clock at night on every Mid-summer Eve. Its sacred mount is consecrated to St. Patrick. The plain contains three wells, to which the most extraordinary virtues are attributed. Here and there are heaps of stones, around some of which appear great numbers of people running with as much speed as possible; around others, crowds of worshippers kneel with bare legs and feet, as an indispensable part of the ceremony. The men, without coats, with handkerchiefs on their heads instead of hats, having gone seven times round each heap, kiss the ground, cross themselves, and proceed to the hill; here they ascend on their bare knees, by a path so steep and rugged that it would be difficult to walk up; many hold their hands clasped at the back of their necks, and several carry large stones on their heads. Having repeated this ceremony seven times, they go to what is called St. Patrick's chair, which are two great flat stones placed upright in the hill; here they cross and bless themselves as they step in between these stones, and while repeating prayers, an old man, seated for the purpose, turns them round on their feet three times, for which he is paid; the devotee then goes to conclude his penance at a pile of stones called "the altar." While this busy scene of superstition is continued by the multitude, the wells, and streams issuing from them, are thronged by crowds of halt, maimed, and blind, pressing to wash away their infirmities with water consecrated by their patron saint; and so powerful is the impression of its efficacy on their minds, that many of those who go to be healed, and who are not totally blind, or altogether crippled, really believe for a time that they are, by means of its miraculous virtue, perfectly restored. These effects of a heated imagination are received as unquestionable miracles, and are propagated with abundant exaggeration.*

* Simpson's "Agreeable Histories," Vol. 2, p. 622.

† "Session Records," June 2, 1623.

* "Hibernian Magazine," July, 1817.

THE MECHANISM OF THE EYE.

We have already given in a previous volume of the *FAMILY FRIEND* (page 111, Vol. IV., New Series) the result of our observations on the human eye. The subject is ~~two~~ curious and important to be treated in a few pages, and we have, consequently, added a few remarks which may interest our readers.

Whether there yet exists some inhabited but undiscovered island on the broad waters of our little world, the Editor cannot say. What with expeditions fitted out against arctic whales and spermaceti whales; what with fleets racing to golden California, and the still more golden South; what with ships fitted out for the purpose of discovery, prying into every little nook and corner, taking soundings, laying down charts; what with ships which, driven out of their appointed tracks by gales and storms, race over the wide ocean in wild erratic track,—all these kinds of exploration, we suppose, must have pretty well exhausted the world's list of undiscovered islands. We require one, nevertheless, for our illustration; therefore, without heeding whether it exists or not, let us feign it to exist for our own purposes.

We are shipwrecked, lost, cast away, like another Robinson Crusoe or Philip Quarl. We save our fire-arms of course. Yourself, young reader, shall be our man Friday—a little savage if you please (understanding the term in a very refined sense). Our dress, our arms, astonish you not a little; our sword is much better than your war club; our hatchet of steel very far superior to yours of stone. You recognize at once the nature of both; and how to use them your plain common sense in this respect is sufficient. But our watch, our gun—these you cannot by any means understand. A living being seems to have taken up his residence in the former; whilst the latter—the gun—seems a downright piece of sorcery. Gradually your intellects expand. You discover that the mysterious weapon—the gun—kills because of the impulsion of a bullet urged by gunpowder. Just the same cause then, alter al', as that why your arrow kills. But the flight of your arrow you can see; you know it occupies time. The flight of the gun-bullet you cannot see, it is so very

brief. Gradually, however, you bethink yourself of our watch. You take it, and giving the gun to a friend, desire him to stand three or four hundred yards off from a target, and fire, you standing close to the target. Notice the flash of light, mark the seconds on the watch, then mark when the ball strikes the target, simultaneously with noticing the position of the seconds hand on the watch. By this simple process the discovery would be made that the bullet, although passing in its course very rapidly, nevertheless took time. Its passage was not instantaneous. Probably, also, the little savage might have made the further discovery that sound takes time to travel, inasmuch as the tap of the bullet on the target would be heard before the report of the gun from which it was discharged. After performing this simple experiment, you would wonder in your own mind how it was that you did not think of it before. That which once appeared so mysterious is now evident as the sun at noonday.

Thus is it with all of us. The term savage—understanding by that term not cruelty of disposition but ignorance of mind—is a relative term. Each of us may be regarded as a savage to those whose instruction has been further advanced than our own.

Back again we go to our little island, to pursue our contemplations. You, gentle savage, little man Friday, ascertained two new facts. You discovered that both sound and a leaden bullet urged by gunpowder, took time to travel; but one thing you did not discover—that light also took time. And now, hey, presto! our enchanted island may vanish into thin vapour, or sink under the blue waves—we have done with it. Our own cultivated civilized island will furnish savages enough for our next ideal contemplation. Man Friday in the island just vanished could not tell that a gun bullet took time to travel; how many men Friday in England, we wonder, are there who are in a similar state of ignorance as regards the rate of travelling of light? Yet light takes time to travel, although a very short time—so short, reader, that quicker than you can wink your eye it will have darted over no less than two hundred thousands of miles. This fact has long been known to astronomers, demonstrated

beyond all power of doubt. Yet in our ignorance of this demonstration, how many of us at this time are still savages?

A pretty chapter on eyes, some one exclaims. Why, you give us nothing but stories of islands, and savages, guns, and so forth, with very little digression about light! Impatient reader! we will soon come to the point. We have not forgotten our eyes. Hereafter their consideration shall be resumed; but in the meantime we must write a few words about light. It was all very well to treat of the eyes of leeches, snails, cockchafers, and so forth, without caring about light; but we can no more entertain true views as to the nature and beauties of our own, without understanding something about light, than we could entertain just views concerning the nature and operation of fire-arms, without knowing something about gunpowder. Light, then, whatever it may be—and concerning that we shall have a few words by-and-by—light, whatever it may be, takes time, although a very short time, to travel. How are we to know this? If light were not in such an outrageous hurry to get over the ground; if it moved like your bullets, or arrows, or anything of that kind, we might estimate its rate of travelling by allowing a beam of it to pass suddenly through a hole in a window-shutter, and rush, as it would rush, against the opposite wall. It is quite evident that under these circumstances, if light takes time to travel, there should be a difference between the time of its darting through the hole in the window-shutter, and its striking against the wall. So there is a difference—no doubt of that; but if, as we have said, light passes over the enormous space of two hundred thousand miles, a little more or less, whilst you would wink your eye once, how are we to measure a difference so inconsiderable as that between the passage of light through a shutter, and its impinging against the opposite wall? We could not do this, not even by our most delicate instruments; nay more, if some engineer were to bore a hole quite through our globe, which hole would be eight thousand miles long, not even then could we measure the velocity of light. It is true that a sunbeam would enter one extremity of this hole, before it could emerge at the other, but the difference of

time between its entrance and its emergence would still be inconceivably small.

How, then, can we measure the velocity of light? Not content with measuring off a distance of the surface of our globe, we have actually assumed a hole to be bored through it, and still we have arrived at the conclusion, that were such a hole possible, it would still be far too short for enabling us to estimate the velocity of light. No earthly measurement will suffice; we must, therefore, have recourse to the wide expanse of Heaven.

And now, lest you think we are going to drag you into the clouds, and talk about all sorts of difficult things, let us amuse ourselves by an ideal sport.

We are in an equestrian arena, where different feats are being performed. One is this:—a horseman galloping round the ring carries with him a target, which clown, standing a little outside the barrier tries to



Fig. 1.

hit with an arrow shot from a bow (Fig. 1). He keeps shooting, generally hitting the target. Sometimes he shoots when the horseman is nearest to him, sometimes when the horseman is farthest away, and it is usually found that the arrows shot when the horseman is nearest to the shooter, strike the target exactly one second earlier than other arrows shot when the horseman is farthest away—whence it follows, that clown must have shot his arrows with a velocity of 300 feet in a second of time, 300 feet being the measure of the diameter of the ring, or in other words, the measure of a line drawn straight from one side to another.

Now it is quite evident that clown, the shooter, might be knocked off his perch, might be covered with a big extinguisher, hidden totally, eclipsed immediately after taking one of his long shots, without in the least degree affecting the arrow's flight. If he pointed well, the arrow would hit its mark. Now for the application of all this, let us bid farewell to the equestrian arena, with its galloping horseman, and let us call up, in our imagination, grand ideas of a mightier revolution. Our world—our planet, the earth, revolving in a mighty circle, or ring, throughout space, as the galloping horseman traversed the equestrian ring. The earth's ring is called its orbit, and is so very great that a line, drawn quite across it, at the longest place, would measure no less than 190 millions of miles. The earth, then, revolving in its orbit as it does, may be compared to the horse galloping in the equestrian ring. Either of us may be the horseman, and each of our eyes is a sort of target, at which the heavenly bodies shoot their rays of light.

It follows, then, to proceed with our comparisons, that these rays of light, continually being darted at us, will strike our eye sooner or later, according as we may happen to be in the part of our orbit or ring nearest to them, or furthest away. It follows, moreover, that were any heavenly body destroyed, extinguished, so that it ceased to shine—this destruction or extinction would not be manifested to our eyes at the exact period of its occurrence, but some little time after, because we see bodies by the light given off from them, and light takes some time to travel. For aught we know, then, we may, night after night, be observing heavenly bodies which have ceased to exist; indeed, philosophers believe such to be the fact.

Whether it be a question of the formal extinction of a heavenly body lying outside our orbit, or only a temporary eclipse—it is evident that if light took time to travel, we ought to be made acquainted with this cessation of light sooner or later, according as we happen to be in one, or the other part of our orbit at the time.

Now then to the point. The planet Jupiter has moons or satellites, and, though like our moon, these are subject to be eclipsed, astronomers can tell by calculation exactly the time when these eclipses occur, but they

are seen to occur after the time calculated for reasons already explained. Finally, it so happens, that if we view an eclipse of one of Jupiter's satellites while we are in that part of our orbit furthest removed from Jupiter, we see it later by 16 minutes and 26 seconds than if we had viewed it whilst in the opposite part of our orbit, or that part

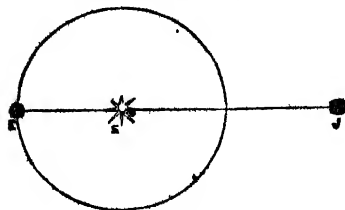


Fig. 2.

nearest to it (Fig. 2). It follows evidently that light, whatever may be its nature, occupies 16 minutes and 26 seconds in travelling across a space of 190 millions of miles, which is the length of the diameter of the earth's orbit. By this means, then, are we made acquainted with the rate of the velocity of light. The information thus derived is confirmed by another series of observations, on what is called the observation of light, a subject which we need not discuss here.

Having thus discovered the rate of travelling of light, it would be interesting if we could now make out what it is composed of.

According to Sir Isaac Newton, light was assumed to be composed of little particles, so extremely small that we could never hope to see them, even by means of our finest instruments, but which nevertheless differed in size amongst themselves, red light being composed of the largest particles, violet light of the smallest. According to other philosophers, especially those of the present age, light is not assumed to be composed of particles, as Newton supposed, but of waves taking place in a medium much thinner than air, and to which the general term æther has been applied. These speculations, curious though they are, we cannot enter upon just now. All the common properties of light we can examine without adopting either one theory or the other.

The first points to be examined in relation to light have reference to white light; these

being discussed we inquire into the nature of colour.

What is a ray of light? We constantly hear the expression. It is universally employed. We, ourselves, have used it again and again in the course of this paper. What, then, is a ray of light? Why the expression is altogether imaginary. Originally, the term ray

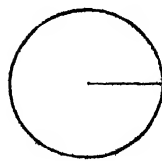


Fig. 3.

came from the word radius, which is the line drawn between the centre of a circle and its circumference, and anything flying away from a centre towards a circumference, is said to radiate (Fig. 3). Light appears to do this; so does heat; therefore both are sometimes termed radiant matter. Very slight consideration will prove that the expression, ray of light, must be altogether imaginary—ideal. If real, then light must have been composed of threads, or strings passing from luminous bodies into our eyes, which we know very well is not the case. Light, however, on account of its general property of acting in straight lines, is spoken of as though it were really made up of such straight lines; whence it follows, that we speak of rays of light, understanding by the term nothing more than imaginary straight lines passing from luminous objects into our eyes.

Let it be remembered, then, in connexion with light, that it always acts in straight lines. At least, this is a rough and ready way of stating the case, although we shall presently find that the statement only holds good under one particular restriction of circumstances. Thus, light is always bent out of its course when passing from one transparent medium to another; in proof of which the following experiment may be performed (Fig. 4): into the basin

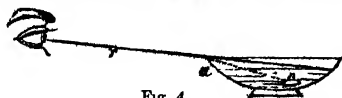


Fig. 4.

(a) put some shining body, such as a coin (*n*), and gradually receding from the basin, remove the eye to such a distance that the coin is no longer visible, being hidden by

the side of the basin. Now let an assistant pour water into the basin, and the coin will re-appear. What does this re-appearance prove? It proves that the original ray of light, represented by *r*, and which passed in one straight line so long as it had only to traverse atmospheric air, became bent from that course when it had to pass through water subsequently poured into the basin. It will be observed, therefore, that the bending takes place just at the point of contact between the water and the air.

Judging from the result of the preceding experiment, it would appear that the portion of a ray darting through air never bends whilst remaining in air, and the portion of a ray darting through water, never bends whilst in the water. As regards the latter, the statement may be considered to be true; as regards the former, it is not true, which, we may observe, is for a reason we will presently render plain. Air, although we cannot see it, is possessed of weight. If a flask of glass, capable of holding 100 cubical inches, be weighed, and its weight noted—if then it have all its air pumped out by means of the air-pump, and it be weighed again, it will be ascertained now to weigh less than it did originally: 1000 cubic inches of dry air weigh about 310 grains. From what is said, it follows that the air lying next the earth must be pressed upon by all that lying above. This result follows no less naturally than supposing a number of feather beds to be placed one over the other, the lowest should be squeezed into the smallest space. Hence, so far as relates to the passage of light, the very top layer of atmospheric air, which is about 45 miles high, may be regarded as a substance whose binding power upon a ray of light is not similar to the binding power of a layer of atmosphere lying nearest the earth. Of course, there are no such absolute atmospheric layers as we have been describing; the change from the compressed atmosphere lying next to the earth's surface, and the rarified atmosphere higher up, is altogether gradual. Nevertheless, we will assume the existence of such layers for the purpose of simplifying the explanation of what takes place. But want of space warns us to close at present. In our next number we shall conclude the subject.

THE FIRST TELESCOPE.

THE year 1609 is for ever memorable from Galileo's discovery of the telescope. Being at Venice, his house was thronged with visitors who came to satisfy themselves of the truth of the wonderful stories they had heard respecting the new instrument. Now that the telescopic appearance of the heavens is so familiarly known, it is hardly possible for us to conceive the intense interest with which the first glimpse of it must have been obtained. The multiplicity of the brilliant objects calling for examination, the undefined expectation of what might be revealed in them by the powers of an instrument yet untried, and the probability of numerous additions to the list of those bodies which had as yet come under the cognizance of man; these, and the host of kindred emotions which must have been excited on such an occasion, are more readily imagined than described.

The moon was the first object of Galileo's attention; and we cannot fail to recognise the original of Milton's picture, since we know he had the opportunity of painting from life:—

—— the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fiesole,
Or in Valdarno to deasy new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotted globe.

Jupiter formed the next object of examination. No sooner was the telescope pointed to that planet than the existence of the satellites was detected, and their nature soon ascertained. These and other observations were described by Galileo in a tract, which excited an extraordinary sensation the moment it appeared. Many positively denied the possibility of such discoveries. Sizzi argued seriously with Galileo, that the appearance must be fallacious, since it would invalidate the perfection of the number 7, which applies to the planets, as well as throughout all things natural and divine. Moreover these satellites are invisible to the naked eye; therefore they can exercise no influence on the earth; therefore they are useless; therefore they do not exist. The principal professors of philosophy at Padua, pertinaciously refused to look through the telescope. Horky, a German, suggested that the telescope, though accurate for terrestrial objects, was not true

for the sky! Such were a few of the sentiments which obtained, in opposition to the facts brought to light by the invention of this noble instrument.

Nevertheless, its fame was universally increasing. The Grand Duke begged to have the original telescope deposited in the Museum at Florence; to which Galileo willingly consented. An old instrument was shown there not many years ago, said to be the same; but some sceptics have called in question its genuineness.

* TRIFLES.

Jack his own merit sees: this gives him pride,
For he sees more than all the world beside.

Joe hates a hypocrite, which plainly shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

THE STANDARD OF JUDGMENT.—Judge a man by his actions; a poet by his eye; an idler by his fingers; a lawyer by his leer; a player by his strut; a boxer by his sinews, an Irishman by his swagger; an Englishman by his rotundity; a Scotchman by his shrug; a justice by his frown; a great man by his modesty; an editor by his coat; a tailor by his agility; a fiddler by his elbow; and a woman by her neatness.

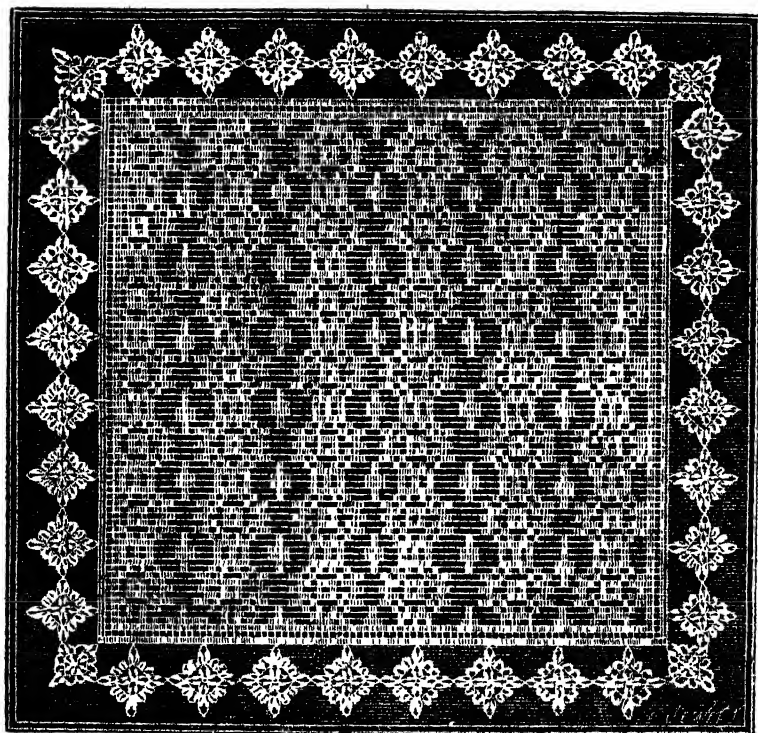
WHAT'S IN A NAME?—"A goose, too, so far from being a foolish bird, is a very wise one. A flock of geese saved Rome once." "I shouldn't wonder," said Master Van, "for a flock of wild ones saved La Haive Island once. They got overloaded with sleet and wet snow, and lighted on the clearin' one spring, and was caught there, and actilly saved the folks from starvation."

Well," says I, "out of gratitude to these birds, the Italians created a college for 'em at Rome, and called it the 'Proper Gander' College."—*Sam Slick's Wise Sayings.*

A NEW COMPANY.—"My son," said a doting father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be style of the new firm?"

Well, governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking up to find an answer, "I don't know; but suppose we have it John H. Samplin and Father." The old gentleman was struck by the originality of the idea, but could not adopt it.

KIDNAP FOR THE POST OFFICE.—The following is an exact copy of the direction of a letter mailed a few years ago by a German living in Lancaster county—Pa: "Tis is fur old Mr. Willy what brinds de Baber in Lang Kaster, ware ti gal is glitrede him assume as it comes to ti Pashutonen." Meaning—"This is for old Mr. Willy, what prints the paper in Lancaster, where the jail is. Just read him as soon as it comes to the Post-office." Inclosed was an essay against public schools.—*From "Notes and Queries."*



CROCHET ANTIMACASSAR.

THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

CROCHET ANTIMACASSAR.

Materials.—6 reels Messrs. W. Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 8, and 4 ditto No. 10. (This quantity will make an oblong antimacassar).

MAKE a chain of 256 stitches with No. 8 cotton. Do one row of Dc.

1st pattern row.—+ 7 Dc, 8 Ch, miss 8, 4 Dc, 2 Ch, miss 2, 4 Dc, 2 Ch, miss 2, 4 Dc, 8 Ch, miss 8, 3 Dc, + repeat to the end. At the last, there will not be a perfect pattern.

2nd Row.—+ 4 Dc, 11 Ch, miss 11, 16 Dc, 11 Ch, miss 11, + repeat to the end.

3rd Row.—+ 4 Dc, 8 Ch, miss 8, + 4 Dc, 2 Ch, miss 2, + 3 times, 4 Dc, 8 Ch, miss 8, + repeat to the end.

4th Row.—4 Dc, 2 Ch, miss 2, + 7 Dc, 2 Ch, miss 2, 4 Dc, 8 Ch, miss 8, 4 Dc, 2 Ch, miss 2, 7 Dc, 8 Ch, miss 8, + repeat to end of the row, which must correspond with the beginning.

5th Row.—4 Dc, 5 Ch, miss 5, + 7 Dc, 2 Ch, miss 2, 10 Dc, 2 Ch, miss 2, 7 Dc, 14 Ch, miss 14, + to the end; make the ends of the row to correspond.

6th Row (centre row of pattern).—4 Dc, 2 Ch, miss 2, + 7 Dc, 5 Ch, miss 5, 4 Dc, 2 Ch, miss 2, 4 Dc, 5 Ch, miss 5, 7 Dc, 8 Ch, miss 8, + repeat to the end.

Now work backwards from the *5th Row* to the *1st Row* (inclusive). Then begin again with the *1st Row*. Each pattern requires 11 rows.

When sufficient is done, work a row of *Do* to correspond with the first row. Then, entirely round the antimacassar, a row of open square crochet, doing 2 in one at the corners, with 5 *Ch* between.

2nd Round.—3 *Do* under every chain, except at the corners, when do, 9 *Do* under the chain of 5.

Borders.—Use No. 10 cotton. Make a chain of 10, close it into a round, + 3 *Sc* under *Ch*, 5 *Ch*, + 4 times in the round. *Sc* on *2nd* of 3 *Sc*, + 5 *Do* under the chain of 5, 5 *Ch*, 5 more *Do* under the chain of 5, 1 *Sc* on *2nd* of 3 *Sc*, + all round. Then slip stitch on the 1st *Sc*, and 4 *Do*, to bring the thread to the chain, + *Sc* under chain, + 5 *Ch*, *Sc* under same, 7 *Ch*, *Sc* under same, 5 *Ch*, *Sc* under the same, 8 *Ch*, *Sc* under the next chain + all round, that is four times.

Last Round.—* 4 *Do* under *Ch*, 3 *Ch*, 4 *Do* under same, 6 *Do* under *Ch* of 7, 3 *Ch*, 6 *Do* under the same, 4 *Do* under next chain, 3 *Ch*, 4 *Do* under same, *Sc* under the chain of 8* 4 times. Finish with slip stitch. In doing this round attach the star to the antimacassar, by the chain between the 6 *Do*, and the next 6 *Do*. And in the *2nd* and all the following stars, fasten it also to the previous one. They are placed at such distances from each other as just to touch. Of course one is placed at each extreme point of the antimacassar.

PRINCESS-ROYAL PURSE.

Materials.—A fligree gold chain, a skein of Emerald green silk (French), a little scarlet, black, violet, and white duto, 8 skeins of gold thread, green cord for strings, to match the green silk, and green and gold slides.

Begin on a chain of eight, close it into a round, and work a *Do* stitch on every stitch, with a chain between every two. In the next round *Do* under a chain, + 1 *Ch*, 1 *Do* under same, 1 *Ch*, 1 *Do* under the next chain, + all round. In the following round, *Do* under every chain, with 1 chain after 1 *Do*, and 2 chain after the next, alternately all round. In this way increase gradually, until in the ninth round there are 132 stitches altogether. *Do* four rounds of *Sc*, and then begin the pattern.

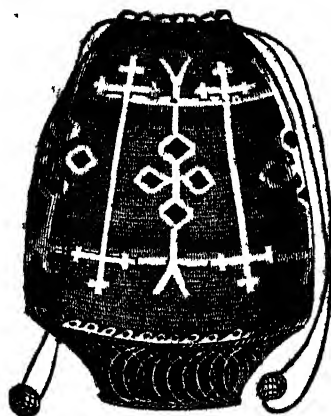
The design is repeated 6 times in every round.

1st pattern Round.—+ 4 gold, 5 green, 2 gold, 4 green, 2 gold, 5 green, + 6 times.

2nd Round.—+ 4 gold (over 4), 6 green, 2 gold, 2 green, 2 gold, 6 green, +.

3rd Round.—+ 1 green 2 gold, 8 green, 1 gold, 2 green, 1 gold, 7 green, +.

4th Round.—+ 1 green, 2 gold, 3 green, 3 gold, 3 green, 4 gold, 3 green, 3 gold, 1 green, +.



PRINCESS-ROYAL PURSE.

5th Round.—+ 8 gold, 4 green, 2 gold, 4 green, 4 gold, +.

6th Round.—Gold over gold, and green over green, of last round. One more gold. Fasten off green.

7th Round.—White and gold, +, 2 gold, 2 white, 3 gold, 4 white, 2 gold, 4 white, 3 gold, 2 white, +.

8th Round.—Same colours, +, 2 gold, 9 white, 2 gold, 9 white, +. Fasten off white.

9th Round.—Scarlet and gold. Gold over gold, scarlet over white, of last round.

10th Round like *9th*.—Fasten off scarlet.

11th Round.—Black and gold, +, 2 gold, 8 black, 4 gold, 8 black, +.

12th Round (Same colours, with violet).—+ 2 gold, 7 black, 2 gold, 2 violet, 2 gold, 7 black, +. Fasten off black, and join on the green.

13th and 14th Rounds like 12th, but with green instead of black.

15th Round.—2 gold, 8 green, 4 gold, 8 green, +.

16th Round.—2 gold, 5 green, 2 gold, 2 green, 2 gold, 2 green, 5 green, +.

17th Round.—+ 2 gold, 4 green, 4 gold, 1 green, 2 gold, 1 green, 4 gold, 4 green, +.

18th Round.—+ 2 gold, 2 green, 3 gold, 2 violet, 6 gold, 2 violet, 3 gold, 2 green, +.

This round being the last of one-half of the pattern, the remainder is to be done from the description already written, working backwards from the 18th to the 1st, inclusive of both. Then do three rounds of Sc, with the green silk only, and follow it by two rounds of open square crochet, in the same colour. Both these rounds must have only one chain between every two Dc.

Gold lace, + 8 Dc under one chain, 1 Ch, miss 2 Dc and the one chain between them, 1 Sc under the next chain, 1 Ch, miss the same, + repeat all round. Fasten on the chalice, at the first round of Sc. Run the cord in the open crochet rounds at the top, and connect the joinings of the cord with the gold slides.

INSTRUCTIONS IN ORNAMENTAL RICE SHELL-WORK.

[THIRD AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.]

We have hitherto only described those Rice-shell ornaments which are adapted for wear, it is time we proceed to describe some of those ornamental articles for the drawing-room which can be manufactured, and which from their delicacy, lightness, and rarity are admirably adapted for presents.

Baskets of various kinds and forms may be made, either of the shells only, or of shells and card-board. Perforated card-board is the best when that material is used, as it saves trouble, and forms the pattern more evenly.

If we would make a card-basket or tray, for the reception of visitors' cards, the requisite number of pieces to form the article must be shaped out from the coloured perforated card-board, and the pattern or arabesque which is to be worked on it with the shells, pencilled. Coloured card-board should be used, because that throws up the pure white of the shells. Having joined the

different pieces together which form the basket, by sewing them with fine chenil, or silk twist, we take about half a yard of the finest silver wire and attach it to the basket at the place we purpose commencing the pattern, and bring it through one of the holes or perforations just there. We then thread a shell on it, and pass the wire through another hole so situated, as when the wire is drawn tight, to cause the shell to lie in that direction which will make it fall into its right position in the pattern. The wire must then be returned to the right side again, and another shell threaded on it, and the same manoeuvre gone through; or, if it be intended to work a shell pattern inside and outside the basket, a second shell must be threaded on the wire before it is returned to the right side, and that adjusted into its place by a similar proceeding to the one just described. It is however difficult to manage the two patterns at once; one is sure to mar the other to a greater or less extent; therefore it will always be best either to make the basket very open and tray-shaped, and to work the pattern on the inside, which will then be the only one much seen; or else to make it rather close and upright so as to show chiefly the outside, and to work the pattern there.

Baskets may be made of un-perforated card-board by gumming the pattern with a very thick solution of gum-dragon, and then sticking the shells on in their proper places.

In all kinds of baskets made with rice-shells, the back of the shell is to form the surface, and the opening to be turned inwards.

The basket, of which we have given a cut, is composed of shells, and the coarsest of the three sizes of silver wire. It is made in lattice-work, or squares, and requires some art to mould, or shape it into form.

We commence at the bottom and with the central square. A length of wire, measuring twelve or fourteen inches, must be taken, and the small shells used. Thread four shells on the wire, arranging them so that the point of the first meets the point of the second, and the end of the second meets the end of the third; while the point of the third meets the point of the fourth. Push them along the wire to within about an inch of the end, then bend them into a square, and twist the short end of the wire



BASKET IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

firmly and neatly with the other, and cut off the superfluous bit. Now thread three shells on the wire, so arranged that the end of the first and the point of the third shall meet the corresponding end and point of that shell of the square already formed, which, when these three are bent into their positions, will constitute the fourth side of this second square. Loop the wire through the corner of the foundation square, and we have the second completed.

A certain firmness, divested however of tightness, is requisite in performing these manipulations; for if the shells are jammed too closely together, the work will have an uneven, stiff appearance, whereas if they are left too loose the fabric will never set in form, and will look slovenly. The drawing the wire through the corners of the preceding squares, in order to complete the one which is being worked, too, is a nice operation,

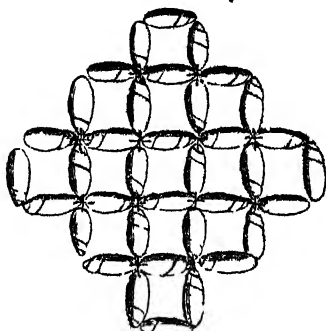
which must be gently done, or we may crack the work; and securely and neatly managed, or the squares will not be firm and compact.

Three shells are now again to be symmetrically threaded, and formed into a square, and fastened down to the central one. Two other squares are then to be formed in like manner, and we now have five, or one on each of the four sides of the foundation square. All the sixteen shells used for this should be small, and as nearly as possible of a size.

The wire is now passed up through the inside of the shell nearest to it, and it will be found that the next round of squares will be formed, first, by threading two shells, and bending them into position, and fastening them down at the corner, over the place where the preceding round has left us two sides of a square, and then by threading

three shells, and bringing them into shape, where we have only one side ready for us. The two shells, and the three shells, used alternately, will produce another round, consisting of eight squares. Care must be taken to use shells of equal size for a round, although in each fresh round the size of the shells should be in a slight degree increased. The backs of the shells must all lie one way, and the openings the other; the latter constitutes the inside of the basket, as they do not look so uniform and handsome.

The following engraving will give an idea



of the appearance of the fabric in an early stage.

When it is necessary to take a fresh length of wire it must be joined on close to the corner of a completed square, by twisting it firmly and neatly with the end of the length just used up, and cutting up the superfluous point.

The third round is formed as the second, by using alternately the two and the three shells as required to complete the squares.

The number of rounds which are to be worked for the bottom depends entirely upon the size which we design to make the basket. In general, these three, or at any rate, four rounds, will be sufficient to make a very pretty sized one.

The next round is to be worked exactly in the same way and with exactly the same sized shells as the last one of the bottom, and after it is worked it is to be turned up, like a rim, all round. This commences the basket itself.

These rounds are now to be added with the small shells, and shaped into form; and then the middle-sized shells, in rounds of gradually increasing size, are to be used for about six rounds; and then the large shells in gradually increasing size, are to be brought in use and continued until the basket is finished.

It will soon be perceived, while working, that it will occasionally be necessary to miss a square, or to add one or more here and there, in order to preserve the raised, and opened, and rounded form requisite for the oval of a basket. The symmetrical arrangement of the points and ends must be carefully attended to, or else the star-like combinations, which add so materially to the appearance of the fabric, will be marred or lost.

A pair of tweezers, or very small nippers, may be used for twisting the wire when fastening on a fresh length, as the fingers will thus be saved, and additional firmness obtained.

Having raised the basket-work to the required height, which, when the bottom consists of four rounds, should be about six inches, a piece of round silk wire, either white or coloured, and exactly the size, but not larger than the circle of the top of the basket, must be taken, and firmly attached to the edge of the basket with middle-sized wire; this is to give shape and firmness to the work, and to this another piece of wire is attached, to form the handle.

The basket must now be trimmed, and for this purpose we make two light and graceful wreaths, one long enough to go round the top of the basket, and the other as long as the handle. The single flower, the bud, the spiral group, and leaves of seven or nine shells each, are what will be required for an ordinary sized basket. When the wreath is made in simple Rice-Shell-Work, the stems must be twisted, and the wreath bound together with fine silver wire, and attached to the handle and to the circular wire with the same; the silk wire used must be white.

If, however, the wreath is to be made in the "composite" style, light flower-seeds or small glass beads may be introduced into the centre of the flowers, and the stems may be wound, and the wreaths put together with floss silk, and then they are to be attached to the handle and circular wire with fine chenil. The following combinations

are pretty and effective: beads or seeds of pink, or yellow, or coral, or blue, and the stems of the flowers and buds wound with silk to match, the stems of the leaves wound with green, and the wreaths attached in their places with green chenil. There should not be more than two colours, the green and one other, used at a time, and these should be delicate shades; for the shells have so pure and light an appearance, that anything in the least degree showy or gaudy, spoils the effect of the whole.

Pendant from below each end of the handle, should be a grape-like bunch of shells, not set on so closely together as in the wheat-car, or so far apart as in a leaf, and reaching about half way down the basket.

When completed, the article should be placed under a glass case to preserve it from dust and injury, and a few wax or artificial flowers may be tastefully arranged in it with advantage.

A square basket, or a long, straight-sided one, or one in almost any given shape, may be made in this lattice-work, by manufacturing each piece separately, and in the required shape, and then lacing them together with silver wire, chenil, or twist. There is, however, no trimming more graceful, or better adapted for them than the wreath.

If thought fit, the wreath, however, need only be put round the top of the basket, and the handle made of a succession of squares of the kind we have described.

Light wreaths, either of "simple" or "composite" Rice-Shell Work may, with very pretty effect be entwined around alabaster vases or baskets.

For wedding cakes, rice-shell wreaths and bouquets, with silver bullion in the flowers, are both tasteful and appropriate.

Intermingled with groups of the wax, or artificial, or feather, or paper flowers, the shell-leaves and double and daisy flowers look very pretty.

As the shells never wear out, when any ornament is crushed, or soiled, or tarnished, it can be cut up, the wires picked out, and the shells, when washed and dried, will be ready to be used again and again.

But we are sure that we have suggested quite enough to our readers to enable them to devise for themselves many other pretty

and fanciful uses for this work; and we feel convinced, that when once they have overcome the first difficulties of learning it, they will find pleasure in seeing the graceful articles that will, as it were, develop themselves under their busy fingers.

And so we now take our leave of this subject for the present, commending it to the favourable attention of those who may have taken the trouble to peruse what we have written.

DIAL INSCRIPTIONS.

MR. CUTHBERT BENE, in "Notes and Queries," gives the following inscriptions from dials, collected by himself in various parts of the kingdom:—

In the churchyard of Areley-Kings, Worcestershire, is a curious dial, the pillar supporting which has its four sides carved with figures of Time and Death, &c., and the following inscriptions.

On the south side, where is the figure of Time:

"Aspice—ut aspicias."

"Time's glass and scythe
Thy life and death declare,
Spend well thy time, and
For thy end prepare."

"O man, now or never;
While there is time, turn unto the Lord,
And put not off from day to day."

Consider

On the north side, where is the figure of Death standing upon a dead body, with his dart, hour-glass, and spade:

"Three things there be in very deepe,
Which make my heart in grief to bleede.
The first doth vex my very heart,
In that from hence I must depart;
The second grieves me now and then,
That I must die, but know not when;
The third with tears bedew my face,
That I must die, not know the place."

I. W.
feet, Anno Dom.
1687."

"Behold my killing dart and delving spade;
Prepare for death before thy grave be made;
for

After death there's no hope."

"If a man die he shall live again.
All the days of my appointed time
Will I wait till my days come."—Job xiv. 14.

"The death of saints is precious,
And miserable is the death of sinners."

"Whatsoever ye would that men
Should do unto you,
Do ye even so unto them."

We subjoin a few other dial inscriptions, copied from churches in Worcestershire.

Kidderminster (parish church) :

"None but a villain will deface me."

Himbleton (over the porch) :

"Via Vitæ."

Bromsgrove :

"We shall —" (i. e. we shall die-all).

ELEMENTARY LESSONS ON CHESS.

BY HERR HARRWITZ.

[FOURTH ARTICLE.]

THE LAWS OF CHESS.

1. The Chess-board must be so placed that either player has a white corner-square on his right hand. If such has not been observed, it may be corrected provided four moves have not been played on each side.

2. If a piece or pawn has been misplaced, the mistake may be rectified before four moves have been played on each side, but not afterwards.

3. A player having omitted to put up any of his men, may correct the error before the completion of the fourth move, but not afterwards.

4. If a player, giving the odds of a piece or pawn, forget to remove it from the board, his opponent has the option of proceeding with the game or recommencing it.

5. The first move is taken alternately, lots being drawn to determine the first move in the first game. On a game being drawn the party having had the first move in it moves first in the next game.

6. The player giving odds has the right of moving first in every game, unless otherwise agreed. When a pawn is given, it is always understood to be the King's Bishop's Pawn.

7. If a player touches a piece or pawn he must play it, unless, while touching it, he says "J'adoube," or words to that effect.

8. As long as the player has not quitted the piece or pawn he has touched, he may play it to any square except where he took it from; but, having released it, he may not recall the move.

9. Should a player touch one of his adversary's men, without saying "J'adoube," or words to that effect, his adversary may compel him to take it, if it can legally be

taken, or, if not, compel him to play his King; but if the King happens to be so situated that he cannot legally move, no penalty is inflicted.

10. If a player moves one of his adversary's men, the latter may inflict one or the other of the following three penalties: 1st, let him abide by it as if the move were correct; 2nd, make him take it, if it is *en prise*; 3rd, replace the piece or pawn and compel him to move his King.

11. If a player takes one of his opponent's men with one of his own that cannot take it without making a false move, his adversary can compel him to take it with any piece or pawn, if it is *en prise*, or compel him to move his own man which he has touched.

12. If a player takes one of his own men with another of his own, his opponent can compel him to move either

13. If a player makes a false move, by playing a piece or pawn in an illegal manner, his opponent may compel him—1st, to let the move stand good; 2nd, to move the touched piece or pawn correctly; 3rd, to replace the touched man and move his King.

14. If a player plays out of his turn, his adversary may let the moves remain or compel him to retract the second.

15. When a pawn is moved two squares, and an adverse pawn could have taken it, had it been moved one square only, it may be taken *en passant* by the adverse pawn. A piece cannot take *en passant*.

16. A player cannot castle in the following cases:—

1. If the King or Rook have been removed.

2. If the King is in check

3. If there is any piece between King and Rook.

4. If the King has to pass over a square attacked by one of the adversary's pieces or pawns.

A player castling in violation of these laws, his opponent may either compel him to move the King or the Rook, or let the move remain.

17. If a player move a piece or pawn, thereby placing his King into check, he must replace the piece or pawn and move his King, but if the King cannot be legally moved, no penalty can be inflicted.

18. If a player attacks the adverse King

without saying "check," his opponent is not obliged to attend to it; but if on his next move he says "check," each player must retract his last move, and the player whose King is in check must remove it.

19. If the King has been in check for several moves, and the moves subsequent to the check cannot be ascertained, the player whose King is in check must retract his last move and obviate the check.

20. If a player says "check," without giving it, and his opponent moves his King or any piece or pawn in consequence, he may retract such move; but if the former player has made a move since, the game must proceed.

21. A pawn reaching the eighth square must be at once exchanged for any piece the player may think fit. He may make one or more Queens, three or more Rooks, Knights, &c.

22. If, at the end of a game, a player has power enough to checkmate his opponent, but does not know how to do it, his adversary may give notice that if checkmate be not effected in fifty moves, from the time he gives the notice, the game will be drawn.

23. A player, undertaking to checkmate with any particular piece or pawn, or on a particular square, is not restricted to any number of moves.

24. A stalemate is a drawn game.

25. If a player makes a false move, his opponent must notice it before touching any of his men, or he forfeits the right of inflicting any penalty.

26. If any dispute should arise on any case not provided for by the laws, or regarding the interpretation or applicability of any law, the players must refer the point to some disinterested by-stander, or submit it to some good authority, whose decision must be considered conclusive.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR INDITING LETTERS ON BUSINESS.

A merchant's or tradesman's letter should be plain, concise, and to the purpose; free from stiff or studied expressions, always pertinent, and written in such words or

terms as carry with them a distinct meaning; so that the person to whom it is sent cannot have the least hesitation or doubt about the signification of any word or part of it, or mistake any order in the letter.

All orders, commissions, and material circumstances of trade, must be plainly and particularly mentioned, and nothing should be presumed as being understood or implied, or expressed in obscure and ambiguous terms.

Be as punctual as possible in answering all letters you receive that require answering; and notice each article and circumstance distinctly and separately in your reply.

The style used for mercantile letters, as well as for those written on all ordinary occasions, should be neat, significant, and as concise as the nature of the subject will admit, like that of conversation; that is, write to your correspondent as you would talk to him, and without any formal or uncommon phrase.

Be frank and affable without impertinence; and always express yourself in a complaisant and obliging manner, without bombast or flattery.

Keep a copy of all your letters, in a letter-book, as you may want to refer to them on future occasions; and place the name and date upon the back of those letters which you receive from your correspondents, and preserve them carefully: as they may be of great use, in case of any misconception or dispute.

If any difference or misunderstanding should take place, on affairs of business, state your opinion clearly and freely on the subject, but never have recourse to acrimonious expressions, as they tend only to inflame the passions, and prevent an adjustment.

If you and your correspondent cannot settle the affair between yourselves, you had better be the first to propose an arbitration; for disputes are generally terminated with more equity, and certainly in a shorter time, and at much less expense, by this method than by "the glorious uncertainty of the law."

THE MOTHER'S HAND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A wand'ring orphan child was I—
 But meanly, at the best, attired;
 For oh, my mother scarce could buy
 The common food each week required;
 But when the anxious day had fled,
 It seem'd to be her dearest joy,
 To press her pale hand on my head,
 And pray that God would guide her boy.

But more, each winter, more and more
 Stern suffering brought her to decay;
 And then an Angel pass'd her door,
 And bore her lingering soul away!
 And I—they know not what is grief,
 Who ne'er knelt by a dying bed;
 All other woe on earth is brief,
 Save that which weeps a mother dead.

A seaman's life was soon my lot,
 'Mid reckless deeds—and desperate men!
 But still I never quite forgot
 The prayer I ne'er should hear again:
 And oft, when half induced to tread
 Such paths as unto sin decoy,
Fee felt her fond hand press my head
 And that soft touch hath saved her boy!

Though hard their mockery to receive,
 Who ne'er themselves 'gainst sin had striven:
 Her, who on earth I dared not grieve,
 I could not—would not grieve in heaven;
 And thus from many an action dread,
 Too dark for human eyes to see;
 The same fond hand upon my head
That bless'd the boy—hath saved the man!

POETICAL HAPPINESS.

THERE is a fountain to whose flowery side
 Fly divers ways the children of the earth
 Run day and night athirst, to measure forth
 Its living waters; Health and Wealth and Pride,
 Power, clad in arms, and Wisdom, Argus-eyed;
 But one, apart from all, is seen to stand
 And take up in the hollow of his hand
 What to their golden vessels is denied,
 Baffling their utmost reach; He, born and nursed
 In the glad sound and freshness of the place,
 Drinks momentarily its dews and feels no thirst,
 While, from his bowered grot or sunny place
 He sorrows for that troop as it returns
 Through the waste wilderness with empty urns.

EARTH AND AIR.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How bountiful, how wonderful
 Thou art, sweet Air!
 And yet, albeit thine odours lie
 On every gust that mocks the eye,
 We pass thy gentle blessings by
 Without a care!

How bountiful, how wonderful

Thou art, sweet Earth!
 Thy seasons changing with the sun—
 Thy beauty out of darkness won!
 And yet, whose tongue (when all is done)
 Will tell thy worth?

The poet's!—He alone doth still
 Uphold *all* worth!

Then love the poet!—love his themes,
 His thoughts, half hid in golden dreams,
 Which makes thrice fair the songs and streams
 Of Air and Earth.

LIFE

We are born; we laugh; we weep;

We love; we droop; we die!

Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?

Why do we live, or die?

Who knows that secret deep?

Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring

Unseen by human eye?

Why do the radiant seasons bring

Sweet thoughts that quickly fly!

Why do our fond hearts cling

To things that die!

We toil—through pain and wrong:

We fight—and fly;

We love; we lose; and then, ere long,

Stone-dead we lie.

O life! is *all* thy song

"Endure and—die?"

THE WINTER FIRE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

A FIRE is a good companionable friend,
 A comfortable friend, who meets your face
 With welcome glad, and makes the poorest shed
 As pleasant as a palace! Are you cold?
 He warms you—wears? he refreshes you—
 Hungry? he doth prepare your food for you—
 Are you in darkness?—He gives light to you—
 In a strange land? he wears a face that is
 Familiar from your childhood. Are you poor?
 What matters it to him? He knows no difference
 Between an emperor and the poorest beggar!
 Where is the friend, that bears the name of man,
 Will do as much for you?

A CHILD.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

O THOU bright thing, fresh from the hand of God
 The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
 By the unceasing music of thy being!
 Nearer I grieve to God when looking on thee.
 'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,
 His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.
 Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
 Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,
 Whence all things flow! O bright and singing babe
 What wilt thou be hereafter?

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A Hint for Housekeepers.—A few drops of carbonate of ammonia, in a small quantity of warm rain water, will prove a safe and easy antacid, &c., and will change, if carefully applied, discoloured spots upon carpets, and indeed all spots, whether produced by acids or alkalis. If one has the misfortune to have a carpet injured by whitewash, this will immediately restore it.

To make Plaster of Paris Figures look like Alabaster.—Dip the figures in a pail, containing a strong solution of alum and water.

To Clean Candlesticks, Snuffers, &c.—Silver, plated, and japanned candlesticks, snuffers and snuffer-stands, should be cleaned by first removing the drops of wax or tallow that may have fallen on them by washing in boiling hot water, afterwards wiping them quite dry and clean with a piece of soft wash-leather. If made of silver, or copper-plated, they may be finished off with a little plate powder. On no account place them before the fire to melt the grease off, as much heat will melt off the solder or Japan, or injure the face of the plate. In placing the candles in the sockets fit them in tightly, either by means of a strip of paper wound round them, or by the ordinary candle-springs; they will thus be prevented from falling about and spilling the melted portion of the tallow or other materials of which they may be composed.

To Varnish Cardwork.—Before varnishing card-work, it must receive two or three coats of size to prevent the absorption of the varnish, and any injury to the design. The size may be made by dissolving a little isinglass in hot water, or by boiling some parchment cuttings until dissolved. In either case the solution must be strained through a piece of clean muslin, and for very nice purposes, should be clarified with a little white of egg. A small clean brush, called by painters a sash-tool, is the best for applying the size, as well as the varnish. A light delicate touch must be adopted, especially for the first coat, lest the ink or colours be started, or smothered.

Chimnies on Fire may be readily extinguished in several ways, without having recourse to throwing water down them from the top, by which much damage is frequently done to the furniture in the rooms. One of the simplest methods is, to scatter a handful of flowers of sulphur over the duller part of the burning coals, the mephitic vapours arising from which will not support combustion, and consequently extinguish the flames. Another method is to shut the doors and windows, and to stop up the bottom of the chimney with a piece of wet carpet or blanket, throwing a little water or flowers of sulphur, or salt, on the fire immediately before doing so. By

this means the draught is stopped, and the burning soot must be extinguished for want of air. If the chimney be stopped at top, instead of the bottom, the whole of the smoke must, of course, be driven into the apartment. If every fireplace were provided with a damper, or shutter of sheet-iron or tin plate, sufficiently large to choke it thoroughly, fires in chimnies would become of little consequence, as it would only be necessary to apply this damper to put them out.

Tracing Paper.—Lay open a quire of paper, of large size, and apply with a clean sash tool a coat of varnish, made of equal parts of Canada balsam and oil of turpentine, to the upper surface of the first sheet, then hang it on a line, and repeat the operation on fresh sheets until the proper quantity is finished. If not sufficiently transparent, a second coat of varnish may be applied as soon as the first has become quite dry. 2. Rub the paper with a mixture of equal parts of nut oil and oil of turpentine, and dry it immediately by rubbing it with wheat flour, then hang it on a line for twenty-four hours. Both the above are used to copy drawings, writing, &c. If washed over with ox-gall and dried, they may be written on with ink or water-colours. The paper prepared from the refuse of the flax mill, and of which bank-notes are made, is also called tracing paper, and sometimes vegetable paper.

Poison.—When you have reason to suppose that you have accidentally swallowed a poisonous substance, and proper medical advice is not at hand, take an emetic. This may be done almost instantaneously by swallowing a cupful of warm water mixed with a teaspoonful of mustard. If you have not dry mustard in the house, you are almost sure to have a mustard-pot, and a quantity from that put into the water will very quickly empty the stomach. As mustard may thus prove of so much use, it should never be wanting in any house; but even should there be no mustard at hand, warm water by itself forms a tolerably efficacious emetic.

Impressions from Coins.—A very easy and elegant way of taking the impressions of medals and coins, not generally known, is as follows: Melt a little isinglass glue with brandy, and pour it thinly over the medal, so as to cover its whole surface; let it remain on for a day or two, till it has thoroughly dried and hardened, and then take it off, when it will be fine, clear, and as hard as a piece of Muscovy glass, and will have a very elegant impression of the coin. It will also resist the effects of damp air, which occasions all other kinds of glue to soften and bend if not prepared in this way. If the wrong side of the isinglass be breathed on, and gold-leaf applied, it will adhere, and be seen on the other side, producing a very pleasing effect. Isinglass glue, made with water alone, will do nearly as well as if brandy be used.

GEOGRAPHICAL PARADOXES.

1.

There are divers places on the continent of Africa, and the islands of Sumatra and Borneo, where a certain kind of sun-dial being duly fixed, the gnomon will cast no shadow at certain periods during the year; and yet the exact time of the day may be known thereby.

2.

There is a certain island in the vast Atlantic Ocean, which being descried by a ship at sea, and bearing due east off the said ship, at twelve leagues' distance by estimation, the true course for touching upon the said island is to steer six leagues due east, and as many due west.

3.

There are divers remarkable places upon the terraqueous globe, the sensible horizon of which is commonly fair and serene; and yet, it is impossible to distinguish properly in it any of the intermediate points of the compass, or even so much as two of the four cardinals themselves.

4.

There is a certain island in the Baltic Sea, to the inhabitants of which the sun is visible in the morning before he rises, and in the evening after he sets.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1.

If you view me aright I am beauteous and just;
Take a letter away, and without me you're dust.

2.

If you transpose a term for low,
What horses have 'twill plainly show:
Transpose these letters yet once more,
What's said in churches you'll explore.

3.

What skins of oranges are call'd,
If you transpose, will show
The pow'r that seems most like to death
Of any that we know.

4.

Direct, or reverse, you may read me, ye fair,
The one way a number, the other a snare.

5.

If you my letters place aright,
They'll tell the present hour;
Change them, 'twill show the fate of Troy,
When Greece was in full pow'r.
Transpose them once again, they'll bring
to view
What, when we're wrong, it would be right
to do.

RIDDLES.

1.

Leap over my first into my second, and you
will see what grows there.

2.

To take my first Dissenters dislike; my second
ends your destiny; and my whole every one dis-
likes.

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLES.

1.

With one sweep of the compasses, and without
altering the opening, or changing the centre, to
describe an oval.

2.

Whatever angle any two right lines can possi-
bly form that meet with each other, a third line
may nevertheless be drawn in such a manner as
to be perpendicular to them both.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1.

A market-woman bought 120 apples at two a
penny, and 120 more of another sort, at three a
penny, but not liking her bargain, she mixed
them together, and sold them out again at five
for twopence, thinking she should get the same
sum; but on counting her money, she found to
her surprise that she had lost 4d. How did this
happen?

2.

The three Graces, carrying each an equal num-
ber of oranges, were met by the nine Muses, who
asked for some of them; and each Grace having
given to each Muse the same number, it was then
found that they had all equal shares. How many
had the Graces at first?

ANAGRAMS.

NAME OF POETS.

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. O tell it. | 3. The boys. | 5. On Ham. |
| 2. Hew it. | 4. Mad hen. | 6. He ran long. |
| | | Miss A. Fife. |

ENIGMAS.

1.

Yonder lives a shoemaker, who works without
leather,
And, strange! employs all the four elements
together;
Of fire he makes use, of water, earth, and air,
And for every customer makes a double pair.

2.

If you join to five, six, with one-eighth of eighteen.
You will know what in blockheads was never yet
seen.

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME—PAGE 349.

TRANSPPOSITIONS—1. Veil, Vile; Levi, Live. 2.
Lemon, Melon. 3. Fair, air.

CHARADES—1. Book-case. 2. Moon-light. 3.
Night-cap.

ANAGRAMS—1. J-ordan, O-live, S-acrifice,
I-siah, A-xe, H-eaven—Josiah. 2. V-irgil, I-ri-
s-uby, G-rayhound, I-nk, L-ily of the Valley—
Virgil.

OUR FAMILY COUNCIL.

THE many kind wishes we receive from old and new acquaintances, for the prosperity of the FAMILY FRIEND, induce us, in acknowledgment, to state that our little serial, the object of such amiable solicitude, is gallantly and successfully steering itself into popular favour. The social circle to whose recreation we have, for years past administered, has gradually extended itself, until we feel ourselves able to survey our position with pleasant assurance, and we are encouraged to task our energies for the future direction of the work. We are persuaded that the FAMILY FRIEND, linked as it is to all the destinies of home, illustrating the duties and the pleasures of domestic life, only requires publicity to insure a circulation even more extensive than at present, and thus render it more eminently useful, especially to the rising youth of our country, for such is our highest ambition,

"To scatter, wide and free,
The gold—bright seeds of lov'd and loving truth!
By whose perpetual hand each day supplied—
Leaps to new life the heart of youth."

We have been induced to make these observations by the suggestions of several friends, to distribute a few circulars of our magazine among their connexions. We readily and thankfully avail ourselves of the offer, and we take this opportunity of observing that hand-bills of a convenient size, describing the leading characteristics of the FAMILY FRIEND, may be obtained, at any time, on application to the publishers, Messrs. Orr & Co., of Amen Corner.

W. SCORSEBY, who is apparently skilled in ornithology, has forwarded to us the following reason (founded on tradition) why the nest of a magpie is a half-nest. It appears that once on a time, when the world was very young, the magpie, by some accident or another, although she was quite as cunning as she is at present, was the only bird that was unable to build a nest. In this perplexity she applied to the other members of the feathered race, who kindly undertook to instruct her. So, on a day appointed, they assembled for that purpose, and, the materials having been collected, the blackbird said, "Place that stick there," suiting the action to the word, as she commenced the work. "Ah," said the magpie, "I knew that before." The other birds followed with their suggestions, but to every piece of advice, the magpie kept saying, "Ah, I knew that before." At length, when the nest was half

finished, the patience of the company was fairly exhausted by the pertinacious manner of the pye, so they all left her with the united exclamation—"Well, Mistress Mag, as you seem to know all about it, you may e'en finish the nest yourself." This resolution was obdurate and final, and to this day the magpie exhibits the effects of partial instruction by her miserably incomplete abode.

The moral to be derived from this story is no excellent, that we willingly insert it in our pages.

JEANNETTE inquires "whether a note of ceremony should be written in the third person?" Our correspondent (whose handwriting is familiar to us, as a questioner of some years past) is informed, that on ordinary occasions the employment of the third person in addressing an equal in age or rank, is frequent; but it is improper when an inferior in rank writes to a superior. Those to whom the habit of writing in the third person is not familiar, must beware of confounding the personal pronouns. A French anecdote is related of a ludicrous mistake in this particular. Mr. A. addressed Mr. B., who dwelt at some distance from the town in which the former resided, in these terms:—"Mr. A. presents his compliments to his friend Mr. B., and has the satisfaction of informing him, that he has just been appointed, by Government, to the lucrative and honourable post of U (naming the office) in his native town." On receipt of this letter, B. posted with all possible speed to throw himself at the feet of A., and, with the warmest expressions of gratitude, thanked his supposed benefactor. A. was amazed, and earnestly inquired the cause of B.'s raptures. "How!" exclaimed B., "have I not sufficient cause to be grateful? Have you not obtained for me the important post of so and so?" "Not at all, my dear friend," replied A. "It is I who have been appointed to that office; and I wrote to acquaint you of the circumstance, thinking you would be delighted to hear of my good fortune." B. perused the note again, and discovered, that like one of the ancient oracles, it contained two meanings, which were directly opposite to each other.

JAMES C. W. is a dreamer! He confesses to the fact in the following question:—"How, Mr. Editor, can I prevent dreaming?" Simply, Mr. W., by trying to sleep better. The phenomenon arises from imperfect rest, from anxiety during the day, a too generous supper, and other similar causes. The real dreamer—he whose

"Starting trance,
Whose feverish tossings and deep mutter'd
groans,
Do prove the soul shares not the body's rest,"

is usually a person entirely negligent of the plainest rules of Hygiene, and is either devoid of adequate exercise of body or of mind, or quite careless of the common precepts of dietetics. Your true dreamer is also usually superstitious,

and so is our friend W., for he timidly suggests the ominous inquiry, "whether we believe in dreams?" We will answer in the words of Dryden:—

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings;
Light tunes are merry, grosser fumes are sad;
Both on the reasonable soul, run mad;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind,
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths received,
And the man dreams but what the boy
believed."

A more cheerful inquiry comes next; ANNE S. is our correspondent—"when and where did the art of knitting lace originate?" In Saxony, about the year 1561, by a female of the name of Barbara Uttinunn. The art, by degrees, found its way to Brussels; and was thence introduced into France in 1666.

"We have been searching in the *Family Friend*," writes EMILY JANK, "for instructions to model in Rice-paper, but we cannot find them." Probably not, for our budget of information is far from exhausted, and these occasional notices remind us of the numerous social claims upon our pages we have yet to satisfy. The following general directions have been supplied to us for the benefit of our readers. Rice-paper is principally applied to the formation of groups of flowers, either on card-board, or affixed to small vases, baskets, &c., in festoons and clusters. The rice-paper may be procured in various colours, and intermediate tints may be made by colouring the white. Several pieces of rice-paper are laid on each other upon a tablet of lead, and the leaves and component parts of flowers are cut out with small steel punches, which may be procured in every variety of form at the fancy tool warehouses. A sufficient quantity of the different leaves having been thus formed, and placed on separate trays, each leaf is to be held by a delicate pair of tweezers, and its end affixed, with stiff gum-water, to the article requiring ornament. Thus, the heads of roses, and thick clusters of flowers are formed, and fine delicate parts may be drawn in colours afterwards. Water-colour drawings are frequently made on leaves of rice-paper, for scrap-books, screens, &c. The effect of the colours, if properly managed, on this material, is very soft and delicate.

A juvenile philosopher, (to judge from his handwriting), CHARLES SPRAWSON, is desirous of ascertaining the duration of life in the Bee. Grace to the virtues of chloroform, the tiny honey hunters may now enjoy a longer lease of existence. The duration of life, however, is not known with certainty. Virgil and Pliny give seven years as the term, and others extend it to ten; but of five hundred bees which Reaumur marked with red

varnish in the month of April, not one was found living in November. By a succession of generations, however, hives have been preserved upwards of twenty-five years.

An "OBSERVER" wishes to contribute his mite (and we are very thankful for such mites) to the storehouse of information in our family garner. In reply to a "Subscriber," who in page 228 inquired the mode of taking beautiful wax impressions of seals, the "Observer" states that vermilion should be laid on the seal—not the common colour, but Chinese vermilion. A jeweller's soft polishing brush, and a camel's hair brush, of a tolerably large size, will be found necessary for the preparation of the seal and the application of the vermilion. A piece of fine pomatum, about the size of a pin's head is to be rubbed over the whole surface of the polishing brush, and this will suffice for twenty or thirty impressions. When the seal is warmed, the polishing brush is passed across it three or four times; the camel's hair brush is then dipped in the vermilion, and lightly and equally applied to the face of the seal, so as to leave a thin mark of the powder over every part of it. The loose vermilion must then be blown off with the breath, otherwise it will be apt to lodge in the hollows, and prevent the wax from entering the finer lines.

A "MORTUARY" writes to complain of the ill effects of over-crowded evening parties. The letter is too long for insertion, but we cordially agree with the remarks of our correspondent. The foundation of ill health in after life, is frequently laid by inattention in this respect. Numerous cases are related of the ill effects of over-heated apartments. A lively young lady, under the care of Dr. Adair, once gave a party, and insisted that her physician should be present. The room was small, and the company numerous. The heat became excessive, and a young gentleman swooned away. The doors were immediately thrown open to admit fresh air, and the sash lifted up, and both the gentleman who swooned, and the young lady, who were Dr. Adair's patient, were much injured by the sudden exposure to cold air. "On declaring a few days afterwards," adds the Doctor, "to a brother physician, my resolution of writing against this dangerous practice, he archely replied—'Let them alone, my friend; how, otherwise should twenty-six physicians subsist in this place?'"

A. WILCOX inquires what water should be used by the photographer. Common water generally contains muriate of soda, and some sulphates, &c., in solution; and therefore, in making a solution of nitrate of silver, or in diluting a solution, we should avoid using it; for it will of course precipitate the silver in the state of chloride; rain or distilled water must be used in this case; although common water may be used, by allowing the precipitate, which is formed on the addition of the nitrate of silver, to settle.



ARRIVAL OF MOZART IN PRAGUE

MOZART.

CHAPTER I

FIRST VISIT TO PARIS

ONE morning, in the month of November, 1763, a middle-aged man with two children, was seen standing at the door of a small hotel in the Rue St Honore. When the servant in livery opened the door in answer to his knock, he inquired if M Grummin lived there, and presented a letter to be given to him. By his dress, he was evidently a stranger, and as his accent proved, a German. Some minutes passed while the valet went to deliver the letter, he then returned, and ushered the visitors into his master's presence.

M Grummin, the celebrated critic, was reclining in a large arm-chair, close to the fire-place, in a splendid apartment, occu-

pied in reading a new tragedy. He held in his hands the letter he had just received, and glanced over its contents, while the two younger visitors, although uninvited, drew near the fire, and spread out their little hands to feel the warmth.

The letter was from one Frederic Boemmel, a fellow student of M Grummin at the University of Leipzig, and Secretary to the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, less favoured, however, by the gifts of fortune than M Grummin, who, having come to Paris as the preceptor of the Count von Schomberg's sons, had risen to be the oracle of literature and art. The letter was filled with reminiscences of the past life of the two friends, and only at the close did the writer remember the purpose of his mission. This was to introduce M Mozart, the sub-director of the chapel of the Archbishop, who found the small salary he received in-

sufficient for the support of his family, and had determined to travel with his children, and endeavour to earn a maintenance by the exhibition of their astonishing musical talents. They were recommended to the attentions of M. Grimm, whose good word could not fail to excite an interest in their behalf.

"You are M. Mozart, of Salzburg, and these are your children?" asked the critic of the stranger, when he had finished reading the letter.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"And you are comè to Paris to exhibit these young musicians? I fear I cannot promise you the success I could wish, and for which you hope. The French, with all their pretensions to taste in music, commonly judge of it as deaf people would do. They are in love with the screaming of their actors, and fancy the more noise the finer harmony. Your only chance of success here is to pique the public curiosity by proving the remarkably precocious genius of your children; moreover, the people of the court give the tone to the rest of society, and it will be necessary to secure their favour. I may do something for you with those I can influence; I will try what I can do. Let me see you again in a few days."

With this scanty encouragement, the father of Wolfgang Mozart was fain to quit the magnificent dwelling of the correspondent of princes.

Leopold Mozart had some reason, founded on experience, to hope for success in his enterprise. He had been, with his wife and two children, in the principal cities of Germany. At Munich, the first place visited by him, his reception by the Elector was encouraging. At Vienna the children were admitted to play before the Emperor. After their return from this first expedition to Salzburg, the youthful Wolfgang devoted himself, with more ardour than ever, to his musical studies. It was in the month of July, 1763, that this marvellous child, then eight years old, began his journey to Paris, passing through the cities of Augsburg, Mannheim, Frankfort, Coblenz and Brussels, and stopping in all of them to give concerts.

Arrived in Paris, without patrons or friends, and but imperfectly acquainted with the language, the father no longer

felt the confidence he had before. His first care was to find out the residence of M. Grimm, and to deliver his letter. The splendour that surrounded that distinguished person, was astonishing to him; and contrasting it with the simple home of the Archbishop's secretary, he did not wonder at finding himself dismissed with a vague promise of protection.

As the little family walked through the streets, they found everything new and wonderful. The beauty of the buildings, the richness of the equipages, the splendour of the shops, delighted the youthful travellers, accustomed to the quiet and plain exterior of the smaller German cities. Now they stopped to admire some extraordinary display of magnificence in the shops; now to hear the singers, or those who performed on musical instruments in the streets.

"Sister," said the little Wolfgang, after they had listened for some time to a man playing the violin in the court of a hotel, "if they have no better music than this in Paris, I shall wish we had stayed in Vienna."

The father smiled on the infant connoisseurs, and called their attention to different objects as they walked on. They had now reached the Place Louis XV., between the court and garden of the Tuilleries,—where the new equestrian statue of that monarch, executed by Bouchardon, had just been erected. A great crowd was assembled here. Some one had discovered, affixed to the pedestal of the monument, a placard with the words "*Statu Statuas*." Very little was necessary, then as now, to bring together a crowd among the population of Paris. Considerable excitement was evinced in the multitude. It was by no means allayed when the police arrested several, whom, from their wild behaviour, they judged to be disturbers of the public peace.

Leopold, holding his children by the hand, continued to advance, curious to see the cause of the tumult, yet obliged frequently to draw his little ones close to him, to protect them from the rude jostling of the passers by. Suddenly he felt a hand laid in a kindly manner on his arm.

"My friend," said the person who stopped him, "I perceive you are a stranger here. Let me advise you to go no farther; you may be taken up by the police."

"Can you tell me," asked Leopold Mozart, "the cause of all this confusion."

"Not a whit; but I can do better—advise you to get off while you may," returned the other. "It would be a pity those pretty children should spend the night in prison! This way—this way!" And giving a hand to the boy, the friendly speaker assisted the Germans to escape from the throng. When they were in safety, he replied to the father's thanks by a courteous adieu, and departed in another direction from that in which they were going.

Our little party lost no time in hastening to the Hotel des Trois Turcs, Rue St. Martin, where they had fixed their temporary home. It was already past their customary dinner hour. As they took their places at the table, a servant handed a small package to the elder Mozart. It contained tickets of admission to the opera, sent by M. Grimm. It was the second representation in the new Hall of the Tuilleries. The bills promised an entertainment that would be likely to draw a considerable audience.

Here was delight in store for the inexperienced inhabitants of Salzburg! They talked of nothing else. They dined in haste, and scarce gave themselves time afterwards to make the requisite change in their dress; so great was their impatience and fear of losing, by delay, the smallest portion of their expected enjoyment. They were soon on the way to the theatre, where they arrived full two hours before the commencement of the performance.

By good fortune, while they were looking about in search of some amusement to occupy the time, they lighted upon the gentleman who had warned them to escape from the crowd in the Place of Louis XV. He appeared to have plenty of leisure and joined their party. The singular circumstance that the opera should be performed in the Hall of the Tuilleries, excited the curiosity of Leopold Mozart. His new acquaintance gave him in detail an account of the removal, its consequence, &c., which in brief were somewhat as follows:—

A fire broke out in the theatre of the Opera, and was generally supposed to have originated from the negligence of the workmen employed there. The alarm was not given till too late to save the building, and the flames spread to the buildings of

the Palais Royal, the wing of the first court being soon destroyed. No lives were lost, though about two thousand persons were at work in extinguishing the fire. In Paris the people are always disposed to laugh at the most lamentable occurrences, and there was no lack of jokes on this occasion. When the talk was of choosing a location for the new hall, they spoke of the Caroussel, the Louvre, and several other places. An abbé, who was well known to hate French music, observed that the Opera ought to be located opposite the place where bull-fights were held—"because your great noises should be heard without the city."

The Duke of Orleans was anxious that the opera should remain in his neighbourhood. He requested of the King that the building should be reconstructed on the same spot, offering many facilities, as well as promising to provide all the means that could be devised for the future safety of the edifice. Louis consented, and the work was commenced. Meantime the French comedians generously offered to give up their theatre gratuitously three times a week for the performances of the opera. The locality, however, was not convenient, and the managers could not agree to the conditions on which the theatre occupied by the *Comédie-Italienne* was offered. One immense hall in the Tuilleries was suitable for the purpose, and the King gave permission that it should be appropriated for the Opera. At the first concert, on the 29th of April, a great crowd attended. The female singers were Arnould, Lemiére, and Dubois; the chief male performers, Gelin, Larrivé, and Magnet. The wags said the concerts were the ointments for the burning. The singers were loudly applauded, and it was observed that the orchestra was faller, and performed better than that of the opera.

While these and other pieces of information, were given with true French volubility, to M. Mozart, the children listening with great attention, the crowd assembled, and before long began to chafe and murmur because the doors were not yet opened. The appointed hour struck from the great clock of the Tuilleries, and the impatient multitude pressed with violence against the barriers erected. Our Germans were beginning to be alarmed for their own safety, when the doors were thrown open, and

they were borne with the foremost comers into the theatre. They took seats in the pit, the two rows of boxes being occupied by the aristocratic part of the audience.

The admiration of the youthful Mozart was excited by the proportions and splendour of the hall, the luxury of the decorations, and the magnificence of the ladies in the dress circles. Here were the most gorgeous accompaniments to music. He gazed about him wonder-struck till the overture began.

With more than a father's interest, Leopold watched the countenance of his son. How would a mere child, whose musical taste was not an acquirement, but a gift—an inspiration—judge of what he heard? This orchestra was celebrated throughout Europe, solely on the faith of French judgment. Leopold saw the shade of disappointment on the boy's speaking face.

"Father," he whispered, when there was a pause in the music, "they do better than this in our chapel!"

And so in Leopold's estimation they did; but he dared not to set his own opinion against that of the Parisians; he dared not speak with the boldness of his son.

The overture seemed a long punishment to Wolfgang. At last the curtain rose amidst an uproar of applause that for some time prevented the actors from being heard. None of the performers were known to the Mozart family. By good luck, however, their acquaintance of the outside obtained a seat near them, and had something to say about every one.

"That is Sophie Arnould," he remarked of one of them; "she is a delicious actress; there is none more exquisite upon the stage."

"And is she the first singer in the opera?" asked Wolfgang, after having heard her grand air.

"Certainly," replied the complaisant cicerone, "you may see that by the applause she calls forth. She plays better than she sings, I confess; her voice has not power enough for the place; but she makes amends for all that by her spirit in acting—by her gestures, and the expression of her eyes, which I defy you to resist. Our young gentlemen are enchanted with her wit; her conversation furnishes the most piquant sauce to their suppers. O, if in song she only equalled

Mlle. Antier! a great actress who retired from the opera twenty years ago. Mlle. Antier was for a long period the chief ornament of the first theatre in the world. The Queen presented her, on her marriage, with a gold snuff-box, containing the portrait of Her Majesty; M. and Mme. de Toulouse also made her beautiful presents. She had the honour of filling the first parts in the ballets danced before the king. Mlle. Arnould has not obtained the like favours; but it must be owned that the court is less liberal than formerly. Meanwhile, she is the idol of the public, and her reign promises to be of long duration."

The youthful musician could not echo these praises. He shook his head and remained silent.

"Or do you like better Mlle. Chevalier, the actress now on the stage? Her strength, they say, is in the grand, the tragic; you need not say to her with Despreux—

'To move my tears, your own eyes must be wet'

I defy you to remain cool while she is declaiming some great scene. But she has not the grace of Sophie Arnould, and there is something of hardness in her tones. Nevertheless, she has her partizans. One of our poets has written some verses to be put at the base of her portrait, to the effect that she bewitches by her voice the hearts that have stood proof against her face."

Neither in this instance could young Mozart share the enthusiasm of his neighbour. He had no experience, but he was endowed with an intuitive and delicate comprehension in music, which taught him that with their great voices these artists of the opera were not great singers. He became restless with his discontent. The performance went on. The male singers, Pillot and Zelin, were below mediocrity.

"We should have M. Chasse in this part," cried the cicerone; "he had a most imposing voice, and noble action; but alas! he retired six years ago! His place has not yet been filled."

The only part of the representation that pleased little Wolfgang, was the dancing. Vestris was not there; but the celebrated Lany performed a *pas de deux* with her brother. This actress had also received the homage of poetry. The last ballet was admirably executed. It restored the good humour of the young critic.

"After all, my father," said Wolfgang, as they returned home, "it was not worth while to come from Vienna to Paris to hear such music." Leopold pressed his boy's hand, as he thought that this fresh impulse of genius made him a better judge than all the educated and schooled connoisseurs of Paris.

Returning to the hotel of the *Trois Turcs*, they found an invitation from the Baron d'Holback to a *soirée* the next evening. But this, and how young Mozart played the organ in the royal chapel, and by his performance and his sonatas, gave the first intimation of the wonderful genius that was to work a revolution in music, it belongs not to our present task to describe.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARRIVAL.

A light travelling carriage stopped before the hotel of the *Three Lions*, in Prague. A drove of servants poured out of the house; one opened the carriage-door, and assisted an elegant young lady to alight; she sprang out, and was followed by a young man, humming a cheerful tune.

"In goodness!" cried the host, who had come to the door; "do I see aught? Herr von Mozart?"

"You see I keep my word!" replied Mozart, saluting him cordially. "Yes! here I am once more, and you may keep me till after harvest; and as a surety for my wise behaviour, I have brought my wife with me."

The host bowed low to the fair lady, and began a set speech with the words—"Most honoured von Mozart!"—

"Leave your speechifying, man!" cried Mozart, interrupting him, "and show us our quarters; and let us have some refreshments; and send a servant to Guardasani, to inform him that I am here." He gave his arm to his lady, and stepped into the house, followed with alacrity by the host, and the servants with trunks and band-boxes, which they had unpacked from the carriage. A handsome young man, who just then crossed the market, when he heard from a footman the name of the newly-arrived guest, rushed up the steps, and into Mozart's chamber, and

threw himself into his arms with an exclamation of joy.

"Hol! hol! my wild fellow!" cried Mozart, "you were near giving me a fright!" and turning to his wife, he presented the young stranger to her, "Well, how do you like him? this is he—Luigi Bassi, I mean."

"I sing this evening the Count in your *Figaro*, Master Mozart!" said Bassi.

"Very well!" replied Mozart. "What say your Prague people to the opera?"

"Come to-night to the theatre, and you shall hear for yourself! This is the twelfth representation in sixteen days; and this evening it is performed at the wish of Duke Anthony of Saxony."

"So, oh! and what says Strobach?"

"He and the whole orchestra say every night after the performance, that they would be glad to begin it over again, though it is a difficult piece."

Mozart rubbed his hands with pleasure, and said to his wife—

"You remember, I told you, the excellent people of Prague would drive out of my head the vexation I endured at Vienna! And I will write them an opera, such as one does not hear every day! I have a capital libretto, Bassi, a bold, wild thing, full of spirit and fire, which Da Ponte composed for me. He says he would have done it for no one else; for none else would have had the courage for it. It was just the thing for me! The music has long run in my head; only I knew not to what I should set it, for no other poem would suit! In *Idomeneo* and *Figaro* you find sounds—but not exactly of the right sort; in short—it was with me, as when the spring should and would come—but cannot; on bush and tree hang myriads of buds, but they are closed; then comes the tempest, and the thunder cries, 'burst forth!' and the warm rain streams down, and leaf and blossom burst into sudden and bright luxuriance! Goodness take me, if it was not so in my mind, when Da Ponte brought me the libretto! You shall take the principal part; and good luck take you!"

Bassi wanted to know more of the opera; but Mozart assumed an air of mystery, and, laughing, put him off, exhorting the impatient singer to wait.

In the evening, when Mozart appeared in the theatre, in the box of Count Thurn, he was greeted with three rounds of applause; and during the representation this testimony of delight was repeated after every scene. This was the more pleasing to the composer, as his Figaro had been very indifferently received in Vienna. Through the ill offices of Salieri, the piece had been badly cast and worse performed; so that Mozart had sworn an oath never to write another opera for the Viennese.

Loud and prolonged "vivats!" accompanied his carriage to the hotel; there he found his friends—Duscheck, the leader Strobach, and the Impresario of the opera company, Guardasoni, who had ordered a splendid supper; afterwards came Bassi, Bondini with his wife, and the fair and lively Saporitti. Much pleasant discourse about art, and sportive wit enlivened the meal; the gaiety of the company, even when the champagne was uncorked, never once passing, however, the bounds of decorum.

In his festive humour, Mozart was not so reserved to the curiosity of the impetuous Bassi, as he had been in the morning; but was prevailed on to give him a sketch of his part, of which three airs were already finished.

"Very good, Master Amadeus!" said Bassi, "but these airs are, with deference, rather insignificant for me."

"How?" asked Mozart, looking at him with laughing eyes.

"I mean," answered Bassi—"there is too little difficulty in them; they are all too easy!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes—exactly so, Master? You must write me some very grand, difficult airs, or give me some you have ready! eh? will you do so?"

"No!" replied Mozart, with a smile; "no, my good Bassi! that I will not do." Bassi's face visibly lengthened, but Mozart continued good humouredly, "Look you, friend! that the airs are not *long*, is true; but they are as long as they should be, and nothing more nor less. But as to the great, too great facility, of which you complain, let that pass; I assure you, you will have plenty to do, if you sing them as they should be sung."

"Ha?" mused Bassi.

"For example, sing me this air—'*Fin chan dal vino!*'"

He stepped to the piano; Bassi followed him somewhat unwillingly; and just glancing at the notes, began hurriedly and with not too gentle a touch.

"Gently—gently!" cried Mozart, laughing, and interrupting his playing; "not so *con furio* over hedge and stone! Can you not wait, to keep pace with my music? Where I have written *presto*, must you sing *prestissimo*, and pay no heed at all to *forte* and *piano*? Eh? who sings there? a drunken beast of a landlord, or a merry Spanish cavalier, who thinks more of his gentle love, than of the wine? I pray you—drink a glass of champagne, think of your beloved, and, mark me! when it begins to hum in your ears—in the softest, most aerial tempo, *piano, piano! crescendo forte piano!* till at the last all crashes together in the loud, wild jubilation—that is what I mean."

And Bassi, inspired by the exhortation of the Master, sprang up, drank a glass of champagne, snatched a kiss from the lovely cheek of Saporitti, began the air anew, and completed it this time with such effect, that the whole company were electrified, and encored the song with shouts of applause.

"Well!" cried Mozart with a smile, after Bassi had three times rehearsed it, "said I not so? does it not go off pleasantly!" Before he could prevent it, Bassi seized his hand, kissed it, and said modestly—

"I will do my best—to have you *satisfied* with me!"

At Duscheck's urgent request, Mozart quitted his abode in the city, and removed to Kosohirz, the country seat of his friend. He came there on a lovely morning in September. Duscheck had quite arranged a little fête, and the composer was not a little surprised and delighted to find himself welcomed to his new abode by his assembled friends and acquaintances. To crown his joy, Duscheck handed him a written request, signed by many of the most distinguished citizens of Prague, that he would very soon give a concert! For this purpose the theatre was placed freely at his disposal, and Court Johann von

Thurn had offered to bear the expenses. Mozart, with a full heart, observed—

"The Viennese did not *this* to me."

"It seems, my friend," said Duscheck, "that your good Viennese, as you always call them, knew not rightly what they had in you, and less what they should do with you! The Emperor left you without a place, and made the sneak, Salieri, master of the musical band; while he well knew who you were and who Salieri was;—and the people of Vienna looked on quietly—O, *fio!*"

"Nay," replied Mozart to his zealous friend; "think not so ill of him; Joseph has more important affairs than mine to think about; and then, you know, he has counsellors, on whom he depends, and who know how to get the right side of him. As to the Viennese, I always maintain that they are brave fellows. When I came from Salzburg, where my lord the Prince Bishop had treated me like a dog, and the Viennese received me so cordially—I felt as if I had stepped into paradise! For that I shall remember them now and ever! In truth, they are often a little stupid, and always willing to be told that they are magnanimous, and connoisseurs, and the like; yet if one tell them the truth to their face—they will hear, and will applaud him, and grant him all he asks. But that I cannot do; I would rather bear a blow than thrust my praises into any body's face. I have held a wheedler, all my life long, for a shabby fellow, and shall I myself become one? Salieri makes nothing of it—but it is not so bad with him, for he is an Italian, and they bepraise each other even to plastering. Bah! let the Viennese prefer him to me! let them stuff him with sweetmeats! Give me a glass of Burgundy!"

Before Duscheck could turn round to hand the glass to his friend, a tall corpulent man, having a red shining visage, with a friendly simper and low obeisance, proffered the Master a goblet full of the dark sparkling liquor.

Mozart took the cup, and drank a long draught, and repeated the following lines with a comic air of seriousness, looking the Gannymede in the face:—

"Johann von Nepomucken
Musst springen von der Prager Brucken,
Weils dem Wenzel nit wollt glucken,
Der Königin Beicht ihm zu entzucken."

"The Master recollects me, then?" asked

the stout man with sparkling eyes; Mozart replied smiling—

"How could I have forgotten my excellent trumpeter, Nepomuck Stradetzky?"

"Herr von Nepomuck!" growled the trumpeter, correctingly; but immediately added in his blindest tone, and with an air of humility—"Pray, pray, Herr von Mozart—*von!*" The Master nodded obligingly and reached out his hand to him.

When the company reassembled in the evening, they were unexpectedly entertained with pieces from "The Marriage of Figaro," by a chorus of Prague musicians. Mozart listened well pleased, and thanked them cordially when they ceased.

"But, if you would do me a very great pleasure, gentlemen," he said, "I beg you to indulge us by playing and singing the fine old song of the Prague Musicians. You know which I mean!"

Highly honoured and pleased at this request, the musicians began:—

"The Prague musicians' band,
Wandering in every land,
A welcome still have they!
They wear no clothing rich,
Nor boast of courtly speech,
Yet fiddling,
And blowing,
Still welcome greet their way!
"How youth and maiden round,
When horn and fiddle sound,
Whirl in the dance so light!
To the old toper's eyes
The sparkling goblet flies,
With fiddling,
And blowing,
In beauty doubly bright!
"And when the song is done,
And the dances through are run,
And quiet every guest—
Then sounds the thankful hymn
For blessings to the brim,
Ascending,
Soft breathing
From every honest breast!
"Then let us onward e'er,
Cheerful and gay for ever,
With us good Nepomuck!
Till with full pockets, we,
And empty flasks—you see,
Still singing,
And blowing,
Stand on the Prager Bruck!"

Still playing, the musicians receded, the sound growing softer and fainter every moment; the moon rose above the mountains, the Moldau uttered its low mysterious murmur;—and deeply moved, Mozart rose, wished his friends a heart-felt good night,

and betook himself to his chamber, where till early morning he continued playing on the piano.

Mozart gave his concert, and reaped therefrom not only rich store of applause, but no contemptible gain. Duscheck wished him happiness with the latter, and added—"I know indeed, that you write more for the sake of fame than of gold—particularly in Vienna—"

"For what should I write?" muttered the Master; "for fame? for gold? Certainly not! for generally I fail to get either. I write for love of Art—I would have you know!"

Meanwhile Mozart had worked assiduously at his Don Giovanni; and on the 4th of October, 1787 shored it to the Impresario complete, except the Overture, and a few breaks in the instrumentation.

Guardasoni was greatly rejoiced—and immediately counted out to the Master the stipulated ducats;—but when Mozart began to speak of the distribution of the parts, the poor Impresario confessed with grief, that he had for the last month anticipated trouble in this business; for that there was always a ferment among the singers, male and female—every one laying claim to a principal part.

"My people, I thank fortune," he concluded, "are none of the worst, and Bassi is good nature itself; but in certain points they can manage to give a poor Impresario enough to do; and in particular, the fair Saporitti and the little Poudini are possessed with a spirit of tormenting, when they are in their odd humours."

"Take care only, not to let them perceive your apprehension," said Mozart; "they are friendly to me, that I know, and you shall soon see how I will bring them all under my rule."

"Between you and me," observed Guardasoni with a sly smile, "I expect the greatest condescension from Saporitti; for, proud as she is, she is not only friendly to you, but I imagine, something more than friendly!"

"Eh! that may be!" cried the Master, rubbing his hands with delight; for much as he honoured and loved his wife, he did not disdain the good opinion of others. Guardasoni continued innocently—

"As I tell you—for she said to me the other day—"I could fall in love with the Signor Amadeo, for he is a great man, and I should not mind his insignificant figure."

The Master was crest-fallen! It was not a little mortifying to hear that the fair Saporitti had made mention of his plain and ordinary figure, especially to such a tall man as Guardasoni. He coloured, but merely said with nonchalance—

"Call them together for me, Signor Guardasoni, and I will read them the text they are to sing."

Guardasoni went away, and the next day assembled all the singers in the green-room of the theatre. Mozart came in, dressed in rich robes, a martial hat adorned with gold lace on his head, the director's baton in his hand. He ascended a platform, and began his address at first in a formal and earnest manner; but gradually sliding off into a good-humoured, sportive tone, for he never could belie his harmless character, he thus appealed to the company:—

"Honoured ladies and gentlemen,—

"It is known to you that long ago I received from your Impresario, Signor Guardasoni, the flattering commission, to compose an opera for his company. I undertook it the more gladly, as I have the pleasure of knowing you all, and therefore the certainty of labouring for true *artistes*.

"My work is finished; '*DON GIOVANNI, ossia il dissoluto punito*.' I can assure you, I have honestly endeavoured to study carefully the peculiar character of each of the honoured members of Guardasoni's present company, and have had particular regard to this in every part of my opera.

"I have thus succeeded in composing a work, which forms not only of itself a harmonious whole, but in each separate part promises the *artistes* for whom it was intended, the fairest success. An opera, which, I believe, will please even in future times; which will be perhaps pronounced my best work, as I myself esteem it such. But one thing I know, that a representation so perfect as I hope for it through you, is not to be procured hereafter.

"Where could we find a Don Giovanni, like my young friend Luigi Bassi? his noble figure, his wonderful voice, his manner, his wit, his unstudied fire, when he

bends in homage to beauty,—qualify him eminently for the hero of my opera. Of the profligate he can assume just as much as is necessary; for my hero is no rude butcher, nor a common mischievous villain, but a hot-headed, passionate youth.

“Could I point out for him a more perfect Donna Anna, than the beautiful, stately, virtuous Saporitti? All conflicting feelings of love, hate, sympathy, revenge, she will depict, in song and in action—as I conceived them when I composed the work.

“And who could represent the faithful, delicate, resentful, yet ever forgiving and loving Elvira, more consummately than the charming, gentle, pensive Catarina Micelli? She is Don Giovanni’s warning angel, forsaking him only in the last moment. Ah, such an angel should convert me, for I also am a great sinner, *spite of my insignificant figure!* And now for the little, impatient, mischievous, inexperienced, and curious Zerlina.

“*O, la ci darem la mano, Signorella Bondini!* sweet little one! you are too tempting! and if my stanzas were to sing her ‘*vedrai carino*’ to me, like you, why, indeed, it were all over with me!”

“That the good Felice Ponziani is satisfied with his Leporello, and the excellent primo tenore, Antonio Baglioni, with his Don Ottavio, rejoices my very heart. Signor Gui-eppo Lolli has, out of friendship for me, undertaken the part of Massetto, besides that of the Comthur, because he would have all the parts well performed. I have already thanked him for his kind attention, and thank him now again.

“And thus I close my speech so meet,
With joy the evening will I greet,
When my beloved opera
Through you appears in gloria!
If author and singers are agreed,
Of toil for the rest there is no need?
And you shall see with what delight
I will direct and set you right;
I will pay diligent heed to all,
That neither in time nor touch you fall.
Let every one but do his best—
We of success assured may rest;
So tells you from his candid heart
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.”

The Master ended his speech; his audience clapped approbation, and they separated in good humour and mutual satisfaction.

On the twenty-eighth day of October, Don Giovanni being complete except the overture, the rehearsals began. On the morning of the first rehearsal, before Mozart went to the Opera-house, he walked for recreation in the public garden. Before him he saw the well-known figure of the trumpeter, Nepumuck Stradetzky, absorbed, as it seemed, in meditation. Mozart walked faster, overtook him, and tapped him gently on the shoulder. Nepumuck turned quickly, growling out—

“Ha, what do you want?” but bowed almost to the ground as he recognised the master, and said: “Ah! I beg a thousand pardons, worthy Herr von Mozart! I was deep in reverie, and thought it some knave who wanted to play a trick upon me! I beg your pardon—”

“For what?” replied Mozart. “Nobody is pleased at being disturbed in a reverie—not I, at least! But what were you thinking about, Herr von Stradetzky?”

Nepumuck answered with a clear brow, “Ay, of what but your opera, most excellent Herr von Mozart? Is not all Prague full of expectation of the miracle that is to appear? Wherever I go, I am asked, ‘Herr von Nepumuck, when is the first representation? You play the tenor-trumpet eh, Herr von Nepumuck?’”

“No,” I answer, ‘the bass-trumpet!’”

“So, so!” they say—‘the bass-trumpet, eh, Herr von Nepumuck?’”

“Have you tried your notes through, Herr von Nepumuck?”

“Yes, indeed! Herr von Mozart! and I am delighted with the long full tones; but in the two choruses are a few hard notes.”

“Pah! you will get through with them, Herr von Nepumuck!”

“I hope so, Herr von Mozart, and will do my best.”

They walked a little longer, chatting, in the shaded avenue, and then betook themselves to the theatre.

The rehearsal began; Mozart was everywhere!—now in the orchestra, or on the stage, directing or improving the scenic arrangements. In the ball scene of the first act, where Bassi did not dance to please him, he himself joined the circle and danced a minuet with Zerlina with so much grace, that he did all credit to his master Noverre. So by a bold stroke he

amended the shriek of Zerlina, which after repeated 'Da capos' did not suit him; creeping behind her at the moment she was about to repeat the cry for the fourth time, he suddenly seized her with such violence that, really frightened, she screamed in good earnest; whereupon he cried laughing, "bravo! that is what I want! you must shriek in that way at the representation."

The good-humoured little Bondini forgave him her fright; but an instruction in the second act was not so well received. Here, in the churchyard scene, to strengthen the effect of both adagios, which the statue has to sing, he had placed the three trumpeters behind the monument. In the second adagio the trumpeters were wrong; Mozart cried, "Da capo!" it was repeated, and this time the bass only failed. The Master went to the desk, and patiently showed Nepumuck how he wanted the notes played; but even after the third repetition Nepumuck made the same blunder.

"What the mischief, Stradetzky!" cried Mozart, with vexation, and stamping his foot; "you must play correctly!"

Nepumuck, offended, grumbled out, "Herr von Stradetzky is my name, and I play what is possible to play with the trumpet! what you have written *there*, no one could."

"No, indeed!" said Mozart gently; "if what I have written suits not the instrument, I must by all means alter it!" He immediately made the alteration, and added to the original instrumentation both bassoons as well as two double basses. Finally, he let the chorus of Furies sing *under* the scene, and would not permit visible demons to drag Don Giovanni into the abyss.

With this the rehearsal ended. Mozart, on the whole, was satisfied with the singers and the orchestra; and the performers promised themselves the most brilliant success. As the Master went home from the theatre, Nepumuck Stradetzky came behind him, took hold of the skirt of his coat, and said earnestly—

"Do not be angry with me, Herr von Mozart, because I have been a little bearish! That is often my way, and you know I mean well!"

Mozart replied cordially, "Nay, Herr von Nepumuck, I ought to be grateful to

you, for having pointed out to me the error in my notes for the trumpet. Nevertheless, it is true, faults may be pointed out in a pleasant manner! Well, in future we will observe more courtesy!"

Nepumuck promised, and they parted in friendship. §

The lovely Saporitti endeavoured sedulously to efface from the memory of the kind Master Amadeo, the unintentional offence her remark had given him. Mozart speedily forgave and forgot it, and was unwearied in giving her assistance in the study of her part, not hesitating to find fault where it was necessary, but likewise liberally bestowing encouraging praise.

The Signora one morning took occasion to praise the serenade of Don Giovanni, as peculiarly happy, and commended its bland southern colouring, observing that *such* soft persuasive love tones were foreign to the rude northern speech. Mozart replied with a smile—

"We Germans speak out indeed more honestly; yet it oftentimes sounds not ill!" And the evening of the same day, the Master sang a serenade, charming indeed, but quite in the taste of the bagpipe-playing Prague musicians, under the window of the Signora Saporitti.

Meantime the day appointed for the first representation of "Don Giovanni," the third of November, was just at hand, and Mozart had not yet written the overture! Guardasoni urged—the master's friends were anxious—Mozart only laughed, and said, "I will write it this afternoon." But he did not write it; he went on an excursion of pleasure with his wife. Guardasoni was now really in despair.

"You see, it never will do!" he cried repeatedly, and sent messengers in every direction in vain; Mozart was nowhere to be found; and Strobach was obliged to promise that in case of extreme necessity he would adopt the overture to Idomeneo.

It was midnight when Mozart's carriage stopped before his dwelling; and his friends, Guardasoni at their head, immediately surrounded him with complaints and reproaches. The Master sprang out of his carriage, crying—

"Leave me to myself; now I will go to work in good earnest!"



MARA INTRODUCING HIMSELF TO MOZART.

CHAPTER III.

MOZART returned home immediately, threw himself on his seat at the writing table, and began to write. In a few minutes, however, he started up, and cried laughing to his wife—"It will not come right yet! I will go to bed for an hour; wake me up at that time, and make me some punch!" And without undressing, he flung himself on the bed. Constance prepared the punch, and in an hour's time went to awaken her husband; but Mozart slept so soundly, she could not find it in her heart to disturb him. She let him lie another hour; then, as time pressed, she awakened him.

Mozart rubbed his eyes, collected his thoughts, shook himself, and without further delay began his work. Constance sat near him, gave him the punch, and to keep him in good spirits, began to relate a variety of funny old traditions—of

the Princefish, of Blue Beard, of the Princess with swine's snout, etc., etc., and Mozart, still writing, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. At two o'clock in the morning he began his wonderful work; at six it lay on the desk finished. The Master started up; he could hardly stand upright. "Done for this time!" he muttered; "but I shall not soon try it again!" And he laid himself down again to sleep.

At seven the copyist came for the notes, in the utmost hurry to write them out, which he could not accomplish before half-past seven in the evening; so that the performance, instead of commencing at seven was postponed to eight o'clock. Still wet, and covered with sand, the hastily copied parts were brought in and arranged in the orchestra.

The strange story of the composition of

the overture soon spread among the audience. When Mozart came into the orchestra, he was greeted with thundering "bravos!" from an overflowing house. He bowed low, and, turning to the performers in the orchestra, said—

"Gentlemen, we have not been able to have a rehearsal of the overture; but I know what I can venture with you. So, quick! to work!" He took up the time-staff, gave the signal, and like a thunder-burst, with the clang of trumpets, sounded the first accord of the awful andante, which with the succeeding allegro, were executed by the orchestra with admirable spirit. When the overture was concluded, the storm of applause seemed as if it would never cease.

"There were indeed a few notes dropped under the desk," observed Mozart, smiling, to Strobach, during the introduction; "but on the whole it went off splendidly! I am greatly indebted to these gentlemen."

Now during the remainder of the opera the applause rose from scene to scene—how from its first representation to the present day, on every occasion, the "*Für den da! nun!*" called, and still calls forth, enthusiastic encores, is well known, not only to the good people of Prague, but to the whole civilized world.

This little circle of scenes may prove a pleasant memorial of the first production of a noble work, destined through all future time to command the admiration of feeling hearts.

We now arrive at Mozart's last visit to Doles. It was a holiday in 1789, and the venerable chanter of Saint Thomas' church, Leipzig, after morning service was over, made ready to take a walk about the city, in company with a few of his friends.

The month was May, and the morning was lovely; the old gentlemen had smoothed the immaculate ruffles of his shirt-bosom, placed his three-cornered hat on his head a little over the left ear, and taking his Spanish gold-headed walking-stick in his hand, was ready for his promenade—when a sudden idea darted into his head. The music he had partly composed early that morning, while engaged about the church-service, and which he had thought would turn out nobly, came to him all at once;

and fearful of losing it, he turned immediately back, with his customary ejaculation, "To Him alone be the glory!" and entered his own house, where his faithful wife and his beloved daughter, Lena, were already arrived.

The good dame asked with some anxiety, wherefore he had returned so soon; and Lena looked as if she feared she would next have to run for the doctor. But Father Doles (it was no less a person), soon dissipated their fears by informing them that nothing but a new musical thought had brought him back. The women laughed at this; Lena took his hat and stick, and while her mother helped him to pull off his brown over-coat, and to put on his flowered silk dressing-gown, not forgetting the little black silk cap, she arranged the writing-table, and placed on it some fresh paper for his notes. Next she brought him a bowl of soup, with a little bottle of old Rhenish wine, a cask of which had been given to her father by the gracious Elector, in token of approbation of his services.

When all was ready, Father Doles embraced his wife, kissed the white forehead of his daughter, and they both left him to his labours. He sat down and commenced his work, not without an inward prayer for success, as was his pious custom.

He had not been writing very long, when the door was opened more hastily than usual, without much ceremony. A tall, stately man strode in, and across the room, to where Doles was quietly sitting. It was Jacobus Freigang, a merchant and highly respected magistrate. He came near the table, and struck the floor hard with his cane. Doles looked up from his work, nodded with a cordial smile, and said, reaching his hand to his friend, "Salve!"

His friend did not take his offered hand, but cried rather angrily—"Tell me, I entreat you, are you going to behave like a vain fellow in your old days, and treat your friends as if they were not deserving of civility? There we all are—Weisse, Hiller and I, and Friedrich and another person; there we all are, waiting and waiting for you, and running to the door to see if you were coming, and thinking how we should enjoy your surprise at sight of our newly arrived guest. At last, Brietkopf comes to ask after you, and you are not arrived—though you promised me in the choir

you would speedily join us! The company are impatient; Hiller grows surly; I stand there like a fool; at last Friedrich says you must have gone home—so here I come and find you sitting quietly at work! In the name of decency! what are we to make of you?"

Doles laughed heartily at his friend's comical anger, and then good-naturedly apologised for his neglect. "Do not be angry with me, old friend; I had to write down my theme! Beshink you, I am seventy-two, and any day may be my last. I must use what time I have, and when Heaven sends me a good musical idea, make haste and write down what my old head cannot long retain. Now I have just finished my theme, and if you wish it, I will go with you; though, after all, I am but dull company for younger ones, and they must have dined already."

"You must not dine at home to-day!" cried his visitor, "our friends are waiting—you must go to Breikopf's this mornent."

"Nay, Freigang, now I think of it, 'tis a holiday—and my wife and daughter must not sit down alone to table."

"They know you are going with me; and as for leaving them alone, I have sent Friedrich to them. He will eat enough for two! So, off with your dressing-gown, and on with your coat."

"But—"

"But me no buts! I will fetch you a valet who will make you bestir yourself!" so saying, Freigang stepped to the door, opened it, and cried—"Come in!"

A young man, of some pretension, elegantly dressed, of pale complexion, large, dark, flashing eyes, a handsome aquiline nose, and a mouth that seemed made for music entered quickly. The voice in which he gave cheerful greeting to Father Doles, as he sprang to his side, was music itself.

Doles started from his seat with an exclamation of joy: his grey eyes sparkled, his cheek flushed, and as he embraced the young man, tears of delight rolled down them.

"My Wolfgang!" he cried, "my dear, good son! I am rejoiced to see you once more!"

Freigang laughed, as much as to say, "See, my point is gained now!"

Lena and her mother came in at that moment, and ran to welcome the stranger. As soon as her father had released him, the

lively girl clapped her hands over his eyes, standing behind him, and cried—

"Who is this, Wolfgang—can you tell?"

"A lovely, mischievous little girl!" answered Mozart, laughing, "who calls herself Lena, and shall give me a kiss!" and turning round, he caught her in his arms, and took his revenge.

"Is your wife with you this time?" asked Madame Doles.

"No, I have not brought her with me," answered Mozart, while he assisted Doles to arrange his dress. "She is not fully recovered from her last winter's illness. Ah! how often she wishes for you, good mother; you would hardly believe we could feel so lonely and desolate in so large a city as Vienna!"

"Why do you not come and live here?" asked Lena impatiently. "where we all love you so much. We would never let you feel lonely or desolate. Your wife should like us all, and I would keep your boys with me. Be advised, Mozart, and come to live in Leipzig."

"You are always *coulour de rose*, Lena," said the composer, laughing, "but I should find it harder to get away than you imagine. In the first place I could not leave the Emperor, and in the next, so far as art is concerned, one can do in Vienna what he cannot do as well elsewhere."

"Hem," muttered Freigang, "we are not badly off as to music, here."

"By no means," said Mozart, earnestly, "and most excellent music. Your church music and your concerts are unrivalled—may I never live to see the day when they shall be talked of as a thing that is past! But you know, father," he turned to Doles, "while your artists and connoisseurs stand among the first, as regards the public and the popular taste, you cannot compete even with the Viennese, much less with mine excellent friends of Prague and Munich. I hope and trust these matters will change for the better in time; just at present, I at least find it my interest to prefer Vienna, Munich, or Prague."

"It is as you say, dear Wolfgang," replied Doles; "they call our Leipzig a little Paris; but we must plead guilty to some northern coldness and caution, and this excessive prudence it is which hinders us from following immediately in the new path you have opened for us."

"And yet I have reason to quarrel with the Viennese," interrupted Mozart. "My *Giovanni* can testify to that."

"Shall I confess to you," said Doles, "that as much as I have heard of this opera, though it surprises, astonishes, charms me, it does not, to say the truth, quite satisfy me?"

The composer smiled; his old friend began to criticize, when he interrupted him—

"Why have you heard the opera *piece-meal* in this way? After *Idomeneo*, *Don Giovanni* is my favourite—I might say my masterpiece! But you must not hear it *piece-meal*; you cannot judge of it except as a whole."

"For my part, I am delighted with your *Figaro*," said Lena, "it is sung and played everywhere here, you may hear it in the streets on every barrel organ. I sing it myself on the piano;" and therewith she began carelessly to sing—

"And my glass still flattering, tells me
That I am not such a freight!"

"Lena! Lena!" said her mother, shaking her head. But Mozart cried—"Bravo! go on, little one!" and going to the piano, he began to play. They went through the duet, and at the end Freigang applauded heartily. Then he took Father Doles under one arm, and the composer, still humming, under the other, and bidding the ladies a friendly "adieu!" departed.

"What a charming man is Mozart!" exclaimed Lena, and still singing her favourite tune, accompanied her mother to the dining room, where they found Friedrich just arrived.

After a social dinner at the house of the hospitable Breitkopf, Mozart's publisher the friends adjourned to the celebrated Rosenthal, where Goethe, as a student, used to amuse himself. The pretty Swiss cottage was not then built; but on the place where it now stands, was pitched in the summer months, a tent or pavilion, spacious enough to accommodate a large party of ladies and gentlemen in case of a sudden shower, or when they sought refuge from the heat.

Madame Doles and Lena, Madame Freigang and her daughter Cecilia, went early to Rosenthal, accompanied by Friedrich, and prepared for the arrival of the gentle-

men. It was a pleasant little party; the guests were all in high spirits; even the stern Hiller, who sometimes appeared something of the cynic, was heard to burst into frequent laughter at Mozart's sallies of humour and impromptu verses. Friedrich, a lad of about eighteen, the favourite pupil of Doles, stood near the composer, and listened smiling, though now and then he looked grave when Mozart's gaiety seemed about to overstep the bounds of decorum.

In the midst of their talk Hiller became suddenly serious, then turned about quickly, as if he had a mind to go back, before they entered the tent. Freigang caught his arm, and cried—

"What is the matter with you, Hiller? Right about, you do not part from us till after sunset."

"Let me alone!" answered the stern old man. "I cannot bear to look at the good-for-nothing fellow!"

"At whom?" Freigang followed the direction of his friend's finger, and burst out laughing. "Ha! Mozart!" he cried, "look yonder; there comes Hiller's favourite!"

A man was coming towards the company; he approached with very unsteady steps, but did not perceive them till he stood directly before them. He seemed about thirty years of age, perhaps older; was slender and well formed, but his features were sharpened and pallid, and his whole person bore the marks of excessive dissipation. His oiled-cloth cap was placed sideways on his uncombed head; his coat had once been a fine one, but lacked much of the lace belonging to it, and several buttons were gone; his satin vest was frayed and torn; his rumpled collar (the cravat was entirely wanting), as well as the rest of his attire, bespoke a slovenly disregard to comfort or cleanliness.

"Bon jour, monsieur!" cried Freigang, as this disgusting object came near.

The man stood still, rolled up his meaningless eyes, contracted his brows, and at length shading off the sun with his hand, looked inquisitively at the speaker. After a few moments he recognised him, and with a low, ceremonious bow, from which he found it difficult to recover himself—"Most worthy sir!" he said, "at your service—I am your humble-servant!"

"You seem to be in deep thought," observed Freigang, laughing.

"He is drunk, the wretched dog!" muttered Hiller, greatly disgusted.

"If I am not mistaken," stammered the man, "I have the honour—to salute—the most excellent Director of music—Monsieur Hiller—yes—I am right—it is he! I am happy—to speak with your excellency! I am highly pleased at the—unexpected—pleasure of this meeting!"

"I am *not*," retorted Hiller, angrily; "I would have walked a mile out of the way to avoid it. I do not feel honoured at being in such company."

"Nay, Hiller," remonstrated Mozart.

"Let the excellent Director scold as much as he likes," said the stranger, indifferently, and speaking more fluently than at first; "what is in the heart, must come out of the lips, and after all, I must allow, Monsieur Hiller has indeed some little cause to be vexed with me! You must all know I ran away with his foster-daughter! I am the famous violinist, Maza, the husband of the famous singer—"

"Is it possible?" cried Mozart, astonished and grieved; "can this be Mara?"

"At your service, most worthy master—eh? what is the honest man called?" said he, addressing Doles.

Doles answered—"It is the chapel-master, Mozart, from Vienna."

Mara lifted up both hands in amazement. "What!" he cried, "the great Mozart—who has composed such splendid quartets! who has composed *Don Giovanni*, and I know not what?"

"The same!" answered Weiss; and Freigang advised Mara to look at him straight, for he was worth taking some pains to see.

Mara seemed overpowered with his respect, he took off his soiled hat, and making a low bow, said to Mozart, "I have the honour to be—your—servant! You see me to-day for the first time *en comité*; I need not apologise to you, for you know how apt good resolutions are to melt away in a bowl of liquor!" The composer coloured slightly. "Another time," continued the tippler, "you shall see me with my best face, and hear how I can handle my instrument; till then, I have the honour to commend myself to your friendly remembrance!" He went on past the com-

pany, but on a second thought turned back for an instant and addressed Hiller. "Before we part, most worshipful music-director—I know you have had much uneasiness on the score of Gertrude; her running away from you was to be excused, as you were only her foster-father! but you would be quite shocked to learn in what manner she has behaved to me, as Madame Mara, and what I have had to hear on her account! I wish not to insinuate that she has not her good qualities, or is altogether an ill-disposed person—*au contraire*! She paid my debts once in Berlin, but what did that help me? Did not the great Frederick—may he rest in peace—keep me a quarter of a year among his soldiers, and had not the brutal corporal the impudence to beat me! Sir, I assure you, such treatment soured my feelings, and to this day, when I am playing, I often think of my wife and the King, and the corporal with his heavy cane! Excuse me then, sir, for if I do take a drop too much now and then, 'tis to drown my sorrows at Gertrude's scandalous behaviour! Let us part good friends old gentleman; mind not trifles. I shall be happy to see you at any time at my house in Windmill Street, No. 257. I am sober every day, till eight o'clock; come and see me, and if you like a dance I will play for you; my violincello is a capital old instrument, a veritable Cremonese, full-toned and strong. Your servant, sir." Therewith the drunken musician walked on, leaving Hiller undecided whether to laugh or be angry.

The company sat down to a collation under the tent. Mozart was astonished to find Cecilia grown so much. The last time he had seen her was at Berlin, five years before. She was then a pretty child, but now a very beautiful girl. It is not for words to paint that fresh, innocent beauty, the pledge of an unsullied soul. She had grown a woman, and her manner was changed from girlish vivacity and frankness, to womanly dignity and reserve. Mozart did not, however, like her dropping the familiar "*Du*," (thou,) and "*Wolfgang*," in conversation with him.

"Why do you not still call me Wolfgang?" he asked. "Lena calls me so, and is she not of the same age with yourself?" But Cecilia said "Mozart," so prettily, it sounded like music from her lips. The

composer soon learned to esteem her as the gifted and cultivated woman, as well as to admire her as the lovely girl. Nor had he reason to complain of coldness or constraint when once she became interested in the conversation. The hours flew swiftly to that social party of friends, and twilight came too soon upon them.

As they went forth, Cecilia took Lena's arm and whispered—

"How charming he is, Lena! do you not love him?"

"Ah, Cecilia!" answered her friend, gravely, and shaking her head, "take care you do not love him too much—you know he is sometimes fond of playing the flirt."

Cecilia blushed, and smiled incredulously, but said nothing. The gentlemen accompanied the ladies to the house of Doles, and then went to supper to Brietkopf's.

The next day Mozart was showing his friends an autograph letter of King Frederick William II., of Prussia, and a royal present of a gold watch, set round with rich jewels. The composer, on his last visit to Berlin, had played in the King's presence, and this had been sent as a token of approbation. Lena clapped her hands with delight at seeing it, and called her mother to admire its magnificence, and Doles expressed equal wonder at its splendour, and the liberality of the King.

"Are you pleased with it, father?" cried Mozart, "well, I will make it a present to you," and would have pressed the watch upon him, but Doles firmly refused, saying it was not treating the King with proper respect to give away his gift. Mozart was really vexed that he should decline it, and would not take back the watch without a grave reproof from Madame Doles. A year after, the same watch was stolen from him by a dissolute musician, Stadeher, by name, whom he had permitted to lodge in his house several months, furnished him with supplies, and even composed for him a clarionet concert.

After this little matter was adjusted, and the usual skirmish between the composer and Lena at an end, he and Doles accompanied by Friedrich went to the rehearsal of his concert.

Some persons are living in Leipzig who are so happy as to remember having listened to that last concert of Mozart. I have seen their eyes sparkle, and their cheeks glow,

on speaking of it. It recalled to their bosoms the enthusiasm of youth.

Mozart was not wholly satisfied with the musicians, and he drilled them thoroughly. Once he stamped on the floor so emphatically, that he shattered a costly shoe-buckle. The performers were vexed, and played prestissimo; he cried "Bravo!" and said to an old friend, when he saw him shaking his head—"Nay, nay, do not disturb yourself about my strange behaviour this morning. These people are old and slow. Their work to-night will be a drag, unless I put some fire into them by scolding them out of patience. I think now we shall go off admirably."

And all did go off admirably that night. The boundless applause of the audience, and Mozart's cheerful commendations and thanks, put the orchestra once more in high good humour.

Cecilia, who had already much reputation as a singer, sang two airs from *Idomeneo*. Mozart was delighted with her. The true feeling of her singing showed that she was possessed of genius, that rare and precious gift of heaven; thus he whispered to her father while she was singing, and at the end conducted her from the stage himself. Cecilia thought the Master's approval worth more than the noisy applause of the audience, and she went home proud and happy.

Some of the wealthy connoisseurs had ordered a splendid supper to be prepared at the principal hotel, in honour of the distinguished composer. When the concert was over, they carried him off in triumph. Freigang was of the party. Doles did not relish scenes of mirth, and went home with his wife and daughter, and Cecilia.

The ladies could not stop talking of the pleasure of the evening till a late hour; and just as Cecilia was taking leave of her friends, a servant came from the hotel with a message to Father Doles that the chapel-master begged they would not wait up for him, as he should not return home that night. The messenger added, by way of comment—

"They are very merry yonder; I do not think for a year past we have opened so bottles of champagne as for the party to-night."

"ery well!" said Doles, interrupting him, and dismissed the servant.

"I am sorry for Mozart, indeed," whispered Cecilia, kissing Lena as she bade her good night.

"Never mind," returned that lovely girl, "be quiet about it, and I will read him a lesson to-morrow, the like of which he has not heard for a long time."

The next morning Mozart made his appearance at breakfast, pale and haggard-featured; confused in his discourse and looking much ashamed. Neither Doles nor his wife made any allusion to his dissipation of the preceding night, and Lena did not venture to show her displeasure in the presence of her parents. Yet Mozart felt that things were not exactly as they should be, and, all frankness and openness as he was, he could not long disguise his real feelings. He began to lament what had passed, half in jest and half in earnest; "It had been," he said, "too wild a night for him, and to say the truth, he would have much preferred a quiet evening after the concert," adding, "but you know, once is not often."

"True, my dear son," replied Father Doles, with a smile; "and if you really enjoyed yourself, the gaiety of last night could do you no harm. Only, I beg of you in future, to leave off in time, and carry nothing to excess! Your health is feeble, and will not bear much: take good care of it, for the powers of body and mind are but too easily exhausted. Remember poor Mara!"

Mozart looked very grave, and said, somewhat sadly, "Ah! there are the ruins of a noble creature! Let me die, rather than fall thus! No, I shall remember last night—the mischief take such hospitality!"

"Why, what happened?" asked Doles, anxiously.

"You know, father, the invitation was given by the friends of art," said Mozart, with an emphasis of some bitterness; "I accepted it as such; the concert elevated my spirits, and I went with them. All was well at first—we were a set of rational men, met together in the spirit of social enjoyment. When the toasts were going round, one of the company went out and returned with Mara, already half drunk, and set him up to make sport for the rest. The poor wretch made me a very ridiculous speech, and when he was animated by a few more glasses of champagne, they brought him a violoncello, and

invited him, to play. I wished for some cotton in my ears, for I thought nothing else but that I was to suffer torture; but it was far otherwise; indeed I cannot describe to you my sensations, when he began to play—I never heard the like before. It was music to stir the innermost soul. I could not refrain from tears through the adagio, and thoughts of the witch-music, Tartini heard in his dreams—so moving, so entrancing! At the wild concluding allegro, I could have embraced the performer. I did not attempt to conceal what I felt." The composer stopped suddenly, as if even the recollection moved him.

"Well, and what then?" asked Doles, at length.

Mozart bit his lips. "Mara then played the variations in my dnet from Don Giovanni—'*La si darem la mano!*' I assure you, even had I not heard his previous splendid performance, these variations, played in such a manner as showed the most thorough appreciation of the whole work, would have convinced me of his being a perfect master of his art, and of his instrument, and led me to esteem him as such. But how did the friends of art take it?" Here Mozart sprang up highly excited, his eyes flashing fire, though his face was paler than before, "how did they applaud his playing? with hurrahs and toasts! and when he ceased, they plied him with more and more wine, till he was beastly drunk and beside himself, and then they set him upon all sorts of foolery, and made him imitate on his instrument, from which he had just drawn such matchless tones, the mewling of cats, the braying of an ass, the crowing of a cock, and the like, and they laughed to see him degrade himself. Oh, shame! shame! And they laughed the more when Mara, unable to stand any longer on his feet, fell on the floor—and then I, like the rest, drank till I was reeling," he concluded, with a bitter expression of self-contempt.

"Do you not think, my dear son," asked Doles, mildly, after a pause, "that the time will come when the true worth of the *artiste* will be estimated properly, and he will assume the dignity he deserves?"

"It is possible," answered Mozart, gloomily, "but the *artiste* will never live to feel it."

"You certainly do, Wolfgang?"

The composer shook his head with a melancholy smile—"You are mistaken, my dear friend, I do not. But I am satisfied that some few appreciate and are faithful to me, and I can depend upon them; you for example, father, and my sure friends here!"

Lena wiped her eyes, and said—"Nay, Mozart, you should not talk so, as if you had but few friends."

Here Friedrich joined them.

"Here comes another," said the Master, smiling, "one who understands me also. May you ever have the consolation of real friends, my good lad, and keep your spirit free and uncontaminated! Aim at that above all things, and do not forget me, Friedrich, when I am—gone!"

"Never, never!" cried the youth, clasping the Master's hand and pressing it to his heart. They then bade the ladies good morning, and went out for a walk.

Lena forgave her friend from her heart, and resolved to spare him the lesson she had intended to inflict on him.

"I leave it all to you. Do what I told you and be silent," said Mozart, in the street, to the lad Friedrich, giving him at the same time a well-filled purse.

Friedrich took the purse, promised secrecy, and hastened to the dwelling of the unhappy Mara. Mozart went on to pay a visit at the house of his friend, Freigang.

"My father is asleep yet," said Cecilia, as she came into the parlour to meet him, "If you will wait a few moments, I will awaken him."

"By no means!" said Mozart, detaining her; "Let your father sleep on. I will pay my visit to you, with your permission. I wish to thank you for your admirable singing last evening. Indeed, Cecilia, I was delighted with the simplicity and taste of your performance. I detest the airs and graces so many young women of the present day introduce into their songs. I have been so disgusted in Vienna, that I would not hear the singers again in my pieces."

"How were you amused, last night, after the concert?" asked the young lady.

"Very badly."

"How was that?"

Here Mozart told her what he had related to Doles. Cecilia coloured, and he saw tears in her eyes as he concluded.

"How cruel," she said, with noble indig-

nation, "thus to take advantage of the weakness, say the vice, of a man in whose breast, notwithstanding all his faults, the fire of genius is still unextinguishable."

"Cruel indeed!" echoed Mozart.

"But you must not fancy all the world selfish and regardless of the *artiste's* high claims, because some are so, who indeed are incapable of appreciating what they pretend to admire. Shun such men, dear Mozart—shun them utterly! there is no safety in their companionship."

"You mean to warn me?" asked the composer.

"I only entreat you," said Cecilia, earnestly; "such associations can never profit, but must disturb you. What need have I to say anything? Have you not yourself learned by experience how hard it is to avoid being drawn down in the vortex?"

Mozart confessed that such was the truth; but desirous of removing any unfavourable opinion of his discretion that his fair friend might have conceived from his recent act of folly, he entered into an argument to show her why she need never fear his falling into such snares. This led to reminiscences of his days of enthusiasm, and the raptures of his past successes.

Mozart received, as a parting present from Doles, a collection of church pieces by the elder Bach. These he prized highly, and laid them carefully in his portmanteau. The day was passed in quiet conversation with his venerable friend; in the evening a few came in to bid the Master adieu, for he was going to start for Vienna with the evening post, which was to leave at nine.

It was half-past eight; the faces of all the company began to grow sad; but Mozart seemed gay as ever. Indeed, those who remember this, his farewell interview with his friends, say they never knew him in such high spirits. Excitement, even of a painful kind, sometimes produces such effects upon ardent natures; and besides, the composer wished to keep up the spirits of the rest.

"If we should never meet again!" whispered Cecilia, sadly, and Father Doles responded to her melancholy foreboding.

"Let's have no whimpering!" cried Mozart, laughing. "I will not hear it. I will give you a toast—Long life, and a happy meeting next year!"

The glasses were filled, and rang as they brought them together. Some one observed the sound was like a knell. Mozart brought his own impatiently on the table and shivered it; he laughed again, and hoped their friendship would prove more durable than the fragile glass.

"Master Mozart!" said Hiller, "will you not write us some little piece before you go, just to bring you to our thoughts sometimes, and remind us of this hour. It is possible that we shall never all meet again in this world."

"Oh, willingly," answered Mozart. He paused a few moments thoughtfully, and then called Friedrich to bring him paper and writing materials.

Friedrich obeyed with alacrity, and the master wrote a piece impromptu, while the others were looking on, wondering at him, and exchanging glances.

When he had finished, he tore the paper into five pieces, and keeping one part for himself, divided the others; to Doles, *basso primo*, to Hiller, *basso secondo*; Friedrich, *tenore primo*, Wuisse, *tenore secondo*.

"Now," he cried, "we have no time to lose; *adieu*—begin!"

They sang the farewell song of Mozart! Never was farewell given with deeper feeling or with better execution. When it was at an end, they all sat silent and sad. Mozart was first to recover himself; he started up, bade a hasty *adieu* to all present, and seizing his hat, with another broken "farewell," rushed from the room.

His friends still sat as if stupefied by their grief. Presently the post-horn sounded, and the coach rolled past the window. Their beloved companion was gone.

In the autumn of that same year they buried the venerable Father Doles.

It was just before the Christmas festival, in the year 1792, that Lena, now a happy wife and mother, then busied in preparing Christmas gifts, was surprised by her friend, Cecilia, who rushed into the room pale as death, without hat or mantle.

"Cecilia!" cried Lena, much alarmed, "what ails you—what has happened?"

"Read it—read it!" faltered the breathless girl, and putting a newspaper into her friend's hand, she burst into tears, and sank on a seat.

"The Vienna Gazette," said Lena, and trembling with indefinite apprehension, she

looked over a column or two, before her eyes lighted on the paragraph:—

"Vienna, December 6th.—Died yesterday evening, the celebrated musician and composer, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Chapel-Master, Knight of the Golden Spire, etc., etc., in the thirty-sixth year of his age."

The genius of Cecilia was not destined to ripen on earth. In another year the weeping Lena followed her hier to the grave. She was buried near the resting-place of Father Doles.

* TRIFLES.

Fit for Wives—It is proposed to establish in some of our manufacturing cities an institution, in which the science of Apinology, weaveology, and cookology may be taught to young ladies, and where, after obtaining these accomplishments, they may receive a regular diploma, with the honorary degree of "F.F.W."

SAN FATE OF TWO PIGEONS.—A painful story of some carrier-pigeons is told in an Antwerp newspaper. The editor of a journal, published in that city, sent a reporter to Brussels for the King's Speech, and with him a couple of carrier-pigeons to take back the document. At Brussels he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting for some time, but a very delicate fiasco was atoned for the delay. After breakfast, he paid his bill, and called for his carrier-pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter, "why you have eaten them!"

LOVE.

A Yankee poet thus describes the excess of his devotion to his true love:—

"I sing her praise in poetry:
For her, at morn and eve,
I cries whole pints of bitter tears,
And types them off with my sleep."

EPIGRAMS.

He is still building; patches up a door;
Alters a lock or key, and nothing more;
Removes a window, puts it in repair,
So he but build, no matter what th' affair,
That he may answer, ask him when you will,
To lend you money, "I am building still."

True spoke the conjurer, when he foretold
Your end before that twice six months had roll'd;
You took the hint, spent your estate with care,
For fear of being bubbled by your heir;
Twice ten years' income spent at once, 'tis clear,
Live o'er so long, you cannot see this year.

THE MECHANISM OF THE EYE.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

WE will now resume (from p. 366) our observations on light, in connection with the mechanism of the eye.

In the accompanying diagram, then, let M represent our world, and 1 2 3, represent as many layers of atmospheric air, of which 3 must evidently be the densest, the

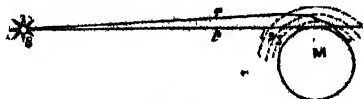


Fig. 5.

heaviest, because it is pressed upon by Nos. 1 and 2. Let S represent the sun, o an observer, and r a ray of light coming from the sun.

Now let us proceed to examine what takes place. First, then, the ray of light, r, gets on very well, in a straight forward course, before coming into contact with atmospheric layer No. 1, which gives it a twist, 2 twists it a little more, and 3 more still, until the ray is made to fall the eye of the observer, which, had it not been for the bendings we have described, could not have resulted, but the ray would have gone wandering on to p. Indeed, had it not been for these successive bendings, the sun could not have been visible to the observer whilst placed with regard to each other in the relative positions of our sketch; for a slight examination of the diagram will make it evident that the nearest ray from the sun to the observer's eye, would still pass over his head, as represented by p.

We have all along treated of light without reference to colour. In point of fact light, of whatever colour, will act as we have described; therefore, a mixture of all colours, which is white light, will act as we have described. It is now time to examine in what manner white light can be demonstrated to be thus compounded. If a ray of white light be caused to fall upon a triangular prism of glass, or other transparent material, it does not come out as white light, but as light of various colours. Sir Isaac Newton thought he could distinguish seven colours—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet; there are, however, only three, red, yellow, and blue.

These three colours, the prismatic colours, as they are termed, on account of their being formed by the triangular prism, are not equally capable of being bent or refracted to the same extent when subjected to similar conditions. Of these colours, red is the least capable of refraction, blue most capable of refraction, yellow being intermediate between the other two. You will ask then, probably, why it is that white light is not separated into its three constituent colours when made to pass through a flat piece of glass. The following diagram will, however, clearly explain that such could not be the result; for it appears, that although the ray B is the most refracted of the three in one direction, as it enters the glass, G, so is it most refracted of the three in another direction as it emerges from the glass; therefore all three rays come out of the glass in company with each other, just as they went in; but if, instead of a flat piece of glass, a triangular one lens be employed, then the conditions are so much altered, that the

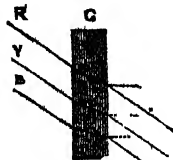


Fig. 6.

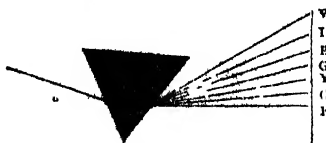


Fig. 7.

three coloured rays part company, and manifest themselves separately under an appearance to which the term prismatic spectrum is applied.

Gradually, step by step, we are returning to our original subject, the eye. The study of refraction will enable us to understand the beauty of their mechanism. Let us, therefore, now examine the kind of refraction produced by a lens. What, then, is a lens? Why, perhaps the simplest definition of a lens will be, any transparent substance having curved sides. Now, the pieces of transparent substance represented by our woodcut are all lenses. The spec-

tacles used, by old people are lenses similar in shape to the first in this series of woodcuts, only not so exaggerated in shape. An observer may easily prove that your spectacle-glasses are thicker in the middle than at the edges, by the simple sense of touch.



Fig. 8.

Now the eyes of man, and all the large animals, are evidently formed on the general principle of a lens. To be satisfied of this, it is merely necessary to look at our own eyes, as reflected by a mirror, when their protuberant front will be seen. Hence we must now devote some little attention to the general action of lenses.

The theory of lenses will be rendered quite simple, by remembering the general laws of refraction, namely, that rays of light, when passing from a medium of lesser into one of greater density, are refracted towards a perpendicular to the surface of the latter. 2. Rays of light, when passing from a refracting medium of greater, into one of lesser density, are refracted from a perpendicular to the surface of the latter.

These laws, perhaps, may seem tedious in the statement, but on reference to a diagram, they will be easily understood, and when once fully comprehended, they will never be forgotten. It will materially simplify our investigations, if we regard the curved surface of a lens as made up of an infinity of very small flat or plane surfaces, each of which acts on its own ray of light. This assumption being granted, we may, with great advantage to our investigations, proceed a step further, and reduce the number of these planes to the smallest conceivable number. It appears, then, that we may roughly investigate the optical nature of the convex lens, *a*, by substituting for it a transparent substance forming this shape. If upon one side of a transparent substance of this shape, three rays of light fall, one for each plane, let us examine what

change they should undergo according to the laws just laid down. As for ray *n*,

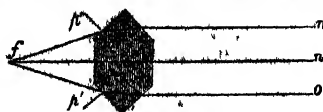


Fig. 10.

falls perpendicularly upon its plane, and therefore, as it should go straight through, whilst rays *n'* and *o* bend from their original course towards a point, *f*, which we will term the focus of the lens; but why do they experience this bending? Let us appeal to the law. Referring to ray *n'*, it first strikes its plane, proceeds through the substance of the glass, bending towards the perpendicular *p'*, because it has entered from a medium of lesser to one of greater density, thus acting in accordance with the law. Secondly, on leaving the glass, it passes through the less dense medium, the air, bending away from the second perpendicular *p'*, thus again satisfying the law.

It is quite evident, then, from our rough illustration, that there can only be one point in a convex lens whereat a ray of light passes through without suffering any bending or refraction, namely, the exact middle point of such lens. It is quite evident, moreover, that light, falling on every remaining point, will suffer refraction, gradually increasing from the centre to the edge of the lens. But does not the reader also see that the very edge of a lens such as we have been describing, may be regarded as a sort of triangular prism? Therefore we might infer, from theoretical considerations, that white light, passing through these edges, must necessarily become separated into the three primary colours of red, yellow and blue. Practically, this is indeed the case; hence opticians are obliged to have recourse to several expedients in order to render the lenses of their telescopes, microscopes, and other optical instruments, what is called achromatic,—that is to say, free from the defect of representing white objects as coloured.

We must beg our young readers not to be impatient with us whilst we detail somewhat fully these contrivances. Not only are they very beautiful in themselves, but

their interest will be redoubled when we find—as we shall see hereafter—that the Creator has adopted the very same expedients in the mechanism of our own eyes. Beautiful, very beautiful as the appreciation of colour undoubtedly is, nevertheless, had we been unable to recognise the quality of whiteness, the result would have been most calamitous. Our eyes, to be perfect, should merely represent colours as they really exist, a result which has been adequately and very beautifully accomplished. Now, then, is a lens to be thus rendered achromatic? Opticians have recourse to two methods, and these are generally used in combination. We have seen that the chromatic property of a convex lens resides in the portions near its edges. Hence the simplest plan of obviating the defect would seem to consist in cutting off the light from those parts by the means of a black curtain or sheet having a hole in its centre, thus—



Fig. 11.

The effect of such curtain may be readily inferred from an examination of the appended sectional diagram, the effect of which is to cut off the bundles of rays indicated by *a* and *c*, allowing the bundle at *b* alone to fall upon the lens.

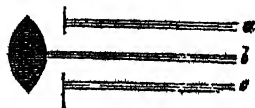


Fig. 12.

This indeed is a very efficient contrivance, but it is attended with one obvious defect. A considerable portion of light being thus cut away, prevented acting, the resulting image is less illuminated than it otherwise would have been. For this reason the opaque portion of the curtain is restricted within certain limits.

Another means of rendering lenses achromatic, is afforded by taking advantage of the very curious fact, that all qualities of glass do not possess an equal refractory power for the same kind of light; therefore, by compounding a lens of two kinds of glass, it is possible to make one counteract the mischief which the other has caused.

A third means of adjustment is afforded by varying the curve of the lens itself; and the general result is, that lenses can be—indeed are—made perfectly achromatic. This result is contrary to the opinion expressed by the great Newton, and its accomplishment proves to us that by patient experiment and long reasoning, improvements, regarded as altogether hopeless in one generation, may be accomplished by the next. All this long prelude about refraction and achromatics, enables us to make short work of the seeing mechanism of our eyes.

A glance at the appended diagram will explain it all. In the first place, the young

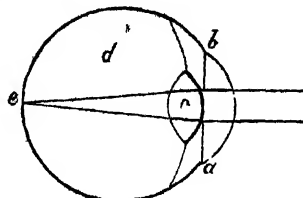


Fig. 13.

reader will observe by reference to the section, that an eye is an assemblage of many lenses, each lens being composed of a different material, and ground (if we may be permitted the term) in a different curve—just the very thing the optician does in forming a telescope. Then again, he represents what we have already termed a curtain, but which we will in future call the iris, for that is its anatomical name. In the middle is a little hole, which we may observe in our own eyes, and which anatomists term the pupil. Thus, by the association of these safeguards is the eye rendered absolutely achromatic; and now mark the extreme beauty of Nature's arrangement—mark how infinitely superior it is to the work of man. The black curtain, a step as seen in our optical instruments, is merely a rigid piece of metallic plate, having a central orifice neither capable of expansion or contraction. Of one definite size it has been formed—of one definite size it must remain. In the eye of an animal it is a real curtain. The little central hole can be enlarged or contracted according to the will or the necessity of

the animal, thus enabling it to determine the amount of light introduced. In the broad glare of day this beautiful little curtain contracts, and its central orifice, the pupil, is narrowed to a mere puncture, because too great a flood of light is unfavourable to correct vision. When, however, circumstances are altered—when the external light is feeble, and the eye wants all it can get—then the iris unfolds, the pupil is thrown wide open, and every fleeting ray of light is condensed. How beautiful are the provisions of God, as seen in the organs of his creatures! But what becomes of the light after it has passed through the associated lenses of which the eye is made up? Falling on a net-like expansion of the optic nerve, termed the retina, it paints an image of the thing viewed, an idea of which image is conveyed—how or in what manner we cannot tell—to the brain, and thus we may be said to have traced the philosophy of vision to its end.

Nevertheless, something yet remains to be said about eyes. It would have been to little service had Lord Rosse built his great telescope into a wall, without the power of moving it. It would in like manner have been to little service had the eyes been built into their long sockets without power of motion. They are set each on a ball and socket joint, which admits of their being directed towards any quarter at pleasure; and they are acted on by various pullies, which we need not describe. Therefore, we shall conclude this chapter by presenting to our readers a practical philosophical riddle, which we may explain in some future number of the *FAMILY FRIEND*.

Close the left eye, then look steadfastly with the right at the dot, at about two inches distance. Gradually remove the



Fig. 14.

dot to about the distance of five inches, and the cross will disappear. Or, closing the right eye, regard the cross with the left under the conditions indicated. The dot will now disappear.

THE FAIRY OF THE ACORN

TO THE EDITOR.

Now, that all the world seem candidates for literary fame, must I, a simple Fairy, enter myself on the list for your favour; and should I gain it, the distinction will indeed be a proud one among the skipping, dew-sipping (but not writing) inhabitants of Elf-land. I am one of Titania's own troop, and have great advantage over every mortal writer, as I need not face the critics; should so fearful a monster approach, you know, I can do as we all did when Oberon was angry, "creep into acorn cups, and hide us there." So, having screwed up my courage to do the deed (like other authors), to proclaim my own merits; sitting ensconced in a spacious Provence rose, my tablets on my knee, with my largest pen (made from a wren's breast feather) in my hand, let me indite the words which are intended to cause the trumpet of Fame to reach from one end to the other of Oberon's dominions.

But where shall I apply in order that my effusions shall meet mortal eyes? I have a claim on the *FAMILY FRIEND* above all other acquaintance—for many a poor family's friend have I been, and many a home have I rendered happy by a gleam of sunshine. Go forth, then, my words, and plead at the editorial door for admission.

"Long, long ago"—say forty centuries, more or less—(we fairies are not very particular as to dates) lived Pelasgus, the first "comfortable man" on record; he was born a wandering, root-eating ruffian, but we whispered our secrets to him as he lay reclined beneath the spreading oaks of Greece, and he profited by them. He coquetted, too, with the Muse of Architecture, and taught his brethren to build huts, and to feast on acorns. Now were the fairies happy! they had obtained notice for the fruits they tended, from the noblest creature, man. Till that time, they had displayed their verdant shells in vain. Year after year they had glistened in the sun, dropped from the bough, and became the prey of the bird, or even of the crawling worm; but now they had obtained their rightful distinction; produced by the King of Trees, they formed nourishment for the

King of Animals. It must be acknowledged, that the Kings among the animals soon gave up the use of the delicacy; but we had obtained a wife, and (till the ignorance of mortals made them forget us) perpetual celebrity; in proof of which I may recall to you these particulars, that among the Greeks one kind of oak was called *phagos*, which means eating; and by the Latins *Esulus*, fit to be eaten; that in the laws of the Twelve Tables at Rome, it was provided that the owner of an oak might pick up the fruit, even though it should have fallen on another man's ground, and three days were allowed him to collect it. In Tunis the oak is still called the *meal-bearing tree*, in allusion to the bread made from the fruit. You yourselves call the fruit of which I have the charge, *acorn*, which is nothing but *oak grain* a little altered; and I must tell you here, that though I, and a large tribe, watch over the oak alone, yet we are in strict alliance with the guardians of all malt-bearing trees, the chestnut, beech, &c., and that when you use the verb to *malt-icate*, you recall the days when your ancestors were indebted to some of our company for daily fare. Well, after a time, men took to cultivate other plants for food. As tables became common, we disappeared from them; you may well imagine that it was not pleasant for an acorn to figure on a board cut from the heart of the tree that bore it; even the feeling of a vegetable would rise against such a fate: so we fairies quietly retired from rivalry with other viands. Still was the acorn important enough to become the subject of royal enactment. Your Saxon King Ina, about the end of the 7th century, was pleased to give particular instructions concerning the preservation of trees fit for the purpose of fattening swine. To destroy or injure one, subjected the offender to a fine of thirty shillings, and if any one cut down a tree under whose shadow thirty hogs could stand, the fine was doubled. Now pray do not think, because we had sunk from the food of men to that of pigs, that we thereby lost all our importance. The rents derived from this appropriation were considerable; the *pannage* (as the pasture of pigs upon us was called) was a good source of revenue. One noble received the pannage of two hundred hogs as the dowry

of his wife, and the income derived from it was often the endowment of the religious houses. Offa, King of Mercia, when he had conquered Lothaire, King of Kent, to atone for his crimes, and especially for the blood shed in battle, gave a tract of land near Seven Oaks, in Kent, to Christchurch, Canterbury, as a pasture for the archbishop's hogs. The last Saxon king, Edward the Confessor, disdained not to make gifts of mast; nor the surveyors of William the Conqueror to describe forests according to their capacity of maintaining swine. Woods of so many hogs are often named in *Domesday Book*. Neither could King John disregard the acorns as he would fain have done, when forced in his charter to redress the grievances respecting pannages which the increase of parks for hunting had occasioned to the poorer classes. In the year 1116, occurred a terrible dearth, in which the *Chronicle* observes: "this year also was so deficient in mast, that there never was heard such, in all this land, or in Wales."

Our importance has vanished in most parts of Europe. The last repast at which we have been served, probably, is that mentioned in *Don Quixote*, and here they were placed on the table by the goatherds. Teresa sent a present of the choicest she could collect to the duchess. But in Asia Minor acorns are still sold in the markets; they are eaten both raw and roasted by the natives of Morocco and Algiers; and a traveller (Michaud) speaks with praise of those which grow in Mesopotamia and Kurdistan. If we cross the Atlantic, we can produce a notable instance of our utility, not only as food, but as inculcating a great moral lesson. The anecdote is related of the American President, General Jackson. His military passion led him to take the command of a body of militia destined to act against the Indians. Jackson knew the character of his opponents, and fought them in their own way. After an unwearied pursuit from one lurking-place to another, he found them at last, and forced them to a stand. During one of these pursuits the brigadier and his corps fell short of provisions. Most of the troops murmured, not excepting the officers, and all desired to return home. Jackson, informed of this discontent, sent his officers an invitation to breakfast with him the next

morning Surprised at such an invitation, the officers appeared at the time appointed, their curiosity much excited by the projected entertainment. A great quantity of acorns were spread on the floor of the tent, which was formed of branches, and the General was seated on the ground. When his guests entered, he rose, and, pointing to the acorns, spoke thus:—"Gentlemen, so long as we have these, we have no reason to complain of want of food; let us sit down." Without further ceremony he resumed his seat and began to eat the strange repast.

The officers made many wry faces, but were obliged to munch the acorns, as no roast beef was to be had. The General's perseverance was crowned with success—he put the Indians to flight.

If this little chronicle of the guardian of the acorn tells anything which is not known to all your readers, I hope, Mr. Editor, you will not refuse it a place among your pages of more profound matter, and I humbly subscribe myself

Your obedient servant,

QUIRINA.

A MOTHER'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. MCGOURNEY.

O, HOME-FIRE joys, so dear, so sweet,
My little wood-fire beside,
My baby creeping at my feet,
Who oft with glance of pride,
Looks back elate, and pleased to show
How fast his tiny limbs can go.
And closely seated by my side,
My little daughter fair,
Whose doll upon her knee doth ride,
Ere-ways a mother's care,
While many a lesson, half severe,
With kisses mixed, must Dolley hear.
There lie my volumes, closed and still,
Those chosen friends of old,
My pen, regardless of my will,
Lies in its bronzed hold,
High joys they gave, but not so dear,
As those that gild my fireside here.
Where harp and violental sweet,
Mid youth's unfolding hours,
And gladness wings the dancer's feet,
That seem to tread on flowers,
I've shared the cup; it sparkled clear;
'Twas foam, the precious draught is here.
I've trod the lofty halls, where dwell
The noblest of our land;
And met, though humble was my cell,
Warm smile and greeting hand;

Yet doth she feel a thrill more blest,
Who lulls her infant on her breast.
Strong words of praise, such words as aid
To high ambition's dead,
The impulse of my mind have stirred,
Though still unearned their reward;
But what of these? they fleet away,
Like mist before affection's ray.
Though many a painless gem of bliss
Hath made my pathway fair,
Yet I have known no joy like this,
A mother's nursing care,
To mark when stars of midnight shine,
My infant's bright eye fixed on mine.
Might woman win earth's richest rose,
Yet miss that wild-flower nest,
Which by the lowly cradle grows,
'Twere but a loss at best!
Pass on, O world, in all thy pride,
I've made my choice, and here abide.
Even she, who shines with beauty's ray,
By fashion's throng cared,
If from that pomp she turn away,
And build her sheltered nest,
And hoard the jewels of the heart,
Like Mary, finds the better part.

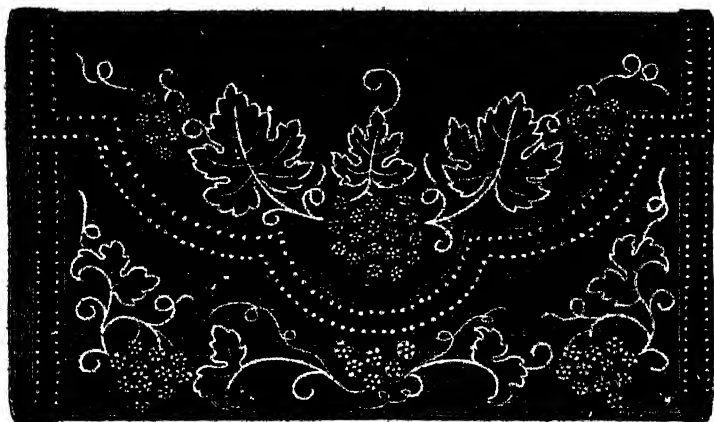
THE WORK-TABLE FRIEND.

POCKET-BOOK, EMBROIDERED IN APPLICATION.

Materials.—A piece of fine cloth, 13 inches by 9. A yard of narrow black ribbon velvet, a little black velvet, gold thread, No. 2 (3 skeins). An ounce of black glass beads, No. 2. Also a red button. A little silk cord, of the colour of the cloth, will also be required, and satin, or sarsenet, to line the pocket-book.

This pretty kind of pocket-book will commend itself to our friends as being at once very useful and very quickly done. The term embroidered in application is used to describe that kind of work in which the pattern is produced by one sort of material being cut out in any given design, and laid on another. The edges are finished with gold thread, gold-coloured Albert braid, or, in short, any material which the worker may fancy.

These pocket-books, which are exceedingly fashionable in France, have the design in three separate compartments,—always, be it understood, on the same piece of cloth. The centre one is, of course, the full size. The front is like it, but slightly sloped from the middle. The flap is cut in the form seen in the engraving.



EMBROIDERED POCKET-BOOK IN APPLICATION.

It may either be simply lined, and closed up the sides, to contain cards or work; or it may be formed into a regular pocket-book, with a place for a pencil, a ribbon down the back to hold some paper. In this case, a thin card-board should be inserted, on both sides, between the silk and the cloth, and a piece nearly the size of the two, and bent in the centre, should also have silk gummed on one side of it, to form a cover for the paper.

The design of this pocket-book is vine-leaves and grapes. The leaves are cut out in velvet, and tacked down on the cloth: the edges, stems, and veinings are entirely in gold thread, sewed closely on. The ends are drawn through to the wrong side. The grapes are formed of clusters of black beads, each one being composed of seven—a centre one, and six close round it. The border is narrow black velvet ribbon, laid on; and at each edge, black beads, placed at regular intervals, with about the space of two between every two, make a pretty finish.

The silk cord is used to conceal the sewing by which the cloth and lining are joined.

Watered silk is preferable to plain for linings.

Thin kid, velvet, or satin may be used for these pocket-books instead of cloth.

Gum is frequently brushed along the back of the work when done; but it needs a very practised hand to do this without spoiling it. Indeed, the process of lining and making up altogether, is better done at a warehouse than by amateurs.

IMPERIAL PURSE.

Materials—1½ skein of brilliant scarlet silk, ¾ a skein of black ditto, and less than that quantity of emerald green, and Napoleon blue. Six skeins of gold thread. *Assessment*—in trimmings, and an imperial clasp. All the silk is French.

This purse is the first of the kind introduced into England. That it is patronized by the Emperor of France is the reason it is termed Imperial. The clasp, which is placed in the centre of the purse, is of a most unique construction. It is a small gold box, with a painting on each side, representing one of the public buildings of Paris. The interior, lined with velvet, is large enough to hold two or three sovereigns. Besides this clasp, the Imperial purse requires (as we may see in the engraving) the usual number of slides and tassels for any long purse.

With the scarlet silk make a chain of 5, close it into a round, and do two Sc in every chain stitch.

2nd Round—2 Sc in every stitch.

3rd Round.—+ 1 Sc in 1, 2 Sc in next. + 10 times. Continue to increase by doing two in one ten times in every round, until there are 120 stitches in the round.

1st Pattern Round.—Scarlet and gold. + 2 scarlet, 1 gold, 3 scarlet. + all round.

2nd Round.—Same colours. + 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 2 scarlet. + all round.

3rd Round.—Same colours. + 5 gold, 1 scarlet. + all round.

4th Round.—All gold.



IMPERIAL FURSE.

5th and 6th Rounds.—All black.

7th Round.—Scarlet and black + 18 black, 1 scarlet, 11 black. + 4 times.

8th Round.—Same colours, with gold. + 17 black, 1 scarlet, 1 gold, 1 scarlet, 10 black. + 4 times.

9th Round.—Same colours. + 16 black, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 9 black. + 4 times.

10th Round.—+ 1 black, 5 scarlet, 9 black, 1 scarlet, 5 gold, 1 scarlet, 8 black. + 4 times.

11th Round.—+ 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 1

scarlet, 7 black, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 7 black. + 3 times. The 4th, end with six black, 1 scarlet.

12th Round.—+ 7 gold, 1 scarlet, 5 black, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 1 black, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 5 black, 1 scarlet. + 3 times. The 4th, time end with 1 scarlet, 4 black, 1 scarlet, 1 gold.

13th Round.—+ 2 gold, 3 black, 3 gold, 5 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 3 black, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 5 scarlet, 1 gold. + 3 times. The 4th, end with 4 scarlet, 2 gold.

14th Round.—+ 1 gold, 1 black, 3 green, 1 black, 3 gold, 8 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 5 black, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 3 scarlet, 2 gold. + 3 times. The 4th, 2 scarlet, 3 gold.

15th Round.—+ 1 black, 5 green, 1 black, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 5 gold, 1 scarlet, 3 black, 1 scarlet, 5 gold, 1 scarlet, 3 gold. + 3 times. The 4th time end with 2 gold.

16th Round.—+ 1 black, 7 green, 1 black, 5 gold, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 1 black, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 5 gold. + 3 times. The 4th time end with 4 gold.

17th Round.—+ 1 black, 9 green, 1 black, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 1 blue, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet (over 1 black), 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 1 blue, 1 scarlet, 3 gold. + 4 times. 1 gold over 1st black.

18th Round.—+ 1 black over 1st of 9 green, 7 green, 1 black, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 3 blue, 1 scarlet, 5 gold, 1 scarlet, 3 blue, 1 scarlet, 3 gold. + 4 times. End with gold over 1st black.

19th Round.—+ 1 black over 1st green, 5 green, 1 black, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 5 blue, 1 scarlet, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 5 blue, 1 scarlet, 3 gold. + 4 times. End as last.

20th Round.—+ 1 black over 1st of 5 green, 3 green, 1 black, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 7 blue, 1 scarlet, 1 gold, 1 scarlet, 7 blue, 1 scarlet, 3 gold. + 4 times. End as before.

21st Round.—(Centre row)—+ 1 black over 1st of 3 green, 1 green, 1 black, 3 gold, 1 scarlet, 9 blue, 1 scarlet, 9 blue, 1 scarlet, 3 gold. + 4 times.

The following 20 rounds must correspond with those already done, working them backwards from the 20th to the 1st. Then 19 rows of open square crochet (working backwards and forwards), terminating in a row of Sc, will complete one end. The other is done precisely like it. Slip on the rings before sewing on the clasp.

PORCUPINE-QUILL WORK.

Our constant endeavour is to bring everything of interest before the notice of our numerous readers; therefore, we are always in search of novelties, and may proudly look back upon our late numbers, and assert that there is not another work published in Great Britain which abounds with such a variety of useful, novel, and important matters as the *FAMILY FRIEND*.

The subject of the present paper—Porcupine-quill work—is one that is novel in England, although it has been practised abroad for many years; and as our attention has lately been called to the subject by the remarks of one of our earliest subscribers and correspondents,* we think that some directions for this style of work will be acceptable to our “fair friends.”

A celebrated cook, in giving her directions for dressing a hare, commences by requesting her readers to “first catch the hare, and then—dress it.” We may also follow her example in one respect, and direct our readers to procure the porcupine’s quills *before they commence the work*.

No doubt, most of them will exclaim, “Why, we expected that the *FAMILY FRIEND* would inform us where they were to be had;” but we beg you, patient reader, to have a little more patience ere you censure us unheard.

Porcupine’s quills are not very readily procured in Great Britain, and you must, therefore, search the curiosity shops of London, and other great towns, before you can obtain a sufficient supply.

“Why do you give us directions for work we cannot do?” exclaim some of our readers.

“Because,” we answer, “our wish is to oblige the bulk of our subscribers, and not merely a few individuals; and those who may not be able to procure the materials now, will probably have a good stock to select from in a few weeks more.” Indeed, we know that the dealers in curiosities watch the opportunity, and favour the fashions of the day by purchasing those articles that are most inquired for. We remember being asked guineas for shells, some fifteen years ago, that we could now procure for a less number of shillings; and

thus it is with most things. “Fashion rules the day.”

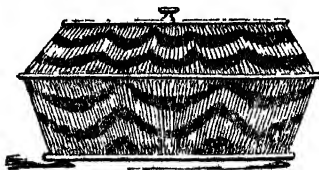
Well, we will suppose that you have already obtained a good supply of porcupine’s quills, varying in length from seven inches upwards. All quills measuring less than seven inches, and those that are curved, or rough, should be rejected.

You must sort the quills, and place them together upon a table, and then split each evenly. In order to split a quill properly, cut off the blunt end with a penknife, then split it from one end to the other, so as to divide it exactly in half. This must be done steadily, and *not quickly*; because, if you are in a hurry, the quill is apt to snap off short.

When a sufficient number of quills are cut, you are ready to commence the work, and only require some “liquid glue,”*—the foundation of the work,—a design, some etched borders, a few weights, and various coloured varnishes, to enable you to finish it.

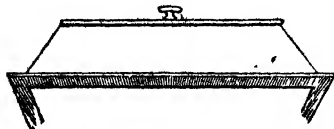
TO MAKE A PORCUPINE-QUILL WORK-BOX.

Make, or have made, a box of pine wood, of the following shape and dimensions:—



	At the top	At the bottom
Length of the lid . . .	6 inches	8 inches
box . . .	9 1/2	8
Breadth of the lid . . .	3 1/2	6
box . . .	7 1/2	5

The lid is made to drop into the lower part of the box in the manner shown in the accompanying figure, and the inside



of the box may be fitted up and finished according to taste, &c. The centre of the

* A. W. O. (Jersey).

* For the manner of making this glue, see *FAMILY FRIEND* (Old Series), Vol. IV., p. 29.

lid should have a turned black top, and there should also be four turned feet for the lower part of the box.

When the box is made, you must cut the quills into proper lengths for the various parts of it, according to the design; and having done so, lay them aside in distinct heaps until required to be affixed to the box. Of course, almost any shaped box can be made in pine wood; but as the foregoing illustration gives the simplest form, we preferred that to an elaborately outlined pattern, because many persons are liable to abandon a new pursuit, if it presents any difficulties.

We may remark, that the quills can be bent after they are split, by immersing them in hot water for a short time—from five to ten minutes—according to the thickness of the quill and the heat of the water.

Before the quills are glued to the box, it is usual to fasten an ivory, bone, or sycamore moulding round the edges, in order to relieve the work. If the two first are used, they are generally engraved with an outline design, which is afterwards rubbed in with black japan, or some other colours, such as red, blue, or green; but the best method of proceeding is as follows:—Cover the ivory or bone with engraver's varnish, and draw the design upon it with an etching-needle. When finished, rub the surface gently with a piece of soft flannel or velvet, and then surround the edges with a wall or ledge of engraver's wax,* afterwards pour on the etching fluid, which is composed of 120 grains of fine silver dissolved in an ounce of nitric acid, and then diluted with one quart of pure or distilled water. In half an hour, more or less, according to the required depth of tint, the liquor must be poured off, the surface washed with distilled water, and dried with blotting-paper. The etching is then to be exposed to the light of the sun for an hour, after which the bordering wax is to be removed, and the varnish washed off by means of oil of turpentine. If the ivory be exposed to the action of the light for a day or two after the varnish has been removed, the design will become a permanent black or blackish brown colour. Other colours

may be obtained by substituting the salts of gold, platinum, copper, &c., for a solution of silver.

The accompanying illustrations will afford some idea of the kind of designs required for the bone or ivory work, but of course much will depend upon taste.



If sycamore wood is used, the design is etched with a pen and Indian ink, and the moulding afterwards varnished with copal varnish, and then glued to the box.



When the etched borders have been affixed, the split quills should be carefully glued to the box, and kept in their position until dry and firm by means of weights, after which they should be rubbed over with fine sand-paper and flannel or cloth, and the whole box varnished with white or mastic varnish.

Coloured varnishes are employed for the purpose of giving various colourings to the work, independent of the natural shading of the quills. If the varnishes are judiciously and artistically used, some very beautiful effects may be produced, especially if groups of flowers and fruit are painted in varnish colours in the centre of the quill work, so as to relieve the general tone; a floral border, painted in varnish colours, also adds materially to the work, and has the additional advantage of being novel.

Various effects may be produced with the porcupine-quills by arranging them diagonally, transversely, perpendicularly, &c., so as to form various designs, which may be done by means of the graduated shades found in each quill. For example, we may form a chess-board of black and white squares with a Venetian border, or an envelope-box with etched edges and quill sides, having a raised centre. Card-racks, match-boxes, paper weights, book-trays, and a variety of useful objects may be easily ornamented by means of porcupine-quills.

* For the method of etching, and applying and making the etching ground, as well as the bordering wax, see *FAMILY FRIEND* (Old Series), Vol. III., pp. 57 and 104.

PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

(See *Frontispiece*)

THE TOYMAN comes from Germany,
His shop contains rich stores,
Both dwarfs and giants there you see,
And lurks and Jews, and Moors

And there a prancing steed I spy,
Bearing a haughty knight,
Whose crest crowns the rock on high,
With grite and drawbridge bright

A curious wooden figure begs
A nut to crack beneath
He spreads his arms and sprawls his legs,
And shows his monstrous teeth

Seeking his prey, his very glance
Has something wavy in it
"Ho! nuts from England, Spain, and France,
I'll crack you in a minute" &

And here a regiment appears
Of lancers and hussars,
And there a file of grenadiers,
With banners from the wars

Drums, trumpets, pistols, swords, and guns,
With files and marching banal
The boy who to the toyman runs
May have all from his hand

Hooking and hobby horses stand
Hid by for boys to ride,
And there, for girls dolls, houses and
And furniture beside

With jointed dolls so slim and spruce
And sofas thick and settle,
And trinkets bright, for Dolls use,
And tubs, and pails and bottles

And near a sheepfold all complete,
With shepherd, dog, and flock
A Merry Andrew stands whose neck
Can give his head a knock

The toymen makes him scratch his ear,
And pinch a seam after,
While he a wistful look doth wear
As if he'd burst with laughter

Seeing such things the children join
To raise a joyous cry
But they whose purse is bare of coin
Can no more playthings buy

Oh happy Toymen! if I had
The wealth which in this place is,
I would not stand and look so sad,
And make such queer grimaces

If I had every pretty thing
You see found you daily,
I'd to the merry lark I'd sing,
And snap my fingers gaily

DOMESTIC EXCILIENCE

BY ALFONSO POPE

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design,
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, when what fatigues the
1108
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing,
So, when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines
Oh! blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day,
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear,
She who ne'er answers till a husband calls,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys,
Spleen, vapours, or small pox above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.

LAST WISHES OF A CHILD

BY JAMES T. FLEMING

'Tis the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing
Let me leave the stifled room—
I'll go where flowers are growing

Lool! my cheek is thin and pale,
And my pulse is very low,
Ere my sight begins to fail,
Take my hand, and let us go

Was not this the Robin's song,
I sung through the casement wide?
I shall not be lingering long,
I like me to the meadow side

Bear me to the willow brook—
Let me hear the mill's mill,
On the orchard I must look,
Ere my beating heart is still

"Faint and fainter grows my breath—
I call me quickly down the lane,
Mother, dear! this chill is death—
I shall never speak again!"

Still the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing,
Still we sit in silent gloom—
O'er his grave the grass is growing

A SIMILE

BY THOMAS MOORE

SEEK how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
You little willow leaves its breast,
And foam and sparkles for awhile
And, murmuring, then subside to rest
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into Eternity!

ENIGMAS.

1.

We are little airy creatures,
Each have different forms and features;
One of us in glass is set;
Another you will find in jet;
A third, less bright, is set in tin;
The fourth, a shining box within;
And the fifth, if you pursue,
It will never fly from you.

2.

Before a circle let appear
Twice twenty-five, and five in rear;
One-fifth of eight subjoin, and then
You'll quickly find what conquers men.

CHARADES.

1.

My first is equal; second, grave;
My third, most sinners wish to have.

2.

Too much for one, enough for two, and nothing
for three.

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE.

ENIGMAS—1. The Vowels. 2. Love.

CHARADES—1. Pur-don. 2. Secret.

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME—PAGE 372

GEOGRAPHICAL PARADOXES—1. Horizontal dials within the tropics cast no shadows at noon twice every year, because the sun is vertical; and no universal ring-dial will show the hour when the sun is in either equinox. 2. The first meridian (from whence longitude is reckoned east and west) passes midway between the ship and the island, and therefore regard is had to the east and west longitude, and not to the points of the compass. 3. Directly under the poles, where all the points of the compass meet. 4. The earth is surrounded by a body of air, called the atmosphere, through which the rays of light come to the eye from all the heavenly bodies; and since these rays are admitted through a vacuum, or at least through a very rare medium (a medium is a fluid, or substance, through which a ray of light can penetrate), and fall obliquely upon the atmosphere, which is a dense medium, they will, by the laws of optics, be refracted in lines, approaching nearer to a perpendicular from the place of the observer (or nearer the zenith) than they would be were the medium to be removed. Hence, all the heavenly bodies appear higher than they really are, and the nearer they are to the horizon, the more obliquely the ray falls, and consequently the greater is the refraction, or difference between their apparent and true altitudes. The above may be elucidated by the following simple experiment. Put a piece of silver at the bottom of an empty vessel, and then stand at such a distance from it

as to cause the silver to be just out of sight. Then, by filling the glass with water, which is a denser medium than air, and standing at the same distance from it as before, the silver may be plainly seen.

TRANSPPOSITIONS—1. Fair, Air. 2. Mean, Mane, Amen. 3. Poels, Sleep. 4. Ten, Net. 5. Now, Won, Own.

RIDDLES—1. Bar-ley. 2. Test-y.

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLES—1. On a plane surface the solution of the problem would be impracticable, but on a curved surface it may be easily done. Fold a sheet of paper round a cylinder, and with a pair of compasses describe a circle upon it, assuming any point as a centre; then, when the paper is unfolded, and extended on a plane surface, an oval will be presented (the oval must not be confounded with the ellipse: the latter has no part of the curve of a circle in its composition; but, being described on two points, called its foci, it is continually varying)—the shortest diameter of which will be in the direction corresponding with the axis of the cylinder. 2. A right line perpendicular to the plane of the two given lines, at the point of their concurrence, will be perpendicular to them both.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS—1. On the first view of the question, there does not appear to be any loss; for, if it be supposed that, in selling five apples for 2d., she gave three of the latter sort (viz. those at three a-penny) and two of the former (viz. those at two a-penny), she would receive just the same money as she bought them for; but this will not hold throughout the whole, for (admitting that she sells them as above) it must be evident that the latter stock would be exhausted first, and consequently she must sell as many of the former as remained overplus at five for 2d., which she bought at the rate of two a-penny, or four for 2d., and would therefore lose. It will be readily found, that when she had sold all the latter sort (in the above manner), she would have sold only eighty of the former, for there are as many threes in one hundred and twenty, as twos in eighty; then the remaining forty must be sold at five for 2d., which were bought at the rate of four for 2d.—i.e.,

A. d. A. d.

If 4 : 2 : 40 : 20, prime cost of 40 of the first sort.

5 : 2 : 40 : 10, selling price of ditto,

4d. loss.

2. The least number that will answer this question is twelve; for if we suppose that each Grace gave one to each Muse, the latter would each have three, and there would remain three for each Grace. (Any multiple of 12 will answer the conditions of the question.)

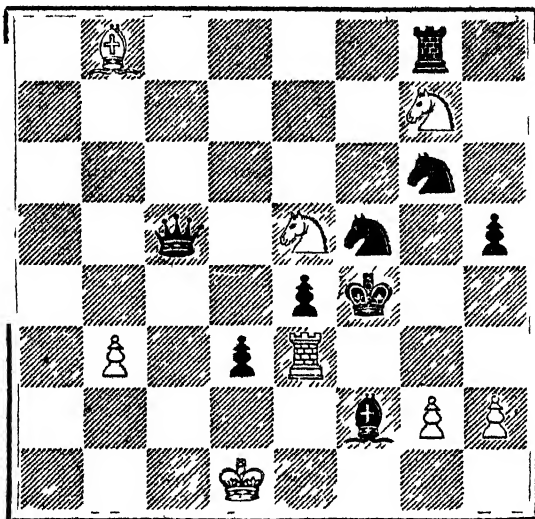
ANAGRAMS—1. Elliott. 2. White. 3. Sotheby. 4. Denham. 5. MASON. 6. Langhorne.

ENIGMAS—1. A Blacksmith. 2. WIT.

EDITED BY HERR HARRWITZ

PROBLEM No. XXVIII.—By Dr. Wrie.—White playing first, to checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAMP XXVIII.—Played between Mr. S. Roden and another Amateur the former giving his Q. Kt. (to remove Black's Q. Kt. off the board.)

Black—Mr. Roden

- 1 K P 2
- 2 K Kt to B 3.
- 3 B to Q B 4
- 4 Q Kt P 2
- 5 Q B P 1
- 6 Q P 2
- 7 Castles
- 8 Q takes P (a)
- 9 Q B to K Kt 5
- 10 B to K R 4
- 11 K P 1
- 12 Kt takes Kt
- 13 Q to K Kt 3
- 14 Q takes K Kt P
- 15 K B P 2 (c)
- 16 B takes B
- 17 A B P takes P
- 18 R takes B
- 19 K to R sq
- 20 Q to R 7 [ch]
- 21 K R P 1
- 22 Q to K B 4

White—Mr. Clais

- 1 K P 2
- 2 Q Kt to B 3
- 3 B to Q B 4
- 4 B takes Kt P
- 5 B to Q B 4
- 6 P takes P
- 7 P to Q 6
- 8 K Kt to K 2
- 9 K R P 1
- 10 Q P 1
- 11 Q Kt takes P (b)
- 12 P takes Kt
- 13 K B to Q 3
- 14 A R to B sq
- 15 Q B to K 1
- 16 B P takes B
- 17 R takes R [ch]
- 18 B to Q B 4 [ch]
- 19 Q to Q 6
- 20 A K to Q 2
- 21 R to K Kt sq
- 22 A K to K B 4

- 23 Q to Q R 4 [ch]
- 24 K to Q sq
- 25 K to Q B sq [d]
- 26 Q to R 7

Black now mated in three moves

NOTES TO GAME XXVIII

- (a) Q to Q Kt 3 would have been more attacking
- (b) P takes P seems to be preferable
- (c) In order to open K file for his R. If P takes P
- (d) He should have played Q Kt P 1 which would have compelled Black to play Q to Q sq, when he could have exchanged, having the advantage of a clear piece

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXVIII

- | WHITE | BLACK |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1 Q to K [ch] | 1 Kt takes Q |
| 2 R takes Kt [ch] | 2 K takes R |
| 3 K Kt P 1—Mate | |

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXVIII

- | WHITE | BLACK |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Kt to K 6 [ch] | 1 A takes R |
| 2 H to R 7 | 2 Kt takes Kt (best) |
| 3 B takes Q [ch] | 3 Kt to Q 6 |
| 4 B takes Kt—Mate | |

OUR FAMILY COUNCIL

SEVERAL correspondents are desirous of learning a safe and easy method of swimming, and we are enabled, by the courtesy of a friend, to gratify their wishes. It may be premised, that corks of the ordinary form, and bladders, are dangerous and inconvenient in learning to swim. They impede the action of the arms, raise the body too high, and are apt to slip too low down, so as to keep the novice's head under water. In this accident, many persons using corks have been drowned. The objection that it raises the body too high out of the water also applies to swimming-belts, which have the same peculiarity.

The following plan will enable any one to learn to swim, or those who cannot swim, to cross deep water safely. The directions, which are simple, require care—

Take a piece of cork, or, for want of cork, light wood (such as deal), and form it into an oval shape, about eighteen inches in its utmost width. Cut a hole in the centre wide enough to admit your neck. Then divide it in two pieces, thus:



Then join the two parts on one side with a hinge of gutta serena, or caoutchouc, or leather, and on the other side of it with strings. The novice has only to put the two sides round his neck, tie the strings, and while he cannot sink, he has full use of his arms and legs in an upright position, which is the best of all for the learner in the art of swimming.

The shape of the cork offers no impediment whatever to the progress of the swimmer, in the water.

This instrument made of cork light wood or bark would be very convenient to travellers crossing rivers in America, Africa, or Australia, as they could carry a considerable weight packed upon their backs thus—



The swimmer carries his blankets and clothes on his head, and his gun over his shoulder, swimming with one hand in the greatest freedom.

For learning to swim, an India-rubber ring cushion, with an opening and string, answers well, but it is liable to get punctured.

"When is the best time for eating fruit?" inquires a subscriber, under the mellow designation of 'Autumnus.' The question is of some

importance, and deserves a few remarks. Fruit is digestible in proportion to its perfection, and hence the care to be observed with regard to ripeness. The drier fruits are adapted to cool and dry weather, the softer ones to the hotter. Thus the less juicy sorts of cherries, pears, and peaches, are not only most grateful but most salutary when the weather is not excessively hot, while the currant, and the melon, and the moist peach, are best adapted to the hottest weather. The same may be said of the different hours of the day. If fruits are eaten at all late in the day, especially after mid-day, they should be the more watery, as the melon. Fruit should generally be eaten in the early part of the day, and seldom late in the evening. The morning is, on the whole, best, and next to that, perhaps, the middle of the day. The worst time is the hour just before going to bed.

EDWARD CARTER has sent us the outline of a system of phrenology by himself. It is, however, so utterly devoid of reason, that Gall and Spurzheim would have blushed to own such a companion in science. The cranium is turned by W. Carter into a queer kind of workshop in which our friend *theorises* with such a rampant fancy that he fairly mystifies himself, and may be said, while looking after other heads, to have lost his own! According to this system, Mr. Carter would guarantee mental quietude in the married life by a timely examination of the elevation or depression of the skull! He reminds us of some lines written in the "golden age" of phrenology:

"Away with all doubt and misgiving,
Now lovers must woo by the book.
There's an end to all trick and deceiving,
No men can be caught by a look.
Bright eyes, or a love-winning dimple,
No longer than witchery fling,
That lover indeed must be simple
Who yields to so silly a thing.
No more need we fix the bright glances
Whence Cupid shot arrows of joy
To skulk let us limit our focus
And love, by the bumps we explore!
Oh, now we can tell in a minute
What fate will be ours when we wed,
The heart has no passion within it
That is not engraved on the head."

Mr. Carter must not expect further publicity on this subject in our pages.

A "YOUNG LADY" wishes to know why the Shamrock is the national emblem of Ireland. According to legendary tradition, when St. Patrick landed near Wicklow, to convert the Irish, in 433, the pagan inhabitants were about to stone him, but having obtained a hearing, he endeavoured to explain to them the Trinity in Unity, but they could not understand him till, plucking a shamrock—three-leaved grass, or trefoil—from the ground, he said, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as

for these leaves, to grow upon a single stalk?" Upon which (says the legend) the Irish were immediately convinced.

"A YOUNG LADY FROM BATH," who sends us a delicate rose-scented note, is desirous to know whether her hand-writing is sufficiently good. We can only say, that our own penmanship, which is of a remarkably eccentric character, shames us by the contrast. Our correspondent's pen, "the arch-enchanter's wand," must certainly be diamond-tipped to course along so gracefully. A letter, written in a fair, legible hand, without any blots or erasures, and properly folded, sealed, and directed, is one very good index to a lady's character.

A. E. M. is desirous of becoming a weather-seer, no small qualification in our variable climate. The following directions may serve for a storm-glass — Take 2 drachms of camphor, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm of pure nitrate of potash, and $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm of murate of ammonia. Triturate them together until they are thoroughly pulverised. Put these ingredients into a bottle of about 10 inches in length, and 1 inch in diameter, half fill it with the best alcohol, and add distilled water, until you obtain a heavy precipitate as you consider necessary. Cork the bottle, not cover it with perforated bladder, as recommended some times. The instrument should be kept in the shade, as solar light deranges it. The indications given by these glasses are as follows — If the weather promise to be fine, the solid matter of the composition will settle at the bottom of the glass, while the liquid will remain transparent, but previous to a change for rain, the compound will gradually rise, the fluid continue polished, and small spots will be observed moving or floating about within the vessel. Two or four hours before a storm, or very high wind, the substance will be partly on the surface of the liquid, apparently in the form of a leaf, the fluid in such case will be in a state resembling fermentation.

The closing of our present volume reminds us that we have several questions to answer. The kindness of our friends has greatly assisted us in this respect.

"Your correspondent Q. P. (writes WILLIAM PATRICKSON) in page 223, requires to know whether the 'Anemid, or French barometer, can be depended upon.' I can only state that the indications of this instrument have been tested, by placing it under the receiver of an air-pump, and observing its march in comparison with the indications of the long gauge, they were found to agree to less than one-hundredth of an inch."

"M. S. B. (page 288) will find an excellent brown varnish for leather work by taking of shell-lac and gum juniper, each, an ounce and a half, sift of tatar a drachm, Venice turpentine three drachms, spirits of wine one pint—to be

well mixed." Our thanks are due to "K" for this receipt.

Our comfortable correspondent, E. B., who in page 288 inquired what ingredients were necessary for a thoroughly good raised pie, has had her patience severely taxed by waiting for the information. We have no doubt that the construction and destruction of such a delicious dish will require much leisure time. Here are the contents, sanctioned by no less an authority than that of the prince of modern cooks, Alexis Soyer himself! and placed under our eye by an experienced housewife. We give the receipt at length, as all our readers are doubtless interested in the subject. — "Hot raised pies may be made with mutton, with fillet of beef cut into thin slices of the size of lamb chops, or of rump steak, by laying a piece at the bottom, seasoning and filling alternately with potatoes and the meat, veal and ham pies are also excellent, but the potatoes in them had better be omitted, the veal, however, seasoned and dipped in flour. Pies may also be made with veal sweetbreads and liver, but then about three parts of a pint of white sauce should be poured in after the pie is baked. Fowls or rabbits may likewise be cut into joint, and put into a stewpan, with a pint of butter, and by well seasoning them with pepper, salt, and chopped shallots, cover the stewpan close and leave it twenty minutes over a slow fire when add a pint of white sauce, and simmer ten minutes longer, when cold, build them up in the interior of the pie, which cover and bake an hour in a warm oven." We may add that the best 'fish' (we ask pardon of M. Soyer) for all dishes whether "raised" or otherwise is chateaufish. Although we do not altogether hold with Peter Pindar, that "The turnpike road to people's hearts is find, Laid through their mouth, or we must take mankind."

for we have a better opinion of human nature, yet there can be no doubt that a proper regard for homely comforts is not to be despised.

KATELIN wishes for a receipt to clean kid gloves (page 248), and several modes have been forwarded by correspondents. We have only space for one, which we annex. First see that your hands are clean, then put on the glove and wash them, as though you were washing your hands, in a basin of spirits of turpentine until quite clean, then hang them up in a warm place, or where there is a good current of air, which will carry off all smell of the turpentine.

A few questions yet remain to be answered, but space is inexhaustible, and we must request our friends to accompany us to the next volume. Patience is often our text, but as Decker says—

"Tis the soul of peace
Of all the virtues, 'tis the nearest kin to heaven!"

